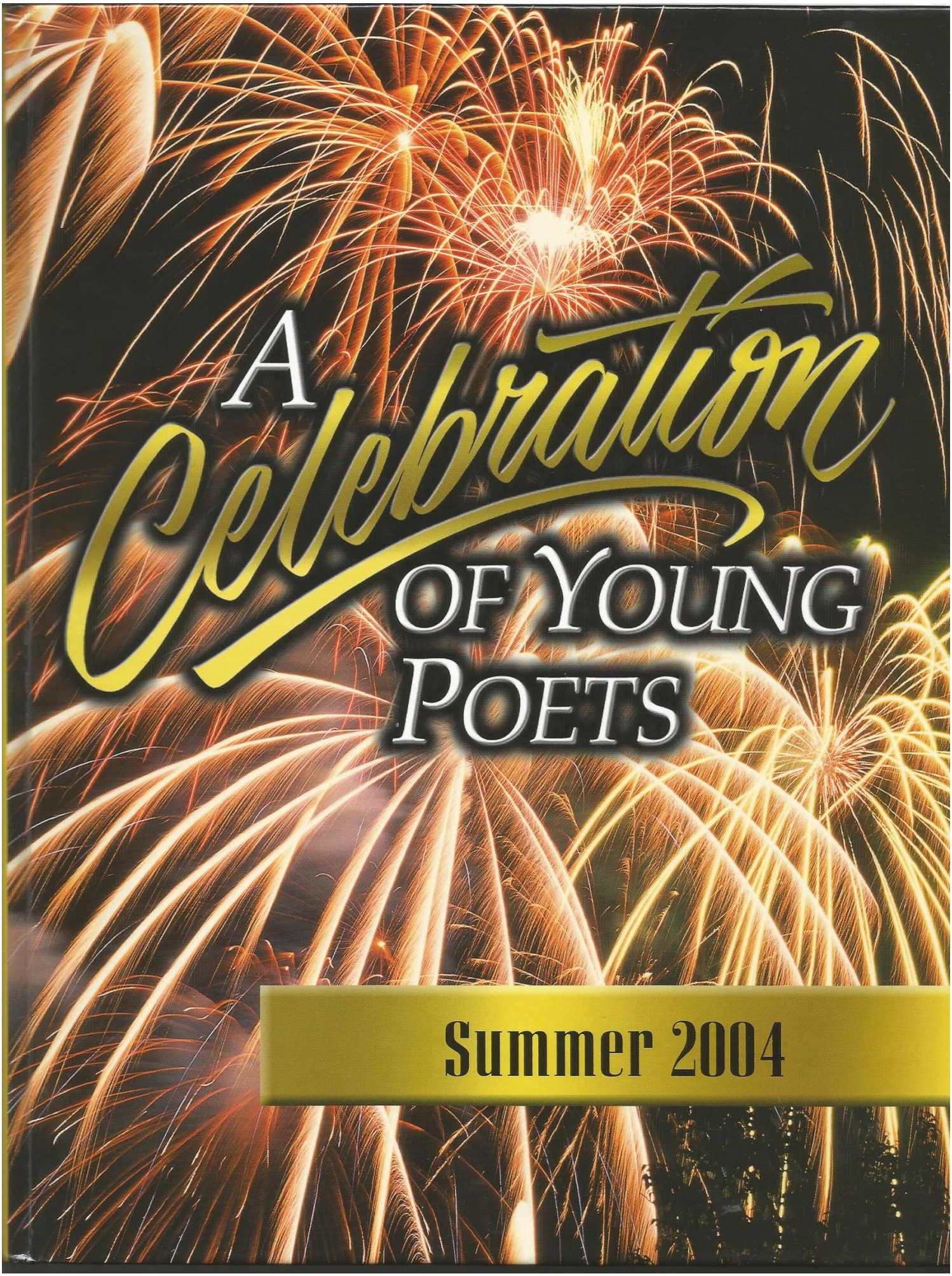

A Celebration
OF YOUNG
POETS
Summer 2004



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A Celebration of Young Poets

Summer 2004

Creative Communication, Inc.

A Celebration of Young Poets – Summer 2004

An anthology compiled by Creative Communication, Inc.

Published by:

CREATIVE COMMUNICATION, INC.
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LOGAN, UT 84341

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Foreword

Welcome to the summer edition of "*A Celebration of Young Poets*." The poems included in this anthology reflect the fears, hopes and dreams of today's youth. From the beauty of a spring morning to the ugliness of war, these poems reflect the unique poetic insight of our children.

These contests provide thousands of dollars in prizes. However, the real reward is the motivation that our contests provide young writers. This creates an immeasurable impact. Numerous letters that we receive tell of students whose lives were changed due to the fact that they were a Top Ten winner or accepted to be published in one of our anthologies. With the news reporting much that is negative in our youth, we are proud to provide a positive outlet that makes a difference.

As a parent, my children bring home various assignments to proudly show their accomplishments in school. Even with good intentions, many of these assignments get put aside and are lost in the daily shuffle of paper. The exception to this occurred this year, when my own son had a poem accepted in our anthology. He proudly beamed that "I am a published poet." This not only gave him a sense of accomplishment, but it became obvious that a record of his writing will now not be lost. Recording this proud moment became something that will last a lifetime as it is bound in an anthology.

This book is dedicated to our young writers and the joy that they bring to the readers of their work. May this first step of being accepted to be published and included in this book, lead to a lifelong interest in recording their hopes and dreams. Enjoy this anthology as Creative Communication presents to you "*A Celebration of Young Poets*."

Gaylen Worthen, President
Creative Communication
November 2004



WRITING CONTESTS!

Enter our next POETRY contest!

Enter our next ESSAY contest!

Why should I enter?

Win prizes and get published! Over $6,000 in prizes are awarded in each region and over $70,000 are awarded throughout North America for each contest. The top writers in each division receive a monetary award and a free book that includes their published poem or essay. Entries of merit are also selected to be published in our anthology.

Who may enter?

There are five divisions in the poetry contest in grades K-3, 4-6, 7-9, 10-12, and adults. There are three divisions in the essay contest in grades 4-6, 7-9, and 10-12.

What is needed to enter the contest?

To enter the poetry contest send in one original poem, 21 lines or less. To enter the essay contest send in one original essay, 300 words or less, on "What is important to me?" Each entry must include the writer's name, address, city, state and zip code. Student entries need to include the poet's grade, school name and school address. Students who include their teacher's name may help the teacher qualify for a free copy of the anthology.

How do I enter?

Enter a poem online at:
www.poeticpower.com

or

Mail your poem to:
Poetry Contest
1488 North 200 West
Logan, UT 84341

Enter an essay online at:
www.studentessaycontest.com

or

Mail your essay to:
Essay Contest
1488 North 200 West
Logan, UT 84341

If you are mailing your entry, please write "Student Contest" at the top of your poem if you are in grades K-12. Please write "Adult Contest" at the top of your poem if you are entering the adult contest.

When is the deadline?

Poetry contest deadlines are April 5th, December 5th and August 15th. Essay contest deadlines are October 15th and February 15th. You can enter each contest, however, send only one poem or essay for each contest deadline.

Are there benefits for my school?

Yes. We award $15,000 each year in grants to help with Language Arts programs. Schools qualify to apply for a grant by having a large number of entries of which over fifty percent are accepted for publication. This typically tends to be about 15 accepted entries.

Are there benefits for my teacher?

Yes. Teachers with five or more students accepted to be published receive a free anthology that includes their students' writing. We also have a free online newsletter, Poetic Power, that contains tips for teaching poetry. Teachers can see the latest issue and subscribe at www.poeticpower.com/newsletter.

For more information please go to our website at **www.poeticpower.com**, email us at editor@poeticpower.com or call 435-713-4411.

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Poetic Achievement Honor Schools

The following schools are recognized as receiving a "Poetic Achievement Award." This award is given to schools who have a large number of entries of which over fifty percent are accepted for publication. With hundreds of schools entering our contest, only a small percent of these schools are honored with this award. The purpose of this award is to recognize schools with excellent Language Arts programs. This award qualifies these schools to receive a complimentary copy of this anthology. In addition, these schools are eligible to apply for a Creative Communication Language Arts Grant. Grants of two hundred and fifty dollars each are awarded to further develop the writing and appreciation of poetry in our schools.

Summer 2004 Poetic Achievement Honor Schools

** Teachers who had fifteen or more poets accepted to be published*

Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Megan Alef*
Mrs. Nathan

Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Meghan Foster*

Crestwood Elementary School
Rockford, MI
Tracy Babcock
Mrs. Bakita
Pam Chambers

Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Kenya Nelson-Warren*

Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Lisa Sjogren*

Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Melanie Gessinger*

Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Nora Depretto*
Sara Douglas

Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Hilary Shumate*

Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Tracy Gibson
Angela K. Yockey*

Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Mark Boyd
Lin Courchane
Ann Courchane

Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Judy Papandria*

Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Laura Cline*

Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Nina Finn*

Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Christa Stefoni*

Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Marci Carrigan*
Ann Downie

Rootstown Elementary School
Rootstown, OH
T. Sopko*

Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Barbara McBrady*

Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Hettie Hicks*

Southwest Middle School
Albert Lea, MN
Kyle Marie Milliron
Ginny Seibert

Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Donna Easler
Heather Loftis
Tasha A. Thomas
Lorraine Walker

Westampton Middle School
Westampton, NJ
Mrs. Tuliszewski*

Young Poets
Grades 10-11-12

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Tea Time at the Fort

We giggled, sipping imaginary tea for our dolls,
in the fort I created from blankets and furniture
to protect our treasure from the boys outside.
She was peaceful, handling her doll with care.
Her porcelain fingers stroked the doll's painted face,
and she dreamed of boys and pretty things.

I sat staring at my torn dress,
wondering what lie I could procure
to save my hide from the whipping I'd get
for climbing the oak tree again.
My doll was dirty and her dress was torn to match mine.
She was patched, and my rough treatment
showed in the looseness of her head
as the stuffing spilled from spaces between stitches.

We both clung to our dear toys
as we sat in our hideout.
"Boys have cooties," I argued.
She didn't think so,
and because she was my friend, I agreed.
Out of the fort we tumbled, laughing,
leaving our differences behind.

Dorothy Abshire
Lewisville High School
Lewisville, TX
Grade 12

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Children of Men

White caps of the waves far away
Are destined for shoreline with mist and spray
Innocence and joyfulness shine from the two
Memories of adolescence come into view
Deep blue waters make them seem small
Though standing on rocks, they feel tall
The speckled gray rocks bounce off blue swells
Almost in unison to Sunday morning bells
Clouds freckle the skies in light gray puffs
And disintegrate into the tall brown bluffs
The evening mist makes them feel secure
Yet the warmth of their house will create a lure
If they were smart they'd never go in
'Cause skipping stones makes children of men.

Chase Anderson
Flathead High School
Kalispell, MT
Grade 11

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Belonging

I belong to a place far away
Where the sun always stays nearby
I belong to a continent far away
Where life goes on as if change wasn't constant
Where they speak with their whole body
And dance with all their soul
I belong to a country
Where food is a passion
And family is a treasure
I belong to a culture unlike that of my father's
Where words roll off the tongue
And music flows through the veins of its people
Through my mother
And now through me

Maria Belen Dueñas
Desert Vista High School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 11

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Pen

Overlooked
Taken for granted
Lost, forgotten
And overused
Thrown away
Found in an alley
Borrowed to a friend
Doodle happy
Clicked unconsciously
Capped when idle
Protected in your pocket
Friend to thoughts everywhere
Paintbrush to a poet

Nicole Duty
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 12

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

I Am a Road

I am a road that time slowly improves,
Gradually gaining additions, as knowledge.
Each hole is an imperfection I have.
The small rocks, lines, scars, and scratches
Explain the details of my life's story.
The continuous "roar" of vehicles upon me
Portrays pleasing popularity and power.
Others look at my personality,
While ignoring the insignificant weaknesses
That appear on my surface.
All roads will crumble with time
And be replaced by the new,
Which is why we must live life thoroughly
And pursue our heart's hopes.
For I know, because I am a road.
I have faced fear and failure
Loss and misfortune,
But I continue on with life,
Because I know
That each road was built for a reason.

Sarah Eves
Regiopolis/Notre-Dame School
Kingston, ON
Grade 10

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Driven

We're turning things on tonight, we're turning it up.
Music isn't good enough, we need an engine, a roar.
Something along the lines of backup vocals, for our sleazy duo-ette.
"I'm glad we found each other tonight" he says. We drive past a graveyard.
He turns to me, raises one eyebrow, (the one with the ring)
And that eye-exchanged moment is all it takes
And we're passing through the iron gates to the graves, to the grounds.
And we are grave.
And we turn it all down to a minimum. The air inside his T-bird
Is static white noise, and outside is white snow, and white smoke.
And one white rabbit.

Without speaking, without moving, we agree to follow. It leads us around
Until a corner, where it disappears. Evaporation.
And we're left peering through windshield, through headlights,
At a pair of lonely headstones. We didn't know them but we almost cry.
We read their story inscribed in stone.
Twins, born two minutes apart into a world that could not hold them.
Now they lie under identical slabs of rock (propped up like bunny ears).
We offered up our tears, mute prayers, and sentiments
And we turned and drove all the way home, strangely fulfilled, in silence.

Kate Herriot
Sheldon-Williams Collegiate
Regina, SK
Grade 11

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Spotlight

I'll ask the stars to teach me how to shine
I know some people who could use the light
Maybe they'll learn from their mistakes
Or my mistakes — whichever they choose
And their moods will lighten with the effort
Or the strain
The moon seems pale tonight
Its blushing has stopped — it no longer sees our fears
Or our faces
And the rosy spotlight has wandered
Maybe there is another who sees it
Or needs it — I could need it
The petals fell from the flower today
And they floated in the breeze
And down the river — to wash up in the tides
Or the tidal wave
Lost in the wind or the destruction
I caught one yesterday and it disappeared
Or was it my imagination
Running a marathon inside my head
Taking me hostage

Sasha Itterman
Fleetwood Park Secondary School
Surrey, BC
Grade 12

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Grandma's Garden

Giant peach, apricot, and apple trees
Line the entrance to paradise.
The scent of several varieties of flowers,
Mingle with the fruits in a sweet harmony.

Beyond these, Grandma's dancing colors,
Lie various fruits of another.
For there is also corn and peas and carrots,
That stand so tall in their lengthy plane.

Many generations of children here have played,
Making flower soup or playing hide and go seek.
Much work has been done picking strawberries,
Podding peas, and various types of pruning.

But today it is quiet, the birds don't even sing,
For one of their caregivers has found a different pair of wings.
Her flowers have been taken, uprooted from the ground,
For they rest with her elsewhere, upon a solemn mound.

Bethany Lay
American Fork High School
American Fork, UT
Grade 12

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Auschwitz

The first thing I saw when I looked at them all, were their eyes.
They were hollow and empty, sending shivers down my spine, they're my past.
Dark shadows crying for help, tortured and starved, no one heard.
So many lifeless eyes, staring back at me, knowing their fate, now they are dust.
But what more were they then? Skeletons lost in the masses, yet alive.
Alive for what? Most family had walked to the left, why them to the right?
No identities, no purpose, they just disappeared, buried and forgotten.
Now it is years later, life is back to its norm, nobody remembers.
I don't remember, but I do understand, others deny.
To most, these eyes inside of mere skeletons, they are but numbers.
Yet I pity them, for they lived and died with the guilt, of all of those murdered.
Those eyes, those honest, innocent eyes, are gone.

Sarah Ortlieb
Streamwood High School
Streamwood, IL
Grade 10

Top Poem Grades 10-11-12

Dirty Hands (A Letter)

Daddy, I want for you to know
that I am in love with your hands.
There is truth in their strength.

Honesty is embedded in
every crack and every callous.
They know the virtues of hard work.

I have seen them clean fewer times
than you can count on your fingers:
at funerals, and your wedding.

"Unless you want these hands," you've said,
cleaning cement from a gash,
"you're gonna have to work hard now."

But you hadn't any idea
(or you wouldn't have made that threat)
how much I love your dirty hands.

Melanie Williams
Oak Ridge High School
Oak Ridge, TN
Grade 10

If a Rose Is Not a Rose

If a rose is radiant yellow
And the sun deep red
Will the sun be called rose?
And a rose give light instead?

If a rose is not a rose
And the sun not our lifeline
Will life be different?
And the sun not shine?

And if a rose is not a rose
What is beauty?
And if the sun is not the sun
What will be its duty?

Taylor Popeson
Mainland Regional High School
Linwood, NJ
Grade 10

Time

It's going by fast,
No matter what you do,
This is not going to last,
It's something you have to live through,

Days go by quicker each week,
And you can't keep track,
Why doesn't it speak,
Fun is something it lacks,

You always start over new,
No matter what happened before,
The sky has turned blue,
You don't know what you were mad for,

It's never going to end,
But for you it will stop,
A message it will send,
And forever it will drop.

Andrew Schmidt
Glen Este High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 11

My Car

My car is like a rock
It moves really slow
Or sometimes not at all
It takes some effort
To get it to go
But when it gets going
It moves like a flat stone.

Chris Gohring
Wisner-Pilger Jr-Sr High School
Wisner, NE
Grade 10

Every Day

Every day when I wake up, I think about those things you said
and how you made me glad.

Every day I go through school,
I realize what you want me to do.

Every day I wander around and ponder on what to do,
I say to myself that I am thankful for knowing you.

Every day I have someone come to me and ask me what you are like,
I tell them you are a wonderful person in a lot of people's lives.

Every day when someone asks me to do something,
I do it without any complaints,
for I know you are the one person who truly is there.

And knowing everything you have done for me,
makes me feel even better when I go through the worst times,
that may be the worst in everyone's lives.

Rachael Buckland
Ravenna High School
Ravenna, OH
Grade 11

A Moonlit Slumber

Silver moonlight peers through bare branches of shady trees
Softly glowing off of mist swirling in the chilly breeze
All is blanketed in a coat of midnight black
All except the pale fog and the silver lake to your back
Shadows lurk without a sound
Drifting, floating above the ground
The trees sway melancholy with their bony limbs to the sky
Obscuring the view as but a few bats flutter by
You think you have been here before, a familiar feeling runs deep
Because every night you come here when your mind falls asleep

Baylor Gray
Green Hope High School
Morrisville, NC
Grade 11

The Stream of Sadness

The persistent flow of the long, narrow stream seems to go on forever.
The relentless sound of the splashing water will not go away.
The tears constantly rolling down my face.
From my sparkling, blue eyes, past my nose, down to my natural, untouched lips:
From my plain, little chin all the way to the ground, the tears continue to fall.
Drip, Drip, Drip; it will not stop.
The rocks slow it down, but the stream keeps flowing.
The hills make it more amusing, but the stream keeps flowing.
The twists and turns take my mind off all the chaos, but no matter what,
The stream keeps flowing.
The tears will never end; the stream keeps flowing.

Courtney Kollmer
Berkshire School
Sheffield, MA
Grade 10

What's in a Name?

His long arms extending towards the sky
Like a child reaching for its mother.
His fingers dangling in the air
Touching the world around him.
He stands tall
As straight as a wooden plank
With each bone perpendicular to the ground.
He remains silent
Able to hear the whistle of the wind
And the murmurs of life.
Until the unthinkable occurs
With the strike of lightning
As bright as the rays of the sun
Hits him and splits him in two.
O he is gone!
O he is my love, the love for a majestic tree!

Jennifer Tran
Washington Lee High School
Arlington, VA
Grade 10

Life

Sleeping all day, talking all night
Trying to get out of this terrible fight
Tears creeping slowly down my face
Deep inside, I know this isn't my fate
Look at me and you'll see
My soul exploding inside of me
With all this pain and suffering I'm dying inside
As I pull into my shell to hide.

Cheryl Macadlo
Depew High School
Depew, NY
Grade 11

Acclimatization

Coming from the womb of a warm house
Into the rose warmth of the morning mist,
I embrace the light of day with gratitude
As sunbeams dance from the water's glassy surface
As the cool breeze tingles my naked flesh,
Playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony
From my toes to the last follicle of my hair.
My body's immersion shocks
My nervous system into breathlessness,
Thus, drawing me inward into my crystalline webbing,
Establishing a metamorphosis of biped to Pisces
Of the shimmering lake.
Grasping moss tantalizing the toes
While gripping sand oozes through peaceful toes.
The yearning body explores the habitat of the home
Beneath the glistening, watery roof
As friendly fish tweak appendages,
Gathering morsels from their foreign cousin.

Allen Kuchera
Jacksonville High School
Jacksonville, TX
Grade 11

Good Bye

I see you from across the room
I don't know what to expect
My desire takes over
I head towards you at a quick pace

Our bodies meet
My arms wrap around you,
As yours around me

I feel the warmth from your body
It penetrates deep beneath my skin
And it warms my soul

I never want to let go
But I know I must
For it is time for you to go

This moment will stay engraved in my mind
Until we can meet again
And the whole scene can repeat itself
For you may never stay
And always goodbye will be the hardest part

Shannon Goldford
Edmonton Menorah Academy
Edmonton, AB
Grade 10

Shattered Image

I'm a shattered image
a well worn worker
a rusty visage

In this clouded claw I hide
torn from mountains
and river sides

My back be bent
from withered storms
my cry's been sent

"Put me back together again!"
My glassy face
my tears did stain

I only wait your lullaby
Mother Mary
of broken sky

Cayla Sander
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 10

Day-To-Day

Everything is going good and going right. So, what is wrong? For when everything is peaceful, there is always something that must go astray. Always bad things simmering, waiting to arise. Chaos creeps into existence for madness always overcomes. A little at first. Then with ferocity like no other. It deepens with every little atrocity that amounts in front of the normal sane person. For one that we think is sane thinks sinister and unimaginable thoughts. This sickness arises within everyone. Just some more than others. Some let out in an unwielding rage only seen by the insane. The tortures they harbor, they unleash onto mankind. For their wrath is like no other.

Deborah Harlan
Anderson High School
Anderson, CA
Grade 11

Painting of a Lover's Moment

Calmly and serenely you walk to my side.
Slowly your hand reaches mine, and the walls fall at your words.
Life seems to stop and the world doesn't move as you, you do.

Suddenly, I'm reintroduced to a place I used to know.
Where worries follow us not past the gates, and apathy for the world fills our souls.
Here it is where we need just be as we are.

Beauty surrounds us as we tumble into the wonders of this place.
The curiosity of why and how becomes lost as my heart is overwhelmed.
For the vision of you admiring me in silence as though I am some masterpiece once lost, now found, takes control.

And as I gaze back, studying you with the same intense devotion, your eyes cross mine, and again I am breathless.
The world will move again, and worry will stir in my heart in days, weeks to come.
But for right now, I will marvel at the beauty of the curves of your face, the color of your eyes and the splendor of your soul.

Mariel Hunter
Saint John High School
Saint John, NB
Grade 11

The Deception of Silence

Silence can be used as a tool or a weapon
It is everywhere and nowhere
It exists only as an idea in our minds because in reality there is no silence
The void of silence can always be occupied

Like an empty cup, we view silence as something to be filled
Like a filled cup, we view silence as half full or half empty
Silence is a level of life where sound becomes meaningless and the mind becomes everything
It is a mask and a mirror

Silence can build bridges or fences
Tight or relaxed silence is an accordion of emotion
It means something different to everyone who experiences it
Like a best friend, silence comforts, relieves, annoys and depresses

Snowy field on a midwinter's day
Sleep in the dark of night
Silence is another way
To fill the world with light

Sandra Dawson
Timpanogos High School
Orem, UT
Grade 10

English Class

Aphrodite in dark brown hair
Governs a chair by me
When she smiles
I blush
When she giggles
My heart jumps
A slight breeze lifts her fragrance
Ever so gently it hurls past me
Taunting me, teasing me, daring me
"Come closer, come closer"
Its angelic scent engulfs my mind
Like a spring meadow covered in morning dew
My throat runs dry
My heart races
She speaks softly
My blood boils like the burning pits of Hades
I desperately search and fumble
Trying to find the words that
Would do her beauty fair justice
The bell rings and it is time to go
Maybe tomorrow I'll tell her how I love her so

Matthew Warne
Merritt Secondary School
Merritt, BC
Grade 11

Thrown Away

You threw life away,
Were given everything, left with nothing.
The only thing that would stay,
Taken away by another.
Now you live, with no face, with no fear,
Waiting for someone to give you life.
Your day to day seems to some a year.
Looking in the mirror, you see nothing but strife.
One that loved you said it once,
You will find your place in our love, and in our life,
You will learn to survive, to succeed.
But now I see you, so low and alone,
I don't know you as my own.
You are not what I once knew, and loved.
This is the story of life, of love.
The life that is given, the life that is lost.
Through the good times, the bad times,
The joy that you cost.
I don't know who you are, I don't want you around.
I fear that you will leave without knowing love's sound.

Ashleigh Tomlinson
Belle Chasse High School
Belle Chasse, LA
Grade 11

The Silent Peacock

Beautiful, deep forest greens and oceanic blues,
there you stand so tall and proud.
Wow — can I believe it — is it true?
let us go and escape to the nearest cloud.
Feathers encompassing your body…a royal blue,
Quiet as the softest whispers, and yet the loudest voice.
I have no idea where I am: give me a clue.
Please speak, no-no, let that be your official choice.
Just promise me one thing — forevermore.
Never change, but always remain the mystical you,
regardless of obstacles and choices within life's store.
Reminisce, always be sincere and true.
Gazing above at a pitch black sky so dark and fine,
your portrait, eternally preserved, will be mine.

Vidhi Thakkar
Gordon Graydon Memorial Secondary School
Mississauga, ON
Grade 12

Splash

Morning dew on the blades of grass,
A slight mist off the surface of water.
A ripple, a leaf, the morning practice
The temperature a bit below normal,
The water, still and unmoving,
The practice is going to be hard.
Woken up by a splash sent in my direction,
My friends laugh and smile,
Six a.m. and we have all day.
In the water we go for more than an hour,
Smiles everywhere, disappointment vanished,
The first practice is over.
Tomorrow is another day, another morning,
Another early morning practice to swim.

Victoria Kalevich
New Providence High School
New Providence, NJ
Grade 10

Homeless Man

There is a man who lives on the streets
They say he was sent from God
They say he was the Devil
In fact he was sent from both like you and me

He walks from place to place to find a job in ratty clothes
They say he was rich then came homeless
They say he was always homeless
In fact he is product of circumstances like you and me

He talks to himself and he answers back
They say he is crazy
They say he is just lonely
In fact he is only human like you and me

Andrew Horneman
Dobson High School
Mesa, AZ
Grade 11

Here I Am

Here I am
Alone and unwanted
But here I stand
Tall and undaunted
You can knock me down
But you can't knock me out
You can diss me and hurt me
Insult me and shout
But I will not give in
Here I am
You can try
But you can't win
Because no matter what you say or do
I will not give in

Lizz McEver
Lansing High School
Lansing, NY
Grade 10

D

Desire is what I have for you
understand that I need you
stay by my side for I need your love
to keep me going on
in my dreams I'm with you
no one can take that away from me
D you're the only one who
owns my heart
why can't you see
I need your love
every day I see you with her
you'll always be blind to me.

Paige Bennett
Colbert High School
Colbert, OK
Grade 11

A Dog with One Paw

On the way home from school
There was something I saw
It was a dog
With only one paw
I thought that
It was very sad
So I took it home
And showed it to my dad
I asked if we could keep it
He said that we could
And I was so happy
I couldn't believe it
Now the dog has a home
Now it doesn't have to be alone

Austin H. Dahl
Village Glen School
Sherman Oaks, CA
Grade 10

This Voice

I hear this voice
It sounds as if it is nearing
Now almost close enough to reach out and grasp
I hear this voice perfectly
A man sings his heart out,
Every emotion runs through his body, each one distinct
Anger, like the thunder booming and lightning bolting across the dark, night sky
Sadness, like the rain pouring down from the dreary, gray clouds
Happiness, like the rainbow after the storm
I hear this voice
It tells a story, only to be heard by me
He stands alone trapped with fear and hatred
Bitter memories consume his mind, deteriorating his strength
"Somehow, despite the aching pain," he says,
"I know I can shine like the radiant sun."
Filled with beauty and wonder,
I hear this voice.

Nicole Soliven
Arcadia High School
Arcadia, CA
Grade 11

Dazed

Thinking can creep out my thoughts,
lying about to figure what to do.
Hearing the background noise brings contentment to a wandering mind.
No one realizes I am not there,
while drifting into an abyss of colors, flashes, and sounds,
until you hit power.
Then a break in thought due to an abrupt awakening,
a door opens to a nosey life.
It is ruined and lost in mid air,
to a cloud hanging overhead and ample of others.
A sudden quiet silence, until thought picks up,
it is forgotten and no one knows or realizes the damage done,
it feels empty and silence is the only thing always around.

Alyssa Ibarra
International School of the Americas
San Antonio, TX
Grade 11

Separation

And on she strode, ignoring my call, and took the lonely road.
I shouted with a fervor, only to expedite her gait,
Never glancing my way, but resolute,
Following the sun to its cradle in the horizon.
The sovereignty of the fading skies dashed against her form,
She took the path alone, thoughtlessly, but planned,
Spontaneous, but methodical; the adjudication stood.
I ceased my calling, and soon, a cloud of dust kicked up behind her,
And I watched as she became one with the winding highway,
Her life changing forever, and taking mine with it.

Kyle Ungur
Holy Name High School
Parma Heights, OH
Grade 10

Her and Me

The moon was bright
but she was out of sight
I looked around and could not hear.
I wondered if she was still near.
I looked again and saw her there so
I stood on my feet as she started to stare
She looked at me and I looked at her
like looking in a rustic mirror.
I knew what she felt and what she would see
I knew now that I was meant to be.
I knew that she was ready to see.
That all that was left, was just her and me.

Shane Bieleski
Decatur High School
Federal Way, WA
Grade 10

Pains of the Heart

"When one door closes, another one opens."
My mother always says.
As hard as it is to face the pain,
know that it will pass.
our time on Earth isn't meant to spend
in the depths of pain and sorrow.
If you live in optimism with no regrets,
you will go far, my dear.
Yes, rejection hurts and tears are all right,
but just for a little while.
Don't dwell on mistakes – they weren't meant to happen,
for something greater is in store.
Wipe your tears and erase that frown,
you are growing from this loss.
Do your best with a smile so wide,
and your inner-star will shine.

Erin E. Stay
American Fork High School
American Fork, UT
Grade 12

Dry Your Eyes and Take My Hand

I was down and could not rise,
On my knees with teary eyes,
Calling for help while I cried,

Looking for the strength inside,
To push this pain to the side,
But all I want to do is hide,

Then the Lifter of my head appeared to say,
"Dry your eyes, I'm here to stay,
And to take all of your pain away,

Just lift your head to the sky,
Take my hand and be my bride."

Cristina Miranda
Boston Latin Academy
Dorchester, MA
Grade 10

Today's the Day

Today's the day I'll walk into a room,
And bear under the heavy weights
Of a thousand relentless stares,
That failed to participate.
Today's the day I'll take the long way home,
And count my extra steps.
I won't think about our favorite song,
Or your set of my stolen breaths.
Today I will throw off of my shoulders
The burden you've left behind;
The piece of your heart you've forgotten with me
To painfully remind.
Today's the day I'll forget what people think,
And know that you never helped.
I'll stop concentrating on how to make you happy,
And focus more on myself.
Today's the day I will assert my pride,
And remark this washed away shore.
I won't need to attempt to hold back my tears,
Because there are none anymore.

Cassie Alexopoulos
Markham District High School
Markham, ON
Grade 10

Sometimes We Just Have to Say Goodbye*

I just need to say
Goodbye for now
I've held on
For too long
I need to grow
As a person
Instead
I hold onto you
It's time to say goodbye
Just for a lil' while
I've held on too close
For you to think about anything
Can't we just say goodbye
I just need to say
Goodbye
For now, my love
May peace and God be with you
As I will be
In your heart and mind
To love is to be in love

Jessica McConnell
Altoona Area High School
Altoona, PA
Grade 10
**Dedicated to Daniel Barr*

A True Friendship

You'll be there forever,
no matter the day.
When they need you to help them,
you'll go out of your way.
Through thick and through thin,
you'll stand up for your friend.
All this to ensure
that your friendship never ends.
In short, I can say
that best friends you should treasure.
For the depth of a true friendship
is far beyond measure.

Chelsea Fuller
University School of Nova Southeastern
Fort Lauderdale, FL
Grade 10

He Breathes

He breathes,
and the world breathes with him.
His sigh stirs the grass
and pushes dandelion sails
through the clouds.
He smiles, and the trees laugh,
losing grip of their leaves.
When he cries, the clouds weep,
and rain falls to a grieving earth.
His anger gives rage to the seas
and electricity to the skies.
He breathes,
and the world breathes with him.

Alicia Bayleran
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 10

Barbara Mattel (Barbie)

As tall as a skyscraper,
As thin as a nail,
As blonde as a bottle,
Attracts every male.

With a nose like a button,
And her lips like a rose,
And her eyes like two saucers,
And ten pedicured toes.

We want to be like her,
To the curve of her hand,
But if Barbie were one of us,
We'd be helping her stand.

Najmul-Sahar Shah
Northview High School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 11

Lost Hope Still Shines

Glowing is thy lovely heart, shining for all to see.
Others glance at it and think, if only that belonged to me.

Filled to the rim with love and hope, thy heart is pure and kind.
The actions thou might taketh art the truest one can find.

Trust in others and belief in thyself is what allows thee to see
The shimmering light of the world around, concealing the darkness from thee.

Above any corrupted moment, thy heart sees the kindness in all.
It brings out compassion and faith, while evil, behind it, doth falls.

In the shadows of every heart, lie jealousy, anger, and hate.
Yet in thy heart they're buried so deep, they can't even be found by fate.

Thou vieweth the world with bright, clear eyes; all envy thy peace of mind.
But the emotions hidden so deep in thee are in others, so easy to find.

Vivian Tran
Irvine High School
Irvine, CA
Grade 10

A Fate Not Yet Determined

The fate of the Everglades lies in our hands,
We control its outcome with our decisions and demands.
It is up to us to preserve it or not,
Not to watch it be converted into some kind of parking lot.
It is a habitat that is progressively dying,
The little amount of water left resembles the tears of Mother Earth crying.
The animals that depend on it, are being rubbed out –
A once abundant source of water now seems like a drought.
An entire ecosystem is crumbling – and no one even sheds a tear,
The effect of this hits in a place to home that is very near.
The result of a crisis has a huge ripple effect,
So you see this wildlife preserve we have to protect!
The solution to this predicament is easily achievable,
Open your mind and you'll find it to be quite conceivable,
If everyone just did their part, then the road to salvation will be paved –
And then in time – just maybe – the Everglades can be saved!

Anthony Perez
Coral Reef Sr High School
Miami, FL
Grade 10

Moments

The wind that whispered
Left its sound to be heard throughout the houses.
The wind's breath blew over the small green leaves
The trees swayed back and forth creating a shadow
To glow in the moonlight.
The crick, crick sound that the owls sang can be heard over the wind.
The owls fixed eyes glared into the moonlight leaving a ray of sunshine…

Soukayna Ismail
American Islamic Academy
Dearborn, MI
Grade 12

Hockey

The captain shall lead his team into battle
Preparing them with not swords, but sticks
Teaching them to race like lightning
Shoot with precision and hit with force
Dart to the left, swerve to the right
Murder the fear and uplift the courage

The captain knows what challenges they will have to face
He pushes his men to the extreme
Showing the defenders how to protect the prize
But then pass it on up ahead
For there is no point of guarding it behind
If they do, they will never win

The hour draws nearer and the men grow stronger
He is silent for the time has come
To show the world how far they can go
Now he glides to the center, head held high
His foe is waiting, stick to the ice
They get in position, face to face
The enemy flashes a menacing grin

There is no mercy in those cold, dark eyes
And the captain knows it is his time to lead

Lorena Nowakowski
New Life Christian Academy
Kimball, MI
Grade 10

Washed Away

I stood and watched the sand be swept away.
The waves were many thieves who grab and run.
The beach was growing smaller every day.
What would be left for my daughter or son?

The Earth is ours to cherish and protect.
It was molded by a truly mighty hand.
To trash and waste is not what He'd expect;
To love and nourish, this was His command.

My purpose became clear as I stood there.
It's written on the sands of time.
The gift He gave is extremely rare.
The role of teaching others then is mine.

That night I settled softly into bed,
Smiling at the clear path that lay ahead.

Paige Newberry
Highlands Christian Academy
Pompano Beach, FL
Grade 10

Anger

Tension builds up like a bomb exploding at sea.
Steam screams out of the kettle, trying to be free.
You turn as red as the blood, that runs through your veins.
Patience deteriorates,
taking all the calm feelings away.
You stagger back and forth, trying to ease the pain.
Finally you can't take it anymore!
Disorder:
Yelling!
Screaming!
and Pounding!
Lightning will strike the old oak tree and free the fumes.

Nathan Brinkman
Clarence Sr High School
Clarence, NY
Grade 11

True Deception

Oh child, sweet visions you shape and fashion,
Untouchable as to heaven they ascend.
Flights of fancy form without hesitation,
Fearing not true existence, embracing pretend.
But age brings bitter revelation near.
You laugh as the illusion of hope. But hark!
The fire still burns, but is soon silenced by fear,
Fear ever thinking, sitting, waiting for the dark.
Still dreams may be renewed of child so sweet,
As sleep renews strength, so be sure to make haste.
The soft wind sings joyous verses of conceit –
Hold on ever tightly to life and do not waste.
Yet all I know is what I fret,
If I risk not, I risk regret.

Sarah Gregg
Alta Sr High School
Alta, IA
Grade 12

My Own Prison

How still is one to be, deterred and spent,
So hindered by the threat'ning freedom near.
This life now vanished, brings a solemn tear.
All taken from and stifled with repent.
Accelerate this dim imprisonment!
Perhaps a mournful, despondent veneer
Will sway them forth to end my anxious fear.
Yet here I dwell, encased in all unmeant.
My hasting days lay all within time's choice.
This godforsaken confine seems a vat.
As nothing is staid in this universe,
I must not silence all my hopes for voice.
And no need for a final caveat:
For isolation serves this direst curse.

Ryan Whiteway
Northern Collegiate Institute and Vocational School
Sarnia, ON
Grade 10

Lost

Trapped in a world of pain and agony, with no corner to turn, no street to cross.
Perplexity filling the walls of my heart, slowly overpowering my soul.
Twisted emotions and tangled feelings, suffocating my life into confusion.
Two loving hearts pouring with love, offering their devotion and loyalty.
Equal shares of dedication and love. Equal shares of trust and admiration.
Equal shares of honor and respect.
Lost in the long journey to their heart, as the line of history slowly trails behind.
Two different paths of love to follow, leading to a new future to dream of.
Which direction should I turn?
Right? Into the arms of the innocence of heaven?
Left? Into the arms of the flaming fires of hell?
Angels and devils fighting fiercely to win my soul, to fulfill their heartfelt needs and desires.
They touch my inner soul with warmth and comfort, seeing the true reflection of love in my eyes.
The thought of losing one strangles my life, like a dead rose, never blossoming again.
No longer can I play this game of lies and deceit, no longer can I fight the temptation.
No longer can I hide my heart from the world.
Time to become the person I was born to be, to live the life of the image I have painted,
And to dream of those loved ones that I've always had.

Lynessa Rampersad
New Hyde Park Memorial Jr/Sr High School
New Hyde Park, NY
Grade 10

I Dreamed of India

Magic carpets of the mind carried my thoughts over the Himalayas and past New Delhi
A sari acts as my disguise,
But Tigers Eyes, deep enough to charm a cobra, entrance me and call me to dance
To India, to Freedom, to the night's stars.
India grasps my hand,
And as indigo skies turn crimson and finally fade to dusk, I hold close to Him.
Watching melodies play upon our ears,
With wisdom of those who dreamed of Kipling, who braved the courage of Nehru and who lived the legacy of Ghandi.
I sing to India, to Freedom, to the night's stars.
And as he joins me, I rush along a moonlit river bank to the jungle's edge where tears of joy are cried down.
I taste the salty falling from God,
And when dawn breaks I will awake in no one's arms,
For India is a dream.
He's gone
But has left a mark, a bindi, on my soul
And I know I'll dream
Of India, of Freedom, of the night's stars, of You once more.
For I saw, I felt, I changed and I dreamed of India.

Jacqueline Schiffer
William Fremd High School
Palatine, IL
Grade 10

When I Needed You

When I needed you, you were always there for me, when there wasn't enough food for everyone, you found a way, when I was in trouble, you were always there, I can still remember when God decided to stick out His hand and whisper in your ear, "Come with me it's your time to go." When God said He takes the best He wasn't lying, the burning love we have for you is like a never-ending candle that will never blow out.

Elizabeth Copher
Alma High School
Alma, AR
Grade 10

Talking to Souls

My heart pumps stillness through me,
My still-living brain is dead,
My tears are dry against my cheeks,
I can hear my heart breaking silently in my chest.
My fingers cannot feel;
My tongue tastes only the coldness of night's breath.
My eyes see only what is not there,
My ears hear only an imaginary comfort.
Oh, but what of my soul?
It faces me as if challenging
My every motive.
"What happens when there are no more tears to cry?"
My lips respond,
Though I am not speaking,
"I guess we'll see."

Sarah Tisinger
Pleasant Valley High School
Pleasant Valley, IA
Grade 10

Voices Are Within

The rising and falling of the level lake
Moving ridges of water
Snap, crackle, pop, what a noise, Pete's sake.
The duly time of winter arrives.
Slightly wet, too long, though
Time passed, one winter's day survives.
Springs will abound with hidden treasure.
Creatures large and small
Life marches on, will they live up to measure.
A warm welcome awaits you.
The sun's due to shine.
I anxiously await the singing of songbirds blue.

Adam Fritz
Pateros Jr-Sr High School
Pateros, WA
Grade 12

I Fly

I fly above the clouds, seeing the future
Walking hand in hand with a long lost past
Songs forgotten, my dreams they now nurture
Revelations tell, paradise won't last
Haunted by the sad voices of the dead
Tell me about lost empires and kings
Visions of beauty dancing through my head
My soul tries to fly with its tattered wings
The impossible, try to understand
Anything, everything is possible
The power of love I feel in my hand
Fear of heaven is understandable
Desperately wishing for another chance
Watching time, life, and eternity dance.

Elise Idylle
South Kitsap High School
Port Orchard, WA
Grade 11

Why Me?

A sorrow no one else can feel
No one can help you because it's real
A heart that has never been broken
Is now in pieces, it's got its token

Wondering what will happen next
It's real it's written in stone text
Is this my fault did I do something wrong
No, but it's what I have been feeling all along

I feel so hurt, so deep inside
I want to run away, just to hide
So burden being all alone
I wish there was such a thing as clones

But now it has been 150 days
I live my life still, I wish it pays
Thinking of it now and then
It's very hard, but it will mend

I loved you then, I love you now
I lift my right hand, take the vow
Loved by many, it's very true
I'm sure you will always love me as I do you.

Lyndsay Bombardieri
Guelph Collegiate and Vocational Institute
Guelph, ON
Grade 10

A Summer Day

Seagulls fill the sky,
Encircling the clouds so high above;
Shades of blue and green, blended together
To form the sky and sea;
The hot sand seeping in between my toes,
Yet glistening in the bright sun…
These summer days bring not a worry in world;
A peace so grand, it streams into my soul
And warms my heart;
A new beginning has arrived,
With the close of the cold weather that has past…
A light breeze sways overhead now,
Caressing my hair with a cool touch;
It is this breeze that carries the sand so gently,
Creating a melodious dance beneath my feet;
The crash of waves in the far distance, sharp and crisp.
A tranquility so real, yet so tender.

Pamela Arnett
Paul D Schreiber High School
Port Washington, NY
Grade 11

Morning Rose

I'm in love like never before;
seeing new colors and great beyonds.
Flying higher than ever before;
for truly the first moment,
my heart has open up enough,
to see the dew on a morning rose.

Erasmo Martinez Jr.
Arvin High School
Arvin, CA
Grade 12

Love

The night before last I thought of you
I couldn't help my feelings
I have had these before.
But now they're stronger than ever
I lost you once but won't lose again
the first time was hard enough
thoughts are running through my head
I can't stop
I don't want to stop
my love is growing with every call
the warmth I feel when I get a message
drives me crazy
because I can't be in your arms
with you tonight
so I cry
but I will hold them off for now
till one day I'm with you for all eternity

Katrina Axton
Oregon City High School
Oregon City, OR
Grade 12

Daddy…

Dad,

You have,
You've taught me,
Helped me,
Cried with me,
And you laughed with me.

You have been,
You've been a clown,
The enforcer,
The boss,
You're my dad.

You are,
Hard as a rock sometimes,
But everything I need ALL the time.

Elizabeth Bowers
D W Daniel High School
Central, SC
Grade 11

My Cousin Danielle

She was born during spring break of my seventh grade year, March 17, 2000.
She caught my eye for the first time and I knew I would love her forever.

She was tiny and so cute.
Danielle was the youngest child of my aunt and uncle.
Her two older brothers will teach her many things.

She loves to play with her dolls and wrestle.
In one hand she has a doll and in the other she has a ball.
Danielle never cries when she bumps her head,
She is tough, having two older brothers.

She smiles at me and I smile back.
I look forward to every moment I get to spend with her.
Danielle and I are very close,
Even though she is thirteen years younger than me.

Danielle lights up a room,
And I hope she loves me as much as I love her.

Lynn McRoberts
Blue Valley Northwest High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 11

Innocence

I think of things that sit on thrones, like thoughtful kings who sit alone
I dream of dainty dandelions dancing at the dawn
I imagine dripping ice cream cones ickling in the heat
I fantasize about funny friends falling with delight
I sense the sizing of the stars as they soar into the sky
I hope these happy harmonies hold me close tonight

Alyssa Harling
Carmel High School
Mundelein, IL
Grade 10

Passion's Embrace 2

Bewitched, enchanted that's the way you make me feel.
So romantic, and the night not over still.
With your touch I will fall in love with you.
Oh darling can you feel the emotions flowing.
Found the lock to my heart, now here's the gate key to open me.
And after you unleash me, I will be yours for eternity.
Draw your eyes, and breathe
Don't fight it, release.
Take in love's energy, slowly dance to its melody.
May I dance with you to the endless song of Passion's grace?
Can I get close to you? And absorb the soul of Passion's Embrace?
Embraced by destiny, she granted you to me.
Took our fantasies made them reality.
I will never leave I want you, I love you.
Dance with me FOREVER.

Darrin Winston
Lee M Thurston High School
Redford, MI
Grade 12

Death

Death, the most horrible gift
Mother Nature has to give.
Death, a curse to some and a blessing to others.
Death, it haunts us in our nightmares.
We only then find out it was all a dream.

Cynthia Breault
Riverside Regional High School
Jonquiere, QC
Grade 10

Wish the World Away

A wise old person used to say,
"Never wish your life away,
for if you do, you'll have no time,
to taste the fine old cheese and wine,
you'll never even get to say,
'she sat there eating her curds and whey'
you'll spend your time just thinking what
to do with things you haven't got.
You'll never hear the birds sing sweetly,
you'll stand alone and act discreetly.
You'll never see the leaves fall down,
returning Mother Nature's crown,
or see, in spring, the trees, they wear
the homes for blue jays in their hair.
Just remember, the choice is yours,
remember that always before
a miracle can come your way
do more than think, get up and say,
'Something simply must be done!'
and forever more, the battle's won!"

Jonah Smith
Moriarty High School
Moriarty, NM
Grade 10

We Love You

I love you lots
You're my best friend
We'll be together 'til the end
You need me now
I need you more
We'll help each other through the door
Of pain and doubt
No longer fear
I forever will be here
I know it hurts
The pain inside
That you can no longer hide
I'm glad you can't
The world is too
You must remember we love you

Amanda Buhrman
Harris Lake Park High School
Lake Park, IA
Grade 10

Soulmate

I don't think that you know,
Just how much I love you,
But if you were to look into my eyes,
You will find all the love,
That you will ever need…inside…

I promise you,
All I have to give,
My heart…body…and soul,
No matter what,
I'll never let you go…

Just promise me,
That you will never hurt me,
And I will love you,
For all eternity…

I have finally found,
What I have been searching for,
A love so strong,
A soulmate,
My other half…

Chandra Frost
Home School
Calgary, AB
Grade 11

Forever Gone

When everything's ok,
And nothing's wrong.
On that old rusty radio,
Comes that memorable song.
The song we danced to,
Under the starry night.
In lovers arms,
Held so tight.
From deep within,
Those eyes of blue.
Finding who she was,
And then finding you.
It was something to last,
Time would be still.
With you and her,
Up on that hill.
Tears roll down,
At the end of the song.
Because you remember,
That forever she is gone.

Jason Buskirk
Mainland Regional High School
Linwood, NJ
Grade 11

Tiger

It has golden brown fur,
Full with zebra black strips,
With emerald green eyes,
And fully spread whiskers.

Its sight is sharp and keen,
Listening skills fresh,
Claws and teeth sharp,
Instinct powerful and vivid.

It can not be messed with,
For it is the warrior of the jungle,
Having the heart of a lion,
And the quickness of a cheetah.

It brings on fear to the people,
Happiness to the jungle,
Desire for the species,
And hope for all.

It is the tiger,
For it is the tiger.

Mihir Pathak
Kennett High School
Kennett Square, PA
Grade 11

Bully

Dark as night,
Cold as ice,
Tall and slender,
But not so nice.

Deep brown eyes,
Rosy red hair,
A pale white face,
With freckles here and there.

A smile so broad,
A grin so evil,
A nasty mean attitude,
Is not unbelievable.

Same thing every day,
Teasing here and teasing there,
Nothing will change,
And she'll never care.

Melissa Sandstrom
Sunrise II School
Vienna, VA
Grade 12

Earth Spinning

I believe that the Earth is spinning
The rain from the clouds
The sun shining
The sky is blue
The water forming from the clouds
Sadness, happiness, goodness,
I believe in the stars, moon
I believe in the sun, clouds
I believe in love

Holli Brannon
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 12

The Campground

A blazing summer day,
A cool refreshing lake.
A roller coaster tubing ride,
A relaxing bonfire.
A little green fishing boat,
A 300 horsepower speed boat.
A paddle boat for exercise,
A hammock for rest.
A golf cart for exploration,
A television for parking it.
A feast fit for three kings,
A meal skipped when swimming.
A freshly mowed lawn,
Grass up to your hips.
My first skiing trip,
My first tubing ride,
My first kiss,
My last days of childhood,
My memories of the campground.

Amy Kalina
Perham Sr High School
Perham, MN
Grade 12

Time

The sun will shine,
The wind will blow,
The snow will fall,
But you'll never know.
My heart is yours,
If you only knew,
But time will pass,
And I'll renew.
Still ever-loving,
Without you I'll be,
In my solitude,
With only an essence with me.

Elisa Vicuña
Huron High School
Huron, SD
Grade 12

Is It for Me?

The water drips off my body while slowly exiting the pool,
Is the clock right?
Did I make it?
All of the crowd is cheering, but is it for me?
There are thousand of other people they can be cheering for; is it for me?
My coach is smiling and all my friends are around me,
Is it for me?
Finally they tell me with great emotion,
YOU MADE IT, YOU MADE It!
Now I realize that I'm the only one here right now,
So guess what…
It's all for me!

Alexis Kalevich
New Providence High School
New Providence, NJ
Grade 10

Missing You

It's so hard to believe that you are really gone,
To a place so far from home,
You were my shining star,
And I hope you are very happy wherever you are,
You made my day light up when I saw your breath taking smile,
I'll miss your face and our friendship for quite a while,
It's not fair the way you were taken,
It left my heart broken and my poor soul shaken,
No one knew about the tragedy ahead,
If I did I would've gone instead,
I wish that I could wish upon a star and you'd come back home,
I wish that we could have at least one last conversation on the phone,
I have so many things I want to tell you,
But I know I will never be able to,
I know that we all have to go to that place in the end,
But I wanted to leave with my best friend.

Ashanea Jones
Tatum High School
Tatum, TX
Grade 10

My Best Friend Jay

You were always my best friend, it was supposed to last until the very end.
I moved away, never said good-bye…thought I'd see you again, that was a lie.
Years passed by, so long and cold…without you I was no longer bold.
You were the missing part of me, I missed you a lot…why couldn't you see?
Then on that chill windy day, I became speechless…I didn't know what to say.
They said you had cancer and may die, I couldn't help but break down and cry.
So young and lively, only a teen…I began to wonder how God could be so mean.
I decided to try and give you a call, we talked and you sounded okay after all.
But then, the disease stole your life, even though you said you'd be all right.
I suppose I need to learn to let go, to be strong and not let my sorrow show.
Until we meet on the day I perish, your memory is one I will love and cherish.
So until comes that day…I love you and good-bye, my best friend Jay.

Brittany Lawson
John Adams High School
South Bend, IN
Grade 10

My Favorite Curse

Pull me in
Hold me tight
Keep me waiting up all night
Wait for what?
For no phone call.
Leave me torn; feeling small
Morning comes
In bed I stay
Waiting for you to sweep me away
Off my feet
We'll start again
Praying the new day never ends
But it will
It always does
And I'll be right back where I was
You won't stop
Won't let me win
You'll tear me up 'til I give in
A battered soul
Can't get much worse
Bruised and broken due to you, my favorite curse

Kristen Simon
Kennesaw Mountain High School
Kennesaw, GA
Grade 10

Ordinary Dream

To have an ordinary dream.
You must be flying without wings.
Your heart must not reflect in a mirror.
Your soul fills with hopes from another place.
You must be flying without wings.
Your destiny be something you can see.
Your soul fills with hopes from another place.
You'd fly with pigs upon the clouds.
Your destiny be something you can see.
Your eye sees beyond the true fact.
You'd fly with pigs upon the clouds.
Your tear falls through time.
Your eye sees beyond the true fact.
Said "I love you" but it's only words.
Your tear falls through time.
Smile in pain upon bitter sweet thoughts.
Said "I love you" but it's only words.
Your heart must not reflect in a mirror
Smile in pain upon bitter sweet thoughts
To have an ordinary dream.

Minh Nguyen
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Only You That I Love

Listen to what I have to say
It's only you
That I love.
What is my life without you.
What lay hiding in my heart,
Leapt to my lips today.
An arrow resting
Somewhere in my heart.
Has found, its bow today.
For all our lives to come,
May we remain
In this abode of love
May our entwined hands never be apart
I will walk beside you in your chosen path
True to your love
Should someone ask
I will tell them what happened to me.

Shimul Begum
John F Kennedy High School
Paterson, NJ
Grade 11

I Wish (That I Could Cry)

I wish that I could cry,
my thousand tears of pain.
Deep inside my soul,
there's a hole
that I wanna fill.
Deep inside my heart,
there's a part
that belongs to you.
My wish of tears,
you will not hear.
I won't speak it in your presence;
I'll scream it on the wind.
I wish that I could tell you how I feel,
then all my wounds would heal.

R. Lorelei Schellhammer
Alabama School of Mathematics and Science
Mobile, AL
Grade 10

Color Beat

Black is for intensity. Red is for the same;
Standing strong for passion, hunger, hope, and pain.
White is for soft gentleness,
Like peaceful, misty rain, like soft insistent happiness,
Like hope for hearts once slain.

My heartbeat changes colors, through shades of black and gray;
Intensely happy hunger, to empty white dismay.
My thoughts hold separate flavors,
Like kisses on my tongue
My dreams make bleeding colors, brighter than the sun.

Charity MacCalla
Wapato High School
Wapato, WA
Grade 11

Lost

The turbulence within me cease to be calm.
I am lost.

The sight of decayed leaves left me hopeless.
I averted my gaze.
The sound of the alarm miles off the coast of nowhere cease to exist.
I am in eternal slumber.
The fleeting warmth of the smiles and laughters are sisters to the coldness of melting snow.
I can only remember.

The renewal power of spring revives the leaves, the flowers, the animals,
Its power too weak against my petrified emotion.
The state of awareness is where the living enjoys the amenities of everyday life.
My preferred place of dwelling still resides in dreams.
Constants in life are hard to find, and adjustments are required repeatedly.
The constant that resides within me are formidable even to the wears and tears of time.

I am lost.

Meng Shao
Bard High School Early College
New York, NY
Grade 12

Nothing You Can Do

I talked to you on the phone tonight. Nothing was on, not even a single light.
You just had to pretend that you loved me, I can't stand this feeling. I just want to be in someone else's arms and be healing.
But you don't want me to love someone who you don't know. That's not fair to me, so any ways I should go.
I don't have to listen to what you have to say to me. Because what you are gonna say to me I wont believe.
You can be sure of that with all of your heart. And soon enough I hope it will tear you apart.
I hope you will break down and cry as I did; I hope you will try to hide as I hid.
I hope you will finally see who I can really be. Because what you're thinking of just isn't me.
And never again, I will come crawling back to you. I'm not going to do that, I'm stuck where I am like glue.
The sun will finally be bright and shine on me. So when I look around, you losing your grip is all I'm gonna see.
So give in, that's what I'm trying to tell you in these words. I know how it feels too, of course it hurts.
That's how I felt, and I'm giving it all back to you. Yes that's right, and there's nothing you can do.

Kia Mulrine
Onalaska High School
Onalaska, WI
Grade 10

Alone

One day I was sitting in a crowded restaurant,
Feeling very alone,
Sitting there listening to people's conversations,
Not to me but around me,
It's so amazing how you can have 120 people in one room and not a single one notice you,
And I was not there for anyone to acknowledge,
Just there.
Isn't it amazing how when one person leaves for a while how lonely that can make me feel,
Just dying for someone to talk to me!
I try to talk to people but they don't listen, I talk out of sadness and they still don't listen,
I say one wrong and stupid thing and the whole world hears.

Megan Mohr
Florence High School
Florence, CO
Grade 10

How I Love

Where the forest's green hue
And the setting sun's red glow
Is where I can show
How I love you.
Where the clouds meet sky blue
And the lightning melds with thunder
Is where I can wonder
How I love you.
Where the gentle breeze blew
And the waves crash the shore
Is where I can explore
How I love you.
Where the glittering of the morning dew
And the first beams of day break
Is where I can thank
How I love you.

Brittany Carr
Nordonia High School
Macedonia, OH
Grade 12

Someday

Someday I will graduate
Someday I will go to college
Someday I will have a well-paying job
Someday I will have a beautiful child
Someday I will get married
Someday I will be found by a famous person.

Britney Wisdom
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 10

My Forest

The green is so full and so lush
So free and just begging to be captured
Inside a memory.

The carpeted floor of moss and pine needles
Cushions my bare feet, so warm and soft,
Fragrant peat.

Sunlight tinted a soft green falls upon the ground
Dappled through the cloud high leaves
Soaring proud.

The breeze caresses my cheek, so warm and soft
Smelling faintly of the morning dew and
Sighing quietly.

The forest is silent, in its own way
A bird calls, a leaf falls,
And I long to stay.

Chantel Reiter
Luseland School
Luseland, SK
Grade 11

My Grandfather

I never thought that I would find,
A *grandfather* like you,
Who is so sweet and kind.
Just seeing you so happy,
Makes me think about the times we spent,
Just sharing and laughing.
Over the past years you have watched me grow,
From a little girl,
To a teen and if it is the Lord's will,
To a woman.
You have been with me since day one,
You never turned your back,
Or gave up hope,
You were with me when I said my first words,
You are going to be with me when I say my last words.
It's not enough words that can express the way I feel,
So, I guess what I am trying to say is that
I love you for real.

I loved you then,
I love you now,
I love you more and more as days go by.

Natasha Oliver
White Station High School
Memphis, TN
Grade 12

Rising Above

Touching base with an impish inner core
Finding barely any reasons to come explore
The part of me that no one else will see
Something I'm ashamed of to every degree

Tongues of torture and no end
Slither out and strike within
The peaceful minds become corrupted
Saliva poisoning any persons

Sitting upon the hill I founded
Waving a black flag around my head
Digging lead heels into the sand
The darkness folds, this will be said

A war with wings that have been clipped
Makes use of their claws, don't forget
The tongues of their ravens will be ripped out
As the words speak truth, there is no doubt

Ashley Logan
South Aiken High School
Aiken, SC
Grade 11

Life's Opposites

Success
Perseverance, thoroughness
Strengthen, improve, fulfill
Triumph, victory, downfall, defeat
Collapse, falter, fold
Inadequate, flawed
Failure

Jared Hook
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 12

The End

I saw it deep within your eyes
Saw the pain
How hard you cried
I wished to love you
Hold you then
Keep you close, love
Till the end
Don't leave me now
Hold on tight
I'll keep my love strong
Through the night
Don't cry, my love
Hold my hand
It'll all be better
In the end

Stefani Alvarez
Carl Schurz High School
Chicago, IL
Grade 11

The Used

Transparent,
But everyone sees.
Gutter material.
Helping and becoming,
A steppingstone for venting.
The need to lash out
Frozen by paralysis
Words
Armed with brass knuckles
Coated with love.
Curled up
To tear away the skin.
Exposed as I am
It's cold
And harsh
With no soft edges.
Impaled by hope
Begging for the end.

Jenny Ennis
Platte City High School
Platte City, MO
Grade 10

Insomnia

Insomnia is my new best friend as well as an enemy.
She plays my memories like a film to keep me from my sleep.
The horrors of my life unfold as I sit here in the dark.
Look at all the sorrow that I've felt and all the anger that I should have dealt.
The fear, the pain, and insecurity that drives me near the edge.
Something deep inside of me that cannot make amends.
The visions they never end, the pain that resides so far within.
My stomach clenches, my heart beats fast, and tears well in my eyes.
Why won't it stop?
Why can't I rest?
Let me sleep and dream tonight, so I can find some peace.
But morning will come soon and these thoughts will never cease.

Amanda McCallum
Rivers Collegiate Institute
Oak River, MB
Grade 12

To My Mommy

Mom I have loved you more than anyone for the past eighteen years.
I want you to know this on 2004's Mother's Day so listen with your ears.
You are truly an amazing mother
With special hugs and kisses like none other.
You give me grand advice and show me the way to go
So I wanted you to know,
I love you bunches even if it doesn't always show.
We are so much alike; you are the ideal mother for me
I love you more than words could express even over some tea.
More than any other women you are the most stunning and beautiful.
On top of all of that you are also extremely cool!
I can't wait for all the many more years to come
We will be the best of friends and have so much more fun.
Out of all of the mothers in the world, you are the most smart
And you are even a big sweetheart.
I love you so much Mommy
This is from your daughter, Brittny
And I wrote this because I couldn't wait to say,
Happy Mother's Day!

Brittny Jones
Springboro High School
Springboro, OH
Grade 12

Deception

Deception, oh what word?
A strong word with much meaning.
It wraps itself in many shapes and forms.
It curls itself in a ball to fit human perception.
It leaves its victim shattered and distraught.
It goes around waving, and talking like he's your friend.
Its ways and schemes are cunning.
It lurks around corners you've never searched.
Waiting, ready to lure its victim, to deceive even the most intelligent.

Simone Webb
Freedom High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 11

Different

The world cries out to me
To be a piece of something,
Something to which I don't belong.
The dolls walk around with their painted on smiles,
Their identical ambitions showing
All the while throwing stones at people,
Like me.
Marching around like ants to the hill,
The robots spill out into the world.
Mindless creations,
They judge people,
Like me.
Should I join in?
Should I become one of the many and
Hide who I am?
When over again I cry out,
Is *all* the world,
For show?

Stacey Frazier
Jacksonville High School
Jacksonville, TX
Grade 11

Forever Yours

Your hand in mine, we walked along,
the path so unclear before us.
Time seemed so fast while we walked along;
when I tried to speak, I was wordless.

The narrow path turned, and we walked along,
unable to see what would be there.
Suddenly you stopped, and I turned to you;
I reached up and brushed away your hair.

Together we stood, I looked in your eyes;
so softly I whispered "I love you."
What I saw then, so deep in your soul,
was the love that you had for me too.

In silence we stood at the turn for so long,
and then in your eyes appeared tears.
I pulled you in close, holding you in my arms,
wondering where you'd been all these years.

There in my arms, I kissed your forehead,
but you pulled me down to your lips.
Time stopped at that moment, your lips against mine;
forever yours in that passionate kiss.

Kyle Huhmann
St Louis University High School
Saint Louis, MO
Grade 11

Peaceful

Before the sun rises
In the early dawn
Out in the forest
A mother deer awakes with her newborn fawn
They're both very hungry
So they look around in search of food
They find a patch of clover
And as they stood there and chewed
A sound is heard from deep in the valley
And a buck stands tall from behind some brush
A shot is fired from across the forest
And all the deer spring away in a rush

Keith Lewis
Evergreen High School
Vancouver, WA
Grade 10

Nation

Be strong in our nation eyes.
The ones who had fallen
are the ones who are in our heart always.
Don't let a pain bury you forever.
Come out and let your light be shown.
You can't hide forever from the sorrows and pains
the terrorists gave us.
Even though they did something wrong.
They have changed us so greatly
and made it to where we came together.
We look at things differently.
We're a lot stronger than we use to be.
Let the world know our strength.
And let our Freedom ring.
For the honor of the lives
that were taken away on 9/11
God Bless America.

Sara Besalke
Centralia High School
Centralia, MO
Grade 11

By My Side

I can't sit idly by.
I want to shout
Until I'm deaf to my own screams,
And the screams have made me numb.
Your face floats through my mind.
What can I do, but pray for you?
If I could,
I would give my life for you.
Just to have you by my side.
Could I catch you if you fall?
I would not know how deep the darkness goes.
And darkness grows.
Just stay by my side.

Katie Mouw
MOC- Floyd Valley High School
Orange City, IA
Grade 10

Our Nation

You give into temptation
And end up in frustration
Born into a nation
Where there is a lot of complication
And a lot of contemplation
Of this new sensation
In a world of miscommunication
Every day is like a presentation
People looking on with fascination
We really don't have any clarification
And we are deprived of an education
Because we are born into a nation
That is full of complications.

Twaneshia Sanders
Central High School
Macon, GA
Grade 11

Everything

Sun goes down
Water cold
Tide comes up
Trees grow old
Some hearts break
Changing view
Reality fixed
I still have you
Life may change
Having everything
Stay the same
Without you I'd have nothing

Jordan Schindler
Council Rock High School South
Holland, PA
Grade 10

A Cousin's Love

A cousin's love
Speaks from the heart
Never failing each feeling felt
Their spirits up lifted
From the sight of one another
And their love for each other
Is pure and well
No matter what
Happens
They'll always tell
The truth that comes
Out of their mouth
For if more than
One lie is told
Apart they'll always grow

Crystal Montalvo
Fowler High School
Fowler, CA
Grade 10

Be Poets

I wish.
I wish there was a place where we could just be.
I wish there was a place where we could just be poets
and have the rest of the world stare at our backs.
Where greetings are sung,
and rhythm is the native tongue.
Where the National Anthem is a celebration of the red white and blue
that occurs when blood and ink meet paper.
A place where Civil War means being attacked by your own personal demons
and ideas are your self-defense.
Where music is based on soul instead of math
and it's a law that each person must follow their own path.
I wish.
I wish there was a place where we could just be.
I wish there was a place where we could just be poets.
Where the only difference between a rainstorm and a sunny day
is what they inspire you to write.

Jesse Ruben
Upper Dublin High School
Fort Washington, PA
Grade 12

Can't Picture Life

I can't picture life without you by my side
Without you in my presence, it will feel like my mind has died
It will feel like emotional damage is filtering in my heart
Without your preeminence, my life will surely fall apart
It is your incomparability that makes you significant to me
And I cannot imagine life without your superiority
Your merit gives you that unbelievable and electrifying bliss
But this is not half of what it is about you that I'll miss
Your potential, elegance, and benevolence, just to name a few
Without these key components amongst me, what in God's name will I do?
There are so many feelings that we didn't get to share
And now you will never realize how much I really and truly care
I can't picture life without seeing that precious smile on your face
And noticing you from a distance and recognizing your beauty and your grace
Me without you will be so despondent and unfair
I simply cannot picture life without my princess being there

Isaac Chatman
Donaldsonville High School
Donaldsonville, LA
Grade 10

Blind

The saying is true justice is blind
She cannot see me I have fallen behind
Is it because I'm a shade darker than the rest?
Or does she only see light as being the best?
I'll fight every day to take away the blindfold if I must
And leave her in the dark so her eyes can adjust
So she can see dark as just human me and not fall for the white identity

Letonus Nixon
Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo High School
Long Beach, CA
Grade 11

I Am

I am a river flowing through the valley.
I am the wind blowing through your shirt.
I am the storm destroying everything in my path.
I am a boy with anger problems.
I am a girl with emotional problems.
I am a dog with two legs.
I am a cat with no claws.
I am the child that clings to life.
I am a person with a disability.
I am a person who lives with guilt.
I am a person who lives with acceptance.
I am everything you want me to be.
You just have to look in the right places.

Jenny Okell
Millard North High School
Omaha, NE
Grade 11

Rainstorm

Rain pouring down from the open sky,
Drop by drop —
It's like the tear the angels cry.
Thunder claps loudly as wishing for an encore;
Each time it gets louder, louder, even more.
Lightning flickers throughout the dark night,
Putting on a show —
Making the stars jealous with its dance that's just right.
Fifty miles fast, passing me by;
Steady, slow, and gently dies.
Drop, drop, drop.
Stop.

Elizabeth Cramer
Struthers High School
Struthers, OH
Grade 10

Gentle Lips

Touch my heart
But please don't break it
Your nails are sharp
So please don't take it

Touch my mind
Don't deceive it
Show me a sign
Help me perceive it

Touch me whole
Please don't leave it
Teach my soul
Help me believe it

Love me please, and I'll love you back
Because I already love you, and that's a fact

James Ko
Casa Grande High School
Petaluma, CA
Grade 11

Me

Impatient, yet kind
A procrastinator, yet a perfectionist
Wanting to mature, but wishing I could stay young forever
Parts of me seem to disagree
With each other
Like two puzzle pieces
That don't fit together

I appreciate all the little things in my life
The weekends, sunny days, and snowball fights
Are the golden moments that make my life worthwhile

My biggest fear is a missed opportunity
Slipping through my fingers
Like a tiny grain of sand

I do not know where the future will take me
How can I solve the mystery without any clues?
What I will do, what will happen, or who I will become
Walking down the road of uncertainty
Not knowing what direction I will go

Jenni Mayer
Blue Valley Northwest High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 12

Forbidden Fruit

I'm adrift within a maze
Created by the naivety of my own heart
Hindered by my childish fears
And confounded thoughts
So many nights I've stumbled upon the same road
Reaching the same intricate fork
But I continue straight
Afraid to tread dangerously and fall in love
Unfortunately your heart's much like a young child
Completely negligent to what it is told
But when it gets hurt, that's when it learns its lesson
The scars and bruises on my heart
Indented by your repeated lies
Still remain quite visible
And nevertheless until this day
There's nothing in this world
That I yearn for more than to love you
And I know within
You are the forbidden fruit that I am warned not to taste
But how can you stop your heart from desiring what it craves?

Tahneemarie Roberts
New Hyde Park Memorial Jr/Sr High School
New Hyde Park, NY
Grade 10

Waiting Room

The unrelenting anticipation burning into your mind,
Only leaving questions of what and why.
To sit and ponder the things you have done.
All coming to the realization of one.
The only thing now in thought is how to revitalize the body and mind.
A person in the position she is in would have given up thrown in the towel and been done.
This she did not do and that is why, she had a will to survive and that is the only reason why she is Alive.

Nathan Soll
Oregon City High School
Oregon City, OR
Grade 11

Second Chance*

As I sit by the ocean, my emotions corrupted, and confused.
Rain pours down from the sky, I wrap my arms around myself as I begin to cry,
tears of pain begin to release their fears,
losing you as a friend, would condemn me more then hell's chains,
and consequences of insane pain.
My heart shredded, always remembering your words always so soft spoken,
your promises never to be broken.
Always telling me to "Smile," yet never doing it yourself.
I look up at the rain filled sky, the ocean seeming to be in a motion of desolation.
Lightning lights up the atmosphere above,
as memories of me asking you to be mine fill my head,
beginning to wish I were dead,
and had a second chance to just have remained friends.
That way our friendship could have lasted, 'til the end of time.
I read your notes over and over.
Remembering memories of more hurtful times then fun, as I throw your notes into the ocean.
It seems like slow motion as they hit the surface and float away.
As the sun comes up from over the clouds,
I realize it's to late to turn back time, but I can start over and let my heart heal.
Then I can come to you and ask "Can we start over?"
That way our friendship will last through time.

Keven Taylor
Taylorsville High School
Salt Lake City, UT
Grade 10
**Dedicated to Chelsea Reeves*

Last Regards

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and melt into the sun? And what is to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing. And when you have reached the mountaintop, then you shall begin to climb. And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance. Brief were my days among you, and briefer still the words I have spoken. But should my voice fade in your ears, and my love vanish in your memory, I will come again.

And though death may hide me, and the greater silence enfold me, yet again, I will seek your understanding. Your thoughts and my words are waves from a sealed memory that keeps records of our yesterdays.

Aaron Garback
North Valleys High School
Reno, NV
Grade 10

Sunshine

Her favorite color is yellow,
Rays that shine for thousands of miles,
A feeling of warmth and security,
Like a blanket
Only bigger.

Brightening a person's day,
Making them content for hours,
Never fading
And does not hide,
For she has no reason too.

Her shine is unlike any other,
For it should belong to the sun,
But it belongs to a person.
For every time she walks into a room
Her smile is so astounding that you are drawn to it.

This smile of hers is so wonderful
That nobody believes it comes from a person.
A person so wonderful
That her entire life is full of sunshine.

Amber Harland
Obion County Central High School
Troy, TN
Grade 12

Green Eyes

As the CD spins,
playing one track after another,
the song "Green Eyes" comes on
reminding me of you.

My first day in this overwhelming world,
you cry out with joy
after hearing the wonderful news,
your first granddaughter, complete with green eyes.

Your eyes have seen far worse than mine,
witnesses to family suicides and fatal car accidents.
Yet they still spread love
and sparkle with laughter.

Whether it is green apple, jade, mint, lime or emerald,
matching the color of the healthy grass,
our eyes, like our blood, connect us.
Thank you for these green eyes.

Kate Peterman
Druid Hills High School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 10

Help

My only wish, sprung from my only fear.
My dream is collapsed, shattered glass.
Scattered into millions of pieces,
Never to be whole again.
I am numb.
My only pain is from the words I write, and shapes I draw.
I long to feel, feel anything
Other than guilt and fear.
Fear. The very word itself strikes it.
A hungry monster eating at my mind,
Destroying my senses, forever.
Drowning in guilt, no air to be seen.
I am running out, as is my time.
I fear my wish may be a reality.

Kathryn Steiner
Samuel H Wang Yeshiva University High School for Girls
Holliswood, NY
Grade 11

When the Feeling's There

When the feeling in your heart is rising
Look to the stars and moon
And the results could be surprising
Watch very carefully and you will see soon
What you see is what you feel and what you feel he will see
Love stories we will read
And I'm sure you will agree
To be together is what we need
Whether or not the feeling is mutual is the issue
I don't want to end up hurt and crying
In need of a tissue
I've been trying
To tell you for so long
That my feelings for you are oh so strong

Leona Burgher
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Someone You're Not

It's hard to be yourself when everyone around you is fake
full of half smiles and squinted eyes.
The world is full of individuals that swim with the stream,
blindly following, never in the lead.
It's like trying to be free with no way out,
trapped and thrashing.
You may think you have escaped but there is no retreat.
The formality laughs in your face.
Leaving a trace of who you once were.
They are just another bouquet of people trying to be accepted.
Trying harder than ever to be different,
only to be something they're not.
Break through that wall that keeps you from truly living.
It's hard to be yourself when everyone is the same.

David Shepard
Oxford Area Sr High School
Oxford, MI
Grade 12

A Thought for Love

Can I feel your soul?
Can I see your eyes?
Can I be your heart?
Can I be your lies?
Can I be your death?
Can I kill the dove?
Can I see your life?
Can I be your love?

Shannen Kuntz
Naches Valley High School
Naches, WA
Grade 10

True Friends

This year was great
thanks to my closest friends,
who made me laugh
and accepted me for who I was,
who understood my face
whenever I felt scared,
who where there to help me
when I thought I had no friends,
who told me "yes, you can"
when I thought I had no chance,
who I told things
that I kept inside,
who I was myself with
and didn't feel the need to be a lie.
It's people like them
that I call true friends.

Claudia Caramantin
George Bush High School
Richmond, TX
Grade 10

gray

gray
dull darkness
pressing close
suffocating.

gray
old smallness
breath fading
joy is dying.

gray
cold illness
birdsong truly
come to ending.

gray.

Kaitlin Hartshorn
Eagle Rock Christian Academy
Deer Park, WI
Grade 11

The Big Brim Cowboy

There is this cowboy who never shapes his hat
His friends and pals make fun of him for that
But when it comes to his bulls
They all knew the rules
They're right there in the gate
The kind no rider ought to hate
He'll let 'em take their pick
'Cause they all jump out there and give it a big ol' kick
Sometimes it looks like cowboys will die
And sometimes hats fly high
He doesn't care to see the hats every now and then
He doesn't care to let the cowboys win
'Cause he knows no matter how good the cowboy's luck
His bulls will always buck
So when you're goin' down the rode
And see a big hat brim through the window of a big blue truck with a trailer load
It's no trick
It's just my friend Mr. Dwight Frick

Daniel Gardner
Marlow High School
Marlow, OK
Grade 12

To My Mother

You gave me life with every breath,
You gave me strength with every heartbeat,
The fire burns with the devotion of my mother,
The heaven's above stole you away until my heart fades away,
We will be together again,
But till then my heart has to regain the strength which you had born me.

Heather DeStefano
Lindenhurst High School
Lindenhurst, NY
Grade 12

The Way You Make Me Feel

The things that you do make me feel happy,
The other things that you do make me angry with you,
But that does not matter for very long.
You make up for the things that you do.
You give me that look and I just melt like ice.
You just look at me and flash the "I'm Sorry" look.
That makes my heart not hurt anymore.
You seem to make everything right when it isn't.
That changes the way I feel about you.
The way I feel will never change even if you make me angry.
You light up my life.
If you do anything to hurt me,
I know that you do not mean it.
You complete me in so many ways,
These feelings will never go away for as long as I live.
The way you make me feel depends whether you love me or hate me.

Jennifer Mead
Elk Point-Jefferson School District
Elk Point, SD
Grade 12

Scars of Concealed Silence

Tears and heartache night and day
Pain and fear I can't escape
Sunlight to brighten my saddened face
Happiness leaves me without a trace
Voices telling me what to do
Yet my heart is pure, my words are true.
People see the happy me,
The lonely me, they cannot see.
For just how long can I hide
The anger and pain I keep inside?
Nobody knows the pain I feel,
No one would believe my pain is real.

Every day's a battle to be lost
A nightmare to face on my own
Yet at the end of the day when all's said and done
I know I'm better off alone.

Angela Casey
Grant Park High School
Winnipeg, MB
Grade 12

My Form of Angel*

As you are within the heavens and I upon the Earth.
Still I question why must I forget this angel's birth.
You and I once were together but now forever apart.
That's by possessions but not within my heart.
Even though I question why my Earth angel fly.
Even though I cannot see you, I feel you.
Within the heavens and upon the Earth.
Maybe it wasn't an angel's birth
But my blessing upon the Earth.

Sarah Meadows
Woodrow Wilson High School
Beckley, WV
Grade 11
**In the memory of Sarah Akers.*

Silent Prayers

Hush, little baby, say no more,
Your cries and tears, O, have been heard.
Kneel on your knees and close your eyes,
Hands clasped together on your chest.
Stars shining in the ever night sky,
Lighting your face with a gentle hand.
Whisper your prayers and be at rest,
Dreams will come to guide you away.
Let the magic touch your heart,
I will heal your wounded soul.
Whisper your prayers and be at peace,
Thy silent prayers will come fulfilled.
Hush little baby, say no more,
Listen to my lullaby and smile once more.

Sarah Cho
Cerritos High School
Cerritos, CA
Grade 10

There Were You, Hope

When I was born
There were my parents
Who held my hands and welcomed me

When I entered Schools
There were teachers
Who showed me how to be a human

When I entered the human world
There were none
Who used to pull my hands to be with me

But when I started to fail and fall
There were you
Who came to me and say "stand up, let me be with you"

When there were none and nothing left
There were you, hope
Who pulled my hands and say "Fly"
With you, I shall never fail and fall.

Jasmine Choi
Palos Verdes Peninsula High School
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA
Grade 11

What Would You Do?

What would you live if your life wasn't real?
What would you touch if you could not feel?
What would you confess if you could not reveal?
What would you recover if you could not heal?

What would you say if you had no voice?
What would you choose if you had no choice?
What would you celebrate if you could not rejoice?
What would you pick if you had Hobson's choice?

What would you see if you had no sight?
What would you battle if you could not fight?
What would you control if you had no might?
What would be wrong if nothing was right?

What would you do if you had to decide?
What would you do if you didn't have a guide?
What would you do if you didn't have any pride?
What would you do if tomorrow you died?

What would you do?

Jacob Throwe
Billerica Memorial High School
Billerica, MA
Grade 10

My Sadness

You make me insane. You hurt the sky inside me. The walls are closing in; they're comprising my pain. I feel an opening, but it is blocked. Maybe one day, my meadow, a twirling feeling of sadness, will open, and my escape will be heard. But for now, my soul flows from a continuous river of tears that you have caused me. An eclipse has punctured my heart, and an everlasting black hole has become my happiness. I, a shadow – nothing more, but only less, have moved on…from you.

Nick Knobbs
Cheyenne Mountain High School
Colorado Springs, CO
Grade 10

A Soldier's War

Whose war is this?
I think I know. His body's up in heaven though.
He will not see us crying here, for life's too fast and war's too slow.
How this soldier must think it queer, for the war to stop without him here.
He's between the fight and heaven's gate, a life taken by the hands of fate.
And through the midst his rifle shakes, with the hope that God made some mistake.
He cannot hear the sounds of weeps, of mother's tears and dad's heartbreak.
He is left to look down on all he's lost, on a war not worth the lives it costs.
He stands alone on heaven's cloud, wishing, hoping, praying out loud.
He prays for the enemy, "Lord save their souls." He prays for his family, "Let them be consoled."
He prays for his friends, "Lord let them not weep." And he prays for the world, "Lord, please help them find peace."
And as a slow tear, flows down his cheek he feels powerful over a world so bleak.
He realizes his chance to finally escape, leave the loneliness, the fighting; find a new place.
He lays down his rifle shutting his eyes. He feels no pain, hears no lies.
He lays down his rifle in an act of finality. He lays down his rifle escaping the war of reality.

Amanda Peterson
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 12

Emerald Song

Daggers on the bottom of my shoes tore into the earth's flesh,
Trembling, shaking
Foreseeing the moment when nothing would hold them back.
My eyes narrowed in on the daunting black object, cemented fingers curling around its trigger.
Its sound, so fierce, bounced off the clouds and into my chest.
Everything came automatically. Right leg. Left leg.
My muscles pulsed in exact rhythm with my heart trying to break out of my chest.
Water colored voices laughing, cheering
Encouraging my fatigued body to put aside the pain for the reward.
The
Downward
Hill flooded my lungs with oxygen.
Beads of sweat adorned my face
One by one
Tumbling into my eye. Piercing from the inside out.
A c c e l e r a t i o n
Agony, affliction, absorption
All-out, ambition, accomplishment!
The air heaved itself into my collapsing lungs.
Bright countenance filled my face
And the grass whistled its emerald song.

Callie Finkle
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

The Dream

The life that goes on forever,
with no sorrow, no grief or pain,
no tears, sadness or distress.

The life filled with endless love,
filled with endless fields of flowers,
roses, daffodils, lilies and daisies too.

The life where no one gets old,
you stay as young as you want to be,
a life where only the happy live,
where bad characteristics don't exist.

This life is the dream in me,
the dream that goes on forever,
the dream that awakens the child in everyone,
the dream that is only meant to be a dream,
and can never be reality, it's only a dream!

Emilyn Kamya
Glen Este High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 11

Take a Look

Take a look around you –
Is it everything you dreamed?
Is it what you've always wanted?
Is it even what you need?

Did your life turn out,
The way you wanted it to?
Or are you a complete stranger,
Living someone else's life?

Take a look around you
And then look me in the eye
Tell me that this is what you've always wanted
And tell me that you don't regret a thing.

Tell me that if there's nothing missing in your life,
That tears don't come at night.
Tell me that you keep on winning and the world's still spinning,
And that nothing is going to change if it stops.

Take a look around you –
Is it everything you dreamed?
Is it what you've always wanted?
Is it even what you need?

Samantha Wenzl
Pawnee City High School
Pawnee City, NE
Grade 12

Friends

Friends come,
And friends go.
But how do you know what friends are true,
And what friends are foe?
When a friend lends you a penny or two,
Is that a friend that will stay by you?
Or when a friend takes you back,
Is that a friend that you will lack?
Friendship is a hard thing to understand,
But when you find a friend in life,
One that could tell you wrong from right,
One that will help you through whatever lies ahead,
One that will be there, always.
And call you their friend.

Alexandra Roppolo
William Fremd High School
Palatine, IL
Grade 10

Rethroned

Perfect Lamb, now slaughtered, Holy King, dethroned
Spitting, mocking, killing – yet still His heart they owned
Ripping, tearing open flesh, blood freely flowing down
Laughing even harder, as they placed the thorny crown
Wincing, crushed, and dying, He prayed, "Your Will, not mine."
Forgetting, humbling all His self that His Father's love may shine
Watching His created, pierce nails into His hands
Beat Him 'til His shaky legs, could barely even stand
Raising up the cross so high, His blood did trickle down
Screaming out, "I love you all!" without a single sound
Perfect Lamb, now slaughtered Holy King, rethroned
Sitting at His Father's side, in their Heavenly abode

Emily Moon
Blackman High School
Murfreesboro, TN
Grade 12

Salute to Freedom

One thing I know to be true,
Are the colors red, white, and blue.
This country does its best to protect you and me.
We work hard for peace, from sea to shining sea.
Fighting by war fills us with pain,
We can all unite as one, like amber waves of grain.
Our country shines like a shooting flare.
We save ourselves with the bombs bursting in air.
Our country's flag stays in flight.
Even through the dawn's early light.
We embrace this country with great care.
All because the flag is still there.
This great land, is the home of the free.
This great land, belongs to you and me.
So lets join hands and all together say,
God Bless The U.S.A!!!

Crystal Cox
Williston High School
Williston, FL
Grade 12

Figment of Imagination

A figment of imagination
Floating through my dreams
I only remember fragments
But I clearly remember your face
Painted in colors of the rainbow
You smile at me, brilliantly
Then disappear.

Laurie Works
Home School
Denver, CO
Grade 10

i don't know who is there

i think and dream. i look away
to places i have known.
faces so familiar,
they seem just like my own.

i gaze and stare. i see within
the pieces of my heart
given far away,
that tear my soul apart

i close my eyes and see your soul;
who you truly are,
hidden by a shadow,
covered by a scar.

your face is masked by times embrace,
someday i'll hold your hand.
i'll see you face to face.
and together we will stand

Daniel Castle
St Joseph Christian School
St Joseph, MO
Grade 12

God's Creation

Hill on hill, mountain glory
Gives tribute to the creation story.
Here on Earth for all to see
Part of His divinity.

Mountain high to valley low
Hear the peace, feel it flow,
From baby fawn to full grown doe
God's grace and power, shown below.

Without a word He says, "I'm here."
Not wrathful deities you must fear,
But a loving God always near,
For your ignorance He shed a tear.

Cedric Fry
Vinita High School
Vinita, OK
Grade 12

Perfection

It's like when you look into a mirror
And all you can see are the flaws and the quirks
And the little things, that depress you.
You want to change, you try to change,
So you finally decide you're going to change!
But you don't. You're not perfect.
So back in the mirror you look once more
Decide, you're not so appealing and the way that you're feeling
Is you can't get up and walk out your front door.
So by the time you get dressed you feel somewhat depressed.
Then you think to yourself, "...Well I'm really not that bad."
But you're still not perfect.
Instead it's the little things that make you mad.
Now you remember, now you recall
The life that saved you the one who gave you His all.
The flesh that was bruised and beaten and torn
For this was perfection.
Though the scars on His body were ten times as worse
Than those of yours.
Now it makes you think, now it makes you reflect
Although His body was mortared, He was truly perfect!

Jacob Rangel
Lubbock Christian School
Lubbock, TX
Grade 10

Lost Children

Slowly through time the children paint a mural.
One of hope and one of regret.
While thinking of a distant rain
they remark on how their innocence is being lost.

The media exec's sit behind their desks
planning the next move.
While filtering through the list of good and evil,
evil is chosen for the children.

While the mother and father argue until daybreak,
a blind eye is cast upon the children.
To replace the lost love they look to TV and RADIO.
Hoping to find love through conformity.

The television displays images to the children,
images of hope and images of regret.
The news is masked by a naked silhouette becoming darker and darker,
so dark the children become oblivious to light.

Now time has passed the children painted a mural.
It is of hope and regret.
There is no longer the sound of a distant rain.
All innocence is lost.

Brian Putz
Pius XI High School
Milwaukee, WI
Grade 11

Beautiful

I wish I was beautiful,
a model I'd like to be.
A face of flawless features
every man would turn to see.
To be the perfect size
or the perfect face for me.
I wish I was beautiful,
a model I'd like to be.
I wish my hair was silky smooth
laying perfect on my back.
I wish I was beautiful,
a model I'd like to be.
But now I look into the mirror
and thank what God has made.
For I am beautiful!
A model I can be!

Marisa Dyess
Lubbock Christian School
Lubbock, TX
Grade 12

Blue…According to the Five Senses

Blue is looking at a happy, warm, and fluffy cloud.
Blue is the feel of the cool mist from the spray of the ocean.
Blue is the smell of rain in the air.
Blue is the sound of a running river.
Blue is a drink of ice cold water.
Blue according to the five senses,
Is the adjective of nature.

Robin Jarrett
Pueblo County High School
Pueblo, CO
Grade 11

The Perfect Barrier

Whenever I arrive early to school,
They see my pure smile and wonder how
I dress that way without looking a fool.
They observe my walk wondering, "What now?"

Glossing over the truth, I subtly nod
At stares that show they know I'm mismatched,
In this world where I'm considered odd.
According to them, my life's unmatched.

Nice, talented, smart, intimidating,
Perfection's what "normal" people perceive.
Good or evil, they are always rating
Every detailed critique I receive.

Perfect — that is what I want to become.
Yet, turmoil consumes most all of me.
Confusion is cleared by only The One.
Must I have your opinion to just be?

Mary Green
Dumas High School
Dumas, TX
Grade 11

My Beautiful Butterfly

Don't fly away, my beautiful butterfly.
I will watch you wherever you will land.
I will protect you so you will not die.
You look so free flying in the sky.
You are so colorful sitting in my hand.
Don't fly away, my beautiful butterfly.
As I watch you I breathe in and sigh.
When you flap your wings you look so grand.
I will protect you so you will not die.
You grow bigger as time goes by.
I take care of you as best I can.
Don't fly away, my beautiful butterfly.
You are the prettiest by far, that's no lie.
You have more grace than a man can stand.
I will protect you so you will not die.
You help keep my spirits high.
I feel as good as I can.
I love you, this I cannot deny.
I will protect you so you will not die.

Jennifer Julian
Harrison High School
Evansville, IN
Grade 12

Walk on the Beach

Silvery moonbeams tossed, forward and then taken back
Washed, dragged unwillingly
Screaming, taken into depths
Watery…black.

Watch, see…clear, transparent tongues lapping
Lapping the sand, gritty and yet immensely soft
Filters like rain through the beams
Smooth, so plain.

Aglow streaking tapestries
Heavenward dance
Skipping across stages, aqua pure
Endlessly encircle the skies in blushing overture.

And, who watching the scene but a butterfly
With needle, thread in hand
Beautifully winds from land to sea harmonizing all
Contained and yet so free.

I look
But am unable to see, past the dark
Hovering, pressing from every side
Thick, dense…black.

Melissa Kay Grose
New Life Christian School
Newton, NC
Grade 11

The Words That Have Been Said*
I couldn't live like that,
Putting my face in my hands,
Making up my mind,
Letting thoughts flow
Nervous movements with my hands

I could let my thoughts drown
And find somewhere else to be
And something else to do
and avoid my problems forever.

(it could work)

I could stay with Her
And pretend I'm happy
And go along with everything
And forget how I'm empty inside.

Christopher Ryan
Voorhees High School
Glen Gardner, NJ
Grade 10
**After Gerald Stern*

Hope Remains
Thy pain is immense
and thy anger surreal.
Thy works given to others;
thy time served as meal.

Every talent; every work;
every accomplishment; and every dream,
given to another in hope
of raising some being.

But after I give
and after my sacrifice;
after I give everything,
there my heart lies.

My heart lies dead
and my spirit broken;
for the only thanks given
is criticism spoken.

But hope remains
in thy heart of gold,
that one day, maybe
people won't be as cold.

Ryan Hatfield
La Salle High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 11

Beyond the Image of My Reflection
I look into the mirror
The image created from God's hands
Reflected into my eyes
Deep ice blue
Mirroring the image of my soul
Reflected into my eyes
The black pupil of infinity
Witness of every moment
In my life
The door to my soul
Untouchable
For all of eternity
Under the skin
Woman, worker, wanderer, worrier
Gifted, giver,
Laughter, lover,
Tears, toughness, thankfulness
Quiet, compassionate, caring
Sister, daughter, teacher, leader.
Beyond the image of my reflection
Lies the soul who I am

Mary Egan
Lincoln Pius X High School
Lincoln, NE
Grade 12

Nathaniel
On Overlook Dr. West
You're probably just waking up.
You'll get a new diaper and a sweatsuit.
Mom will bring you downstairs
And put you in your highchair
To watch your favorite show,
Sesame Street.
You'll get a small bowl of Fruity
Pebbles
And only take a few bites,
Mesmerized by the TV.
In an hour you'll get out
Of your high chair and play
With your cars on the carpet
With a town scene.
Once you get tired
You will curl up on the green couch
With your sippie cup
Filled with apple juice
And fall asleep.

Samantha Bloxdorf
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 11

I Don't Understand
I don't understand why
the beetle crawls.
I don't understand why
the birds sing.
I don't understand why
the snake slithers,
but I do understand one thing.
I understand why
your mouth is shut.
I understand why
your tongue is still.
I understand why
your head is turned.
Just talking can make you ill.
I know some things
cannot be said.
I know some things
should not be spoken,
but wouldn't it feel much better
if your mouth was open?

Shannon Nicewonger
Nicewonger Home School
Jacksonville, FL
Grade 10

Words
She wrote poetry on her skin
with ball point pens —
quoted Milton on her foot
and Emerson on her arm
in hope that they would sink in
become her, flow through her veins
exit through her fingertips
in her own way.
She cut her wrist once
to see if the words
were a part of her yet.
But from the open wound
only came redscarletcrimson
and she stared at her wrist
confused — where did they go?
She wet her tongue to taste them
but all she found was salt
and she bit her lip, tried not to cry
because for sure
there would be no words
in her tears.

Rachel B. Kauppila
St Johnsbury Academy
St Johnsbury, VT
Grade 12

Darkness of War

The war in Europe seems so far away,
Is it really necessary to fight today?
Couldn't there possibly be some other way,
To keep the dogs of war at bay?

Lightning strikes with blitzkrieg force,
Drawing us into a war like course,
Nazis killing without remorse,
For those in America, our hand is forced.

Mother's kiss their sons good-bye,
Deadly bombs will fill the sky,
Allied powers staunchly try,
To quell the French and British cries.

America must join the fight,
And bring to bear its furious might,
With war by day and death by night,
Our country's course to do what's right!

Erin Flemming
Cicero-North Syracuse High School
Cicero, NY
Grade 11

You're Remarkable

We're here today,
To send away,
Someone who made our best days,
We wish you could stay,
So we wouldn't have to give those days away.

We sit here now,
Waiting to see our most remarkable friend taken away.

Whether or not he wants to go,
We don't know.

But all I have to say,
Is that when you leave,
You will miss us,
As much as we will miss you!

Because you made our days,
The best and the most remarkable,
And I want you to know that,
You made all of those days possible,
Because you were such a remarkable friend.

Brandon Call
Pocatello Sr High School
Pocatello, ID
Grade 10

Smile

One million words can't express how I feel,
all bottled up,
there's nowhere to hide,
the heart you try not to break,
bleeds with great passion,
the defeat has come over me,
I know everything will be okay,
in time things will heal,
disappointment will fade,
you will always hold a piece of my heart, my soul,
something that can never be taken back,
your smile is a light,
in the darkest of the days,
the coldest of the nights,
I can only hope that one day a light will shine my way,
and pull me out of my darkness,
a light that smiles with the warmth of your love.

Manda Green
Glen Este High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 11

Viewing Glass

I cannot hear your words to me.
I could not feel your fingertips
tighten around my shaking hands.
I could not see your eyes
the ones that shroud, the ones the brood,
the ones that cloud – and yes the ones that sometimes smile
without a tool.
Without this tool that sits behind my eyes
and reflects what is behind me.
And I peer into this mirror
my forehead inches from the glass
holding up a second mirror behind my head
in hopes of viewing that which lies in front of me.
Oh and how it lies.

Alyssa Disharoon
Fort Worth Country Day School
Fort Worth, TX
Grade 10

The Product

I've never met my ancestors,
Nor do I know my origin,
But I do know I'm the product.
The product of their prayers, hopes and dreams.
The product of what they wanted me to be.
I'm the fifth generation,
Creating history.
My ancestors wanted me to fulfill a destiny,
Destiny of what they could not see, but wanted for me.
And as far as I can tell, that's what I intend to achieve.

Starkesha Daye
Greensboro Middle College School
Greensboro, NC
Grade 12

My New Life

I want to get out of this place, out of this body. Get a new mind, a new face.
I want a new life.

I want a different family, a different house. I want to get different friends ones that are respectful and honest.
I want a new life.

But wait my family loves me and I like my house and the flower garden in the front yard.
I really do like the body I am in. I like my mind and my face. My friends are pretty respectful and honest to me.
Do I really want that popular girl's life that I see walking down the hall?
Maybe she doesn't have that great life that I think she does?
Maybe I don't need that "New Life." I think I may already have that great life I was looking for.

Ashley Shaffer
North Star High School
Boswell, PA
Grade 11

Morning Stretch

The mist is gathering on the surface
In drops it covers my skin, glistening softly in the morning light
Exhaling slowly
I see my breath curl and hang mysteriously in the air before it silently disappears
The wind rushes by in search of a lost friend, taking my heart along for a winding ride.
When they both return the wind and my heart are as empty handed and shallow as before.
Sadly, the only happiness left in this silent morning remains in the shining mist
Which slowly creeps back into the earth after a dream filled night.

Lauren Abrams
Clarence Sr High School
Clarence, NY
Grade 11

April 20, 1999

One horrific day, one shocked nation, one small school,
Two angry teenagers, two guns,
Thirteen dead people, twelve students, one teacher.
Thirteen souls gone forever.
Countless more wounded, an imprint that will last forever.
What will it take, for us to stop?
Stop the teasing, stop the name calling,
Stop the hate, stop the violence?
Why do innocent people have to die,
For us to realize our power just in words?
Will we ever learn?
Will we take what happened, on April 20, 1999,
And use it as an influence, to make ourselves better?
Will we accept Rachel's challenge?
How about Christ's challenge?
He died a brutal, slow, and painful death, just for us.
He did that to forgive us for our sins. And in doing so, challenged us.
Challenged us to work harder, to pray more, to help others more, to make a difference.
So, will we accept these challenges?
Will we live up to them?
Well, at least I'm going to try.

Ashley Prochaska
Yorkville High School
Yorkville, IL
Grade 12

Broken Promise

How could you do this to me!
I thought I could trust you
How could you do this to me!
It was a terrible thing for you to do
How could you do this to me!
Don't you even care?
How could you do this to me!
Was our friendship never there
How could you do this to me!
How could you leave me all alone
To fend against this world all on my own
Why did you do this to me
Now my heart is broken
But now in death no words can be spoken.

Nardine Innocent
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Untitled

On a stormy gray day
different fears wrench at your heart
moist tears spill down your cheek
your burden is heavy
and you feel as if you could never carry on.
But then from the drawn curtains
a golden ray peaks out of the gloomy clouds
and with hope you smile,
as your storm changes,
into a rainbow.

Even if there are clouds the sun is still shining behind them.

Sydney Morris
Rockford High School
Rockford, MI
Grade 11

Missing You

I look to the
Sky
And wish you hadn't
Said good-bye

I remember the cheers
But
Remember the tears

The soft touch making me
Miss you much

With a tiptoe you would
Go

In my own zone you left me alone

Casie Rowles
Hope Christian Academy
Marsing, ID
Grade 10

Beyond Anywhere Thin

There is a place that people are searching for.
This place does not have a sign or visible door.
Everyone is looking for this place, rich and poor.
Neither have the advantage of finding this door.
Many times, it was the sole reason or loot of war.

If you are found to be very kind,
And are in the right state of mind.
This place will be very easy to find.
Even to the most thoroughly blind.

Don't look at the out, look in.
Go way, way beyond the thin.
To a place that is far within.
The place that has no twin.

When you swallow pride,
And stop looking outside.
It will become your guide,
And take you like the tide.

Justin Thornton
Deposit Jr/Sr High School
Deposit, NY
Grade 12

Tia

I remember the tears I cried
On the day I found out that you died
I remember your tear choked voice
When you last spoke to me
Maybe I would have said more
If into the future I could see
I have never known the fear of a nearing death
I heard glimpses when I last spoke to you
As you spoke your last breath
I did not know that conversation would be our last
And that all my thoughts of you
Must now use verbs of the past
No longer will I wonder how Tia's doing today? But instead:
"I remember how Tia always sent me cards on holidays."
Maybe if I would have known
I would have cared more
Those times when you talked about your hairdresser
I shouldn't have thought you such a bore
But now it's all over and we've already said good-bye
I regretfully took for granted
The time when you were alive.

Lorie Lopez
Academy of Our Lady of Peace
San Diego, CA
Grade 12

Questions

The clouds of worry hover —
Like a black bat, they hang.
What will I be?
What will I do?

Countless choices clutter my mind —
Decisions waiting to be made.
Where will I go?
Where will I stay?

The future stretches before me —
So many dreams inside my head.
How can I choose?
How can I know?

The questions fight for attention —
But there is one thing that is sure.
I will go and I will be,
Me.

Megan Ahlquist
Worthington Sr High School
Worthington, MN
Grade 11

Visible Charms

minute indentations
blurred with muck
stray lines showing
years of turmoil
and struggling sacrifices
pale pinks and peachy oranges
like a fading sunset
glimmer of hope shown
in the two thin crimson arcs
beady black holes
passages to thoughts
alleyways to memories
mahogany strains,
gently caressing a forlorn
existence

Kristen Garvey
Hopkinton High School
Hopkinton, MA
Grade 11

Summer

Coming in like a hippie in a truck,
Speaking like calming wind,
Tiptoe as he sleeps at night,
Sneak into his beautiful warmth,
Dragging behind his cold winter,
He leaves with the slightest sound.

Erikka Johnson
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 11

Loneliness

I am as lonely as a single blade of grass.
The only one that comes to me is the wind, but all it does is blows me around.
People come to play on me and just tear me up all over,
When they are done playing I am a dirt patch,
When it rains I turn to mud, it is not fun.
Then when I dry I am like a desert,
I will grow back,
But it will just be the same all over again.

Justin Abare
Custer County High School
Westcliffe, CO
Grade 10

The Finish Line

Cross-country and track, these are times when I look back.
Panting, nervous, out of breath, did I do my very best?
Rain, wind, sunshine, and mud, running through it all with a thud.
Paths, trees, pretty scenery, in cross-country that's what I see.
People, stands, lines on the ground, this is the track that goes round and round.
Cross-country and track, in these things I must not slack.
We are told in practice to do our best, but my body tells me to sit and rest.
And so I must train my mind, so in my running satisfaction I will find.
I try to listen to Coach Crow and Affis, so that my discipline will not cease.
Now it is time for state, I'm still nervous, but can't wait.
Ready, set, I hear a gunshot. Running steady,
Through my mind goes one thought, for this race I am ready.
Panting, not nervous, but out of breath, I know I did my very best.

Annie Jones
Lubbock Christian School
Lubbock, TX
Grade 11

Don't Rush…Slow Down

With watches encrusted with diamonds and drenched with gold…
Where is time running to while we're constantly becoming old…
They teach us to never look backwards for the future is ahead…
But I tend to take a glimpse in the past to keep me going instead…
They remind us that each day we live is a blessing, that I know…
I keep faith embedded in my heart and with that I cope…
Like a seed needs water to grow…
Even I need a little push to help me to go…
They say take your time to grow, see what the future holds…
For a dog has four legs but cannot travel four roads…
They say "Chanclor don't walk so fast, you're bound to be tripped…"
But I don't look where I fell, I study where I slipped…
They say "Cherish your time, you won't enjoy it on your own now…"
"Because the moon moves slowly but it still manages to cross town…"
They say "Boy take life one step at a time" but I don't hear 'em speak…
I know a being can never test the depths of water with both feet…
They say "Slow down son watch out for the future…"
I don't know what the future holds but I do know who holds the future…

Chanclor Anderson
Provine High School
Jackson, MS
Grade 10

Soldiers

They don't stop to think,
Or even to say good-bye,
They just keep going,
Not knowing if they'll live or die.
They don't stop to fear,
Seeing all that is ahead,
Knowing what all must be done,
They plunge forward instead.
They don't stop to wonder why,
Or if their family once more they'll see,
They're doing the duty no man wants,
They're doing it to make men free.
They don't keep going because of fame,
Or in search of glory fair,
They're doing it because they love their country,
They're doing it because they care.
Soldiers are men of honor,
To honor them, oh where to start!
For everything they've fought and won,
They'll always be heroes in my heart.

Aimie Sella
Faith Baptist School
La Crosse, WI
Grade 11

Putting It All on the Line

Dear Poetry,
I've abandoned thee
Given thee up for a BS in Chemistry and a PhD in Pharmacy
Traded my artistic pride
For some magic potions of cyanide
Suffocated by the elixir of affluence
Poetry, you gave me independence
But gone is the vision, it was all a dream
Replaced by equations of scientific themes
That passionate flame, that once burned, solely proud
Faded into just another dim light in the crowd
No more the visionary who has visions of visions
This time I plan to fit in
I can't be stuck between worlds of light and dark
I won't ever rhyme, besides, it's passè, and lost its spark
So I chose to go
Held my head high, kept my mouth low,
And lost my voice but made my choice to be —
The new human being
Full of matter,
Devoid of substance.

Matthew Richards
West Windsor Plainsboro High School-South
Princeton Junction, NJ
Grade 12

Mouse in My House

There's a mouse
In my house –
And he won't come out.
He likes the crumbs we leave on the floor.
He comes back every night beggin' for more.
He nestles underneath the chair
Because it is rather warm there.
He's clawing up our furniture,
And messing up our rug.
He's making the house reek,
And annoying us with his squeak.
He won't make a peep,
Until he knows you're asleep.
And it gives me a scare
To know he is hiding somewhere –
That mouse in my house.

Sarah Hawes
Rockbridge County High School
Lexington, VA
Grade 10

Surfing

The shore break barrels, as I paddle swiftly out to sea,
The indivisible wind sails, as my board tries to get free,
I skipped my first to barely make high tide,
But, I don't mind as long as I get one good ride,
The waves are an army of blue making their advance,
Just like a soldier, you only get one chance,
For that picture perfect wave, long and stout,
This is what surfing is all about.

Robert Starratt
Bishop Kenny High School
Jacksonville, FL
Grade 11

Love

To love is to be loved
And if you have not yet known love
Pray that you one day will
For love is a powerful thing

So is heartbreak
For once your heart is broken
You find you lose faith in love

But given time to heal
Your heart will make amends with your soul
So find the strength in your inner self
And seek the help of trusted friends

And given time
That tear in your heart
Will be sewn back together
And you will learn to love again

Kirsten Kirsch
Central Memorial High School
Calgary, AB
Grade 10

Truth and Lies

Blanket of lies
Covering truth
What we call our lives
Hiding in fear
From our realities
Masking ourselves
For none to see
Our eyes
Our feelings
Our thoughts
Concealed
From the world

Brad Ibrcke
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 11

New Year's Resolution

Slowly deteriorating
I want a life sentence
Hoping not to see the next day
For what it awaits for me
Is nothing.
But yesterday's
Yesterday's grievances
Last year's regrets
The future's uncertainties

Jennifer C. Iwuchukwu
Edmond North High School
Edmond, OK
Grade 12

Shade

Going away — outside away
Away from the stress
Of everyday life
To be by myself

Away from the stress
To think for a while
To be by myself
To wander around

To think for a while
Think of old memories
To wander around
Sit by a tree — hidden by shade

To think of old memories
Of everyday life
Sit by a tree — hidden by shade
Going away — outside away

Katie Kelly
Blessed Trinity High School
Roswell, GA
Grade 10

Angel Assent

Impatiently,
The soul waits for its flight,
With wings, ready to burst into full flight,
Poised to assent,
When the noble soul can stand no more,
The great deeds and deep faith, count no more,
When time draws short for the weary,
Upward, it urges, impatient, time to go cannot come quickly enough,
Yet, all too sadly, the time will come,
The wings of a young angel will spread to dry in the light of heaven,
Soon, it will be home,
With widespread wings,
The angel flies, taking no look backwards towards its former self,
It makes its assent homewards,
The journey all must make.

Karen Landert
North Henderson High School
Hendersonville, NC
Grade 12

Lullabies

We've learned to fall asleep to lullabies of war
and tune out our understanding of just how disheartening this all really is.
And in each morning we're awakened among all the same.
You can feel the hate lingering within the air you breathe.
This spotlight of society is more than acutely focused on all the unessential.
We're blind to the potential qualities past one's pretense.
Circling our minds are nothing but habitual negative ambitions;
Not even these biting winter nights can compete with our cold blooded hearts.
We've become entirely numb to the guilt we've ever held,
and infliction upon others is brushed off in that faintly way.
Belittlement and hostile words are the background tunes
to any environment in which we assign ourself.
And this animosity has seemed to claim its permanent existence in our world —
Amid this malice we're completely knowledgeable of its damage,
with no will to alleviate each other from this destructive mess.

Aubrey Gershenson
Our Lady of Mercy Academy
Syosset, NY
Grade 12

People Change

I thought you were my friend,
But I have now figured it out.
You used to be kind, cheerful, friendly and loving,
But that was then and this is now.
People change as life goes on and their true identity finally comes out.
Why people change is something I'll never know.
But as time goes by and life goes on even when you do lose a friend
You'll meet new people and begin again.

Faith Mansell
Franklin County Career Technical Center
Russellville, AL
Grade 12

Daddy

When I was born you held me close
And reassured me that day everything will be okay.

When I fell down and skinned my knee
You helped me up and said everything will be okay.

When I grew up and went to school
But didn't want to stay you told me everything will be okay.

But then you got sick and I had to stay away
But you would still say everything will be okay.

You had to have chemo and threw up all the time
And still you would say everything will be okay.

But then one night you cried and was scared that you'd die
And it was then my turn to say everything will be okay.

Rashelle Esparza
Desert Vista High School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 11

No More Helping Hands

The anger deep inside locked up tight,
Grows more and more with the disappearing light.
Hope washed away no more new starts,
After so many ruined minds and never mending hearts.
A mouth never smiling and eyes so haunted sad,
Feet still running from when it all went bad.
Puzzles never solved confusions always made,
Simple for the hand of life, the hand which will always fade.

Seana Sapunarich
Jefferson Township High School
Oak Ridge, NJ
Grade 11

His Poem

He told me He listens He told me He cares
So where is He now with troubles I bear

He told me to follow He told me He'd lead
So what to do now His guidance I plead

I gave Him my will I gave Him my prayer
Where is He now exposed to my slayer

He told me He'd walk with me He told me I wasn't alone
So why am I wondering where is this clone?

I go to His house I go the right path
So which way now as I'm feeling heart's wrath

My faith has been shaken my love has been banned
Help me find my way back unearth His footsteps in the sand

Christopher Smith
Blue Valley Northwest High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 12

The Beauty of Knowledge

True beauty lies within the mind
Such a splendorous gift that some may never find
Although it lies there from the beginning of time
Knowledge has no purpose when the holder remains blind

Don't overlook the chance to soar
To open your eyes and learn much more
To let your spirit fly like the winds on the shore
But knowledge has no meaning to those who never seek more

Knowledge is a plant desperately trying to grow
A gift that's worth more than anything you'll ever know
Once you learn how to use it, who knows where you'll go
Still it remains obsolete if a seed you don't sow

Embrace this sweet gift that rains from the heavenly skies
Stand out in this world of deception and lies
For a chance still remains to make heard your helpless cries
But without determination, the hope in knowledge dies

Kristen Holmes
Lloyd C Bird High School
Chesterfield, VA
Grade 12

The Guardian

I look down
From the cliff of life
At my children, grandchildren
And my wife

To see if all is well
And life goes on
In the direction it was
Before I was gone

I look to see if I am missed
By the people who are left behind
By the ones who said that they really cared,
Loved and cherished me in kind

But maybe I am expecting too much
For life has to move on
And today's vivid memories will fade
And eventually be gone

I will just as well be faded
By the merciless dust of time,
The dust that covers all beings
And leaves alone…none.

Ali Abedi
North Shore High School
Houston, TX
Grade 10

Quiet Place

Inside of me, in the forest of my heart, there's a lake with a sparkling sheen.
Where upon the shore lie all my friends, amid the blooms and the grass so green.
The trees boast the faces of my parents, their parents and parents still past,
And in each trunk set into the bark, the memories are meld and cast.
The blooming flowers are those I will love, the faces that I shall adore,
Their roots dig deep to the loam of my soul, as they remain on the lake's emerald shore.
The skies above that hue the water, are sapphires blue with clouds of white,
And when the darkness settles over, there are no stars in my heart's night.
The sun is the joy I find in each day, that keeps my spirit afresh and new,
The clouds are the storms that grow within me, my tears on the grass are the dew.
This forest is full of mysterious things, secrets graven on rock and stone,
And on this lake inside of me, is where I sit when I am alone.
I cannot be hurt out on these waters, I don't have to hide from mankind
I am my own, no regrets, doubts or questions, just me, pure, whole, unrefined.

Kelti Boissonneault
Mount Boucherie Senior Secondary School
Kelowna, BC
Grade 10

Away in Another Place, or Somewhere Thereabouts

I cannot concentrate on the worksheet in front of me.
Motivation is lacking in every way possible and other things seem to tug at my attention.
Looking out the window next to me I can see the cars driving by and the occasional pedestrian strolling along.
They are fortunate to be outside in the fresh air; I am stuck under artificial lighting and in an uncomfortable chair.
But that does not keep my mind from wandering.
I would not mind being in Florence right now.
The sun would be shining brightly, causing every red brick on the rooftops to glisten and glare.
After climbing the arduous stairs to the top of the cathedral dome, I have a perfect view of the city.
Linens flutter from clotheslines on balconies while cobblestone alleys stretch.
The smell of the air is rich and colorful, and it is easy to see that the city is alive and vibrant.
Slipping my feet through the railing and letting them dangle over the edge,
I try vainly to take it all in; so much history here, so many elements of art and inspiration.
No wonder Italy has produced brilliant things; this city is living proof.
The old man who walks slowly down the alley below me catches my attention.
His story is written in the crumbling buildings and aging monuments.
A cool breeze is sweet relief from the intense sun,
And I would not mind stopping in the plaza nearby to rummage among the fruit stands to find a tasty treat.
The sharp ringing of the bell is a rude interruption to my escape, and dull reality of the school day sets back in —
I will have to visit Florence again some other time.

Jade How
Desert Vista High School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 11

Remember

Remember when he talked to you, and then you knew; you wanted him to be with you?
Remember, you kept it bottled inside; that secret you wanted so badly to hide.
Remember when you couldn't no longer, and you told the girl who promised you could trust her.
Remember somehow you know he found out, and in you heart you started to doubt.
Remember when he didn't talk to you for three months, and all your hopes and dreams were crushed.
Remember when you thought it was over, until he asked you about your homework.
Remember now, when you read this again: hope never dies, not even at the end.

Hilary Reinhart
Unity High School
Tolono, IL
Grade 10

The Joys of Life

She sings so softly as she begins to describe,
The toys she loves and she begins to hide.
She teaches you something
About anyone's life,
Like how the little things mean more
Than anything you get from a store.

So happy and lively,
She yells and she sings.
She loves to pretend
To be in the circus ring.
A whip she uses,
"Crack, crack, crack,"
To tame her lion
Before her afternoon snack.

It's very surprising to watch her play,
The little one's know how to spend a full day.
If we all sit, and we watch and we learn,
Then maybe we'll see how to enjoy this world.
For she's only two with more life left
And she wont' waste it over money just yet.

DJ Andersen
Tottenville High School
Staten Island, NY
Grade 10

My Confession

I wake in the morning,
with feelings of dread.
Millions of thoughts,
run 'round in my head.

Never to know what
I feel at heart.
I spend my time spinning around,
hoping not to fall down.

I know not what the future will bring.
The past is now only a memory.
I give my heart, knowing I will get burned,
and yet I seem to never learn.

This world is never kind,
I travel through it quite blind.
If the chance came to do it all again,
I might never have gotten out of bed!

Devon Dunsmuir
Moffat County High School
Craig, CO
Grade 11

A Golden Night

I am standing here,
Watching a candle flicker in the evening.
All I can see and think of is you.
A few hours pass,
And I'm sitting in the mist of the moonlight sky,
Wondering when the night will end.
Hours seem like minutes;
That's what happens when your mind
Is flooded with precious memories
Of us together.
Around midnight,
I lay here under the sparkling stars and the cool breeze,
Wishing you were here with me,
And wishing you would feel the same towards me,
As I do to you.
I'm here blinded and in agony,
While you're out there in the world with another man.
...I didn't mean to fall in love with you...

Jason Hoang
Westview High School
Portland, OR
Grade 10

War

Smoke clouded the battle stained field
From the muskets of those who refused to yield
The rain fell hard on the ground
On the soldier's back it began to pound
For some, darkness began to sweep in
For others it will just begin
Overhead, the sky was bright red
As the new recruits replaced the dead
Soldiers wonder what they are there for
Looking for an escape, a portal or door
This fight will last forever in their minds
The battle is like a tick of some kind
Memories of horrible screams of fright
Memories of that evening, that night

Nick Wasmund
The Marshall School
Duluth, MN
Grade 10

All Quiet on the Western Front

All was quiet on the Western front,
His war within had finally ended
All his friends injured and dead
He has seen what war truly is;
Death and pain

The wind blows and he takes a final breath
His journey has ended, and he is pleased
His face is washed over with a wave of peace
And death consumes his body

Anroshina Winn
Aurora Central High School
Aurora, CO
Grade 10

What Is Love?

What is love?
Is it like an angel sent from above?
People say love is blind,
If this is true why is it so hard to find?
They say I'll know it if it's true,
Is this what I feel for you?
Maybe one day I will really know,
Maybe what we have will grow.
This could be love I feel,
This could be for real.
But what if it's not,
Will my heart just sit to rot?
I don't know what I am left to do,
Because I am really in love with you!

Autumn Cox
Birch Run High School
Birch Run, MI
Grade 11

Leaving

Releasing a cry for help
That no one hears
I lie on the floor
With red tears falling down my face
Not knowing what to do
I release another cry
But just as before
No one is there to see my pain
The pain that was caused
By someone I gave my trust
And all they did in return
Was leave me here to die

Danielle Fanello
Oconomowoc High School
Oconomowoc, WI
Grade 11

June Bugs

By mistake, I stepped on my last one.
The first was slammed in a door.
Another found its way into breakfast –
I don't play with him anymore.

My seventh proved too fragile
When I gave a hug to him.
And the twelfth was fun to run with,
But I guess he couldn't swim.

And now my summer's lonely.
I'm by myself again.
So I was kind of wondering…
Will you be my friend?

Trace Lund
Morgan High School
Morgan, UT
Grade 12

The Greatest Friend

The greatest friend I ever found; the greatest person I ever knew
The best role model…the best hero I will ever find
The greatest friend I ever knew; and that greatest friend is you
I look up to you; you look down upon me
You have the best advice; you're the greatest friend
If I had to find someone like you; no one would even come close
I hope you don't leave me behind and keep me in all your prayers
The greatest friend I know is leaving soon
What I will do without you I do not know
You mean the world to me
I hope you never leave my life…but if you do
I know we will meet again in the world of friendship
We all know as Heaven

Laura Foerg
Winamac Community High School
Winamac, IN
Grade 10

Dreams

I close my eyes
And I feel the ocean breeze blow
Across my young face
The salt air fills my lungs
And in the distance I hear his voice calling for my help
The warmth shatters and the blackness of dismay sets in
And as the cold tears begin to run down my cheeks they trace a heart
And as they come together and drip from my chin
My heart warms itself as you appear in the trembling ocean
To calm my mind and remind me of life
And love

Brian Murphy
Chestnut Hill Academy
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 12

The Paranormal

Glancing at the streets, children are playing
and adults are walking by as the mind wanders
into another world and dimension of another time.
There, everyone is doing the same, exploring.
Filled with the anticipation and desire to plunge into unlimited space.

This wheel that spins across
the universe will continue on forevermore.
History becomes dust on the roads
with mysteries that wait to be solved.
Evolutionary venturing awakens.
The human race always pursuing,
always yearning to explore the paranormal that awaits.

Xuan-Tai Tram
Central High School
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 11

New Moon
Slowly coming
Slowly going

The darkness that takes the midnight sun

A purple shadow on a marble vase
A looming shade on a pale man's face

The darkness that takes the midnight sun

A place similar to a great abyss
A fluid that consumes the emptiness

The darkness that takes the midnight sun

A place that receives no light at all
Summer, spring, winter or fall

The darkness that takes the midnight sun

And only on the thirteenth day
The darkness momentarily creeps away

The darkness that takes the midnight sun

Christopher Shaffer
Clarence Sr High School
Clarence, NY
Grade 11

Elder Sister: My Desire
I write you letters
All the time
But only in my mind.
I'd write them on paper
And send them out to you
If I only knew
Where to send them.
I see who I hope you are
Almost all the time
But I don't think
You are exactly as my dreams believe.
I wish we could talk
If only for a minute or so
But will that ever be?
In my mind I wonder
Will I ever get to be
The elder sister I want to be?

Mia Stagl
Sullivan West High School
Lake Huntington, NY
Grade 11

Hopeless Romance
Shattered glass
Like shattered feelings
A broken mirror
A lonely rose
Gentle words yet
Hard emotions
Devious lies
And suspenseful dreams
A heartfelt romance
Then a painful stab in the back
A small white dove
A single arrow
Outstanding wits
And loving arms
Intense indulgences but
Consistently changing senses
You jump at her reflex
She moves towards you
A soft kiss
Then a slap across your face
Now she is gone and you are all alone

Samantha Smith
Toms River High School North
Toms River, NJ
Grade 10

The Heart of a Champion
Overlooked by many
And yet I pressed on,
For I knew one day
I'd sing a champion's song.
Given no respect
Critics spit and they mocked,
But I kept my head up
For this world I would shock.
When I went into battle
I didn't wear a smile,
For there was nothing funny
And my journey stretched for miles.
Today when I look back
I see nothing to cause me shame,
For I did my very best
And victory I surely proclaimed.
Look at me now
And notice I'm only one being,
But inside my body
Is the heart of a champion beating.

Kayla Gilmore
Lamar High School
Lamar, SC
Grade 10

Past Times
When I think of you
I see you in your golf clothes
Playing a round of 9 with me.
Telling me all about the experiences
That you had.
I don't see a weak man
Sitting in his rocking chair.
I see the man who would play golf
In an instant.
A man who would always be on the go.

But that was years ago
And when your heart got weak
You got weak too.
Now you just sit in your chair
And watch the television
And talk about how you wished
That you could do the things
That you used to do.

Kyle Wenzel
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 12

The Oak
The oak.
So strong, so mighty.
The wind only touches the new leaves.
Nothing can move or harm,
the massive presence.
The giant has scars
layered across the rough skin.
Some have tried to fell this tree,
and some have thankfully used this giant
for warmth in the cold.

Young puppy love was written
all around the waist.
So many memories were held
between the embrace of large limbs.
Such a withstanding pillar,
that a painter took it upon himself
to capture the life that had grown.
The mighty oak new nothing of this,
but continued to weather
storms and shine, peace and war.
A monument to life.

Amanda Buchanan
Lubbock Christian School
Lubbock, TX
Grade 11

Diamonds

They say that dogs are man's best friend
But what's a girl have to do with this?
What's a girl's best friend you say?
Oh yes, diamonds are our pure bliss.

We have wedding rings and pretty things,
Upon our necks and fingers
The sparkle from our jewels
Which in men's eyes it lingers.

Money is not what we desire,
We don't want your pearls,
Men's gold is nothing to us,
Diamonds are the center of our world.

To win a heart of that special girl
It only takes one thing
So men take hold, get ready to spend
And buy us that diamond ring.

You'll vacation us to Tiffany's
You'll spend until the end
Yes, by all means, it's true when they say
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Dana Green
Agoura High School
Agoura Hills, CA
Grade 11

Daring Together

The plum blossoms are falling
glazed with rainwater
your mind like rocks placed solid
you were probably growing strong
the mask is your power

Over the grass in the western garden
I grow old
lowering my head
forgive me
I do not know which to prefer
to wonder "Do I dare?"
no time to turn back

Beyond which it has no time to raise
but you pulled me out of that wreck
you know what you were doing

Stretched on the floor
should we sit in the cedar limbs
nobody we'll dare, together

Kelly Westlund
Roseville Area Sr High School
Roseville, MN
Grade 11

Finding Common Ground

Which way is right?
And which way is left?
How do I move forward?
Or how can I reverse?
Standing in the middle of a stadium
half of the fans cheering me on with praise
the other half booing my performance
The faces are distinct yet blurry
their shouts are clear yet muffled
I can find no common ground
My feet are planted firmly but it feels as though I am floating
I am smiling and frowning at the same time
I want to sing and dance for joy but screaming with rage feels right as well
My head is full of swirling clouds on a windy day
I can find no common ground
Angels are whispering in my right ear and the devil in the left
I'm perspiring yet chilled to the bone
My friends show love for me
but the moment my back is turned they are the ones who stab the knife in deep
I am full of life yet I feel as though I cannot take another step
I can find no common ground

Mackenzie Raburn
Marian High School
Omaha, NE
Grade 11

The Fire

As the thunder echoes through the empty meadow,
Lightning dances across the darkening sky with unearthly light.
The sheets of rain cannot contain the hungry fire
That devours everything in its path.
Any animals remaining flee from their shaded shelter:
They dash to and fro, dazed and confused by the shrouding smoke.
When the forest canopy explodes into flame,
The trees moan and scream for mercy.
A gentle breeze fights through the rain,
Taunting and enticing the ever-growing fire.
Burning embers fly,
Leaving nothing behind alive.
Against the dull horizon,
The steam of an extinguished fire can be seen.
After a long night of death and destruction,
The fire ate its fill and left.
When all seems lost,
The wind unfolds a miracle.
A tiny red rose, hidden amongst the ashes,
Emerges to face the light:
And thus, life continues after the fire.

Staci Michelle Turnipseed
Lake Travis High School
Austin, TX
Grade 10

Two Cousins

As she walks to the corner to buy bread,
she is stopped
by a man who says he is an officer,
and that she can't go to the paneria.
But my family is starving, she says.
They are dying.
Her cousin waits in the U.S. government office
to get her wages
for heightening border security.
You are not helping your people, she tells her cousin
on a long distance call.
I must have money, her cousin says.
I need to survive.
So do I, she says as she puts down the receiver.
So does everyone.
The guard seizes the money for bread
and her cousin receives her paycheck.

Elizabeth Moore
Convent of the Sacred Heart High School
San Francisco, CA
Grade 10

Her Mark on Me*

Beneath all the make-up lies the purist heart,
and that within this woman is a gallery of art,
I thank the Lord Jesus for what He has given me,
because for once I have received one of mother-nature's
most natural beauties.

If it wasn't for this person's overall judgment,
I would probably be in trouble and serving my punishment,
I have looked at things different ever since I met her,
and there probably will never be such a wonderful cure.

Nothing has changed since the first time I met her,
because ever since then we have liked each other,
out of all the things mentioned above,
it would all amount to nothing if it weren't for love.

Juan Nunez
Martinsburg Sr High School
Martinsburg, WV
Grade 10
**Dedicated to Audri.*

Hardened

When I was young, I used to be so innocent,
Untouched by the world's harsh, cold winds,
Tender and gullible,
Never questioning what I was told.

But now I have been exposed,
And a part of me has gradually hardened,
Hesitant to trust anyone,
No longer sensitive to those things that once moved me.

Kandi Pennington
Shawnee High School
Wolf Lake, IL
Grade 11

The Sounds

slowly first
long, full moans, rich velvety red wine flowing out of the wood
bow glides softly — scratch, wince — ah, smooth again.
climb up with a do re mi, faster now, faster
like a summon to the Sounds within
all of a sudden they fly out, flutter here, pop there
glide some more, then a pluck pluck
tra la la, trill lil lil
waltzing now — then screech to a stop —
the Sounds take over.
bow whizzes into motion, back and forth can't control it
they croon sweetly, then head first into harsh chords
hair's flying off the bow, oh my
high and low, screaming then whispering
the Sounds are in their glory
wait — they stop to catch their breath
hurry, strap it in, bow secured
gasp, release — sigh of relief
then wondrous silence —
while the Sounds clamor inside, bursting to be unleashed

Regina Toto
Merion Mercy Academy
Merion Station, PA
Grade 12

From a Distance

How close can we get
spiritually
mentally
emotionally
How can we feel each other's
happiness
anger
sadness
How can we sense
each other's emotions from a distance
These dry branches that we have started with
have turned to fire
through the smoke that we share
when we stand close
it's colors that we see
when we look into each others' eyes
it's the flame
and the heat
that we feel
when we hold each other in our arms
from a distance

Ashley May
Hoover High School
Hoover, AL
Grade 11

I Am

I am bubbly and curious.
I wonder what it would be like to go back in time or be invisible.
I hear sunbeams dancing on the blue, boundless ocean.
I see the whole world holding hands and singing happily.
I want to become a physician to bring physical and emotional healing to all.
I am bubbly and curious.

I pretend that I am a famous dancer and can perform in front of millions of people without being scared.
I feel like a bubble, happy, floating, and light.
I touch the rain, the snow, and the wind.
I worry for people who are suffering and have no one to listen to him/her.
I am bubbly and curious.

I understand that no matter how hard my parents push me, that they love me.
I say we should use the Golden Rule I am bubbly and curious.
I wonder what it would be like to go back in time or be invisible.
I hear sunbeams dancing on the blue, boundless ocean.
I see the whole world holding hands and singing happily.
I want to become a physician to bring physical and emotional healing to all.
I am bubbly and curious.

Cynthia Liu
Chicopee High School
Chicopee, MA
Grade 12

One Call Away

Throughout the day there's times I hear songs that you have sung to me. They make me think of all the things we've been through and all we had. Memories still exist. At times I wish they would begin to fade away. There are also times that I hate you, for all the hurtful things you have done to me. But I can't begin to think of my life without you. Those words you said "I fell in love with you, I love you still" still linger on in my head. But that's all they are. Just things you've said that make me wish I wasn't alive. But I am and I am grateful for the time we had together. It didn't hurt this much when Jesse and I ended. Maybe I didn't show you that I cared enough. But now I'm leaving this up to you. I'll give you your space. Your time. Anything and everything you need. I know you're scared. You have every right to be. Just know I may not always be here for you to run to. But always help you the best I can. I'm One Call Away.

Loren Kellogg
ACES Academy
Alpena, MI
Grade 11

Summer Days

I have a sense of relaxation as I walk down the halls on this warm summer day.
Though the heat is plentiful, I do not break a sweat because it is a soothing warmth.
Rounding the corner a flavor of vanilla drifts on the Sunday air.
Mama's famous apple vanilla pie sits on the windowsill cooling off with the midsummer's breeze.
I walk out the backdoor with a cool glass of lemonade in my hand.
Sitting on my old tire swing, sipping on the ice-cold lemonade, I watch the sunset behind the cornfields.
Mama calls me in for supper, because the whole family is finally together.
I rush in with the empty glass in my hand for it's my favorite dinner Mama makes.
Sitting down next to Pa as we gather hands to pray.
Now supper is over and dessert is gone, so time for bed under the summer moon.
Time for dreaming nights full of warm days with vanilla scents.
Goodnight.

Anna Bomkamp
Boylan Central Catholic High School
Rockford, IL
Grade 11

Hey!

I once loved with undying passion,
I also was torn apart and burned.
Being depressed I lost my fashion,
Then you whispered and my head turned.

I began reaching out among the stars,
And watching the moon in the velvet sky.
You started taking my imagination to Mars,
And making my lost heart want to fly.

I have so much love to give someone
But, I only give you my true love.
I promise we will laugh and have fun,
And I will protect you like a golden glove.

I can't promise we won't hurt each other
But as one we could always work it out
I can't hide any longer under this cover
'Cause I know we could love without a doubt.

I need you, let's be together!
Hold my hand and love me forever.

Vanessa Barnett
Wylie High School
Wylie, TX
Grade 12

Spring Time

A beautiful time of year,
in which I can spend my time.
I love it because it is clear,
in which I can clear my mind.

With flowers blooming in the sun,
and millions of birds and beez.
I enjoy hanging out with my friends, having fun,
connecting and shooting the breeze.

The time for buying top fashioned shoes
and bright colored clothes.
Where minds become muse,
and we all catch colds.

Indeed it is beautiful during this solstice,
but it only remains in mind.
The fall becomes the culprit,
but I enjoy the spring time.

Shamika Woods
Norwood High School
Norwood, OH
Grade 12

Thank You

Thank You for loving me for who I am
Thank You for dying on the cross to forgive my sins
I thank You, I thank You Lord today
Thank You for letting the bad days pass away
Knowing all my troubles will soon be delayed
Thank You for loving me for who I am
Thank You for allowing all my goals and dreams come true
Knowing it will be coming soon
I thank You, I thank You Lord today
I see the next day knowing it could be my last
So this day I pray asking for Your grace
Thank You for loving me for who I am
I will continually praise Your name
Knowing I am saved
I thank You, I thank You Lord today
When my days end
I'll enter the gates of the Lord with great Thanksgiving
I thank You, I thank You Lord today

Chantal Delva
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Hope

The world is large and we are small in it.
In darkness, we grasp for a shred of truth,
Looking for something to fill the pit
That is our empty existence. Fading youth
Slowly evaporates. Our world wonders
How to escape this everlasting cage
Of time, searching for truth as life thunders
On. Humanity: trapped in a barren age
Of a purposeless existence. We hide
Behind masks of perfection, seeming to
Be content; while inside our souls have died.
We live without believing what is true.

Life is more than our empty dreams and fears
His forgiveness melts the shadows, wipes our tears.

Jasmine Brenneman
Home School
Tigard, OR
Grade 12

Life's too Short

Life's too short to worry about the little things,
Life's too short to fear,
Life's too short to hate each other,
Life's too short to kill.
Life's too short to run and hide,
Life's too short to hurt.
BUT...
Life's not too short to love each other here upon this Earth.

Lindsay Rabe
Kiel High School
Kiel, WI
Grade 10

Puzzled

She comes to Cape May
sits on the gray damp rock,
the waves crash right beside her
a light breeze moves her blond hair
tears stream down her face
like drops of rain

Years have gone by since she has seen
her dear family and friends
they live many miles away
in a beautiful country in Europe
she misses them so much
her heart is detached
like paper torn in half

She wishes
they were close
if only this blue body of water
did not separate her from them

In the future she will travel
see them again and feel happiness
her heart will be attached once again
the lost pieces put together

Alina Hancock
Lenape Valley Regional High School
Stanhope, NJ
Grade 12

Song of Music

I hear a sound of beauty,
a sound of mystery.
It floats and twirls and fills the room,
crying out to me.
It takes me to a place I've known,
a place I've often been.
The place is somewhere no one knows,
my place of loneliness.
The sound is consuming,
it takes my breath away.
It holds me close and far away,
never touching me.
I turn to try to find it,
but it is fading fast.
It lingers for a moment,
never to return.

Music have me.
Music keep me.
Music carry me away.

Renee Garland
Damonte Ranch High School
Reno, NV
Grade 10

The Lonely Mountain

My heart is a mountain.
It grows and grows but withers when the wind blows.
Love, which is like the rain, fills my cliffs with waterfalls
But rips me away slowly with its tears.

As any mountain, I am a lonely old man.
Standing on the sidewalk in a warm summers night
Alone to stare at the stars and the moon which come and go.
Whispers are the darkness, which have filled inside of me the memories of old.
I am an old man, lonely, I am the lonely mountain full of secrets untold.

Over the years I have been acquainted with the moon.
We have had our many meetings and dances in dark and flower bloom,
But when her light shines elsewhere, I know the moon lies.
My mountain withers then as the wind howls and cries.

Before my time runs out the moon will rise again,
I will love her again, then be scarred in the end.
But when I think about it as my last peak lets fall,
She was a great friend when I was lonely and once stood so tall.

Evan Miller
Longmont High School
Longmont, CO
Grade 12

Grace

He suffered for me. Beaten
with the whip, glass and rocks
tearing like claws at His crimson
back. The crown of thorns incis-
ing His skull inflicting incomprehensible infelicity*. Ridi-
culed and forgotten by the crowds, betrayed by those
He came to save, they mutilated the one that healed their
brokenness. He died for my sins in the most unfathomable
manner ever known to those who walk the Earth He created.
The cross eternally a symbol because
of the suffering He endured as I struck
silver spikes in His gracious but forsaken
hands, perfect bones shattered with
every blow. My God why have you for-
saken yourself for me? Your precious life
spent for my sins. The grace You give over-
comes me with an unsurpassable peace
beyond this world. My life eternally Yours
for the price You paid when You
suffered and died.

*infelicity: something inappropriate or unpleasing. (American Heritage Dictionary)

Adam Thompson
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

My Color

Some day all my colors will blend.
They'll harmonize to be my color,
my custom made color.
A color no one has seen or knows,
a color as individual and distinct as a fingerprint.
It will develop with time,
with peace within the mind.
It is my core color brewing underneath,
constantly stirred by my paintbrush of experiences.
It's not lost or in hiding, it's continuously forming.
It will emerge…
When all my colors blend,
when all my colors harmonize.

Rachael Heilman
East Lake High School
Tarpon Springs, FL
Grade 10

Some Simply See (Perspective)

Some simply see a flower of germinating beauty
And some see an object of mourning
Some see brilliant colors that bring even sweeter scents
And some see allergy warnings

Some simply see the sun to shed light and bring us warmth
And some complain of a glare
Some see life-giving rays of gold to all that live on chlorophyll
And some see sunburn-needing care

Some simply see a King whose realm is not of this world
And some see no God with no proof
Some see the Creator of all that is good
And some see a believer's excuse

Some simply see a twisted life-relaying chain,
But it all depends how you see it

Amy Matulewicz
Easton Area High School
Easton, PA
Grade 10

World Shakes

A world unknown with much at stake.
Relinquished dreams caught in the fear of hope itself.
Solemn words trapped in the mind of a cowardly being.
We cannot overcome these ties.
Measure upon measure of crowded immortal thoughts.
This life is here for anyone to take hold.
Wasted lives upon wasted dreams.
Turning the clocks back to a time of peace.
Our dreams were high and our lives lay still.
No one sees the future and no one heeds the warning.
Measure upon measure of an unknown world.
These dreams will soon depart.

Kate Nichols
Cab Calloway School of the Arts
Wilmington, DE
Grade 12

My Love

I gave my love all I had, and she threw it in my face.
I gave her chocolate, red love letters, and flowers;
Yet she looked on them as though they were a disgrace

My well-meant chocolates made her fat.
She was allergic to my red roses.
I gave her French Champagne, and she fed it to her cat.

When I ask her why she is so cruel
She just looks at me and frowns.
Am I such a fool?

Cannot one man such as me
Love a woman as she?
My love will stay as far away as can be.

So while I sit and sigh,
I hear her laugh and dance.
I shall only be free when I die.

Nikole Hill
Lumen Christi High School
Anchorage, AK
Grade 12

Your Love and Mine

As I think about the fights we've had,
I wonder what we thought was so bad.
We seem to squabble over the tiniest things,
Yet we never say anything we mean.
God was drinking when he joined your heart and mine,
But now He's stuck with us, and that suits me just fine.
For there could never be a better thing,
Than your love and mine.

Even though we'll have our hard times,
They will never be able to separate you and me.
I mean me without you is like a forest without a tree.
Nope there could never be a better thing,
Than your love for me.

I will never stray.
No matter what you may do.
For I know your love will always be true.
There is no escape from your on coming life,
For I am soon to be your nagging wife.
No sir, there will never be a better thing,
Than the love I have for you.

Janice McIntyre
Moffat County High School
Craig, CO
Grade 11

Like a Rose

We've started at the bottom
Like the end of a rose,
You said you liked my hair
I said I liked your clothes.

We inched up the stem
Watching for little flaws,
Smoothed the jagged edges
Away from their pointed claws.

At the top of the stem
We expressed "I Love You,"
The true beauty began
Starting at the petal's hue.

We explored each other's feelings
While flipping through each petal,
Each month passed by quickly
As our love grew strong as metal.

We're to the rose's core
Our love is now sincere,
Our love is like a rose
It represents one year.

Angela Ahrndt
Two Rivers High School
Two Rivers, WI
Grade 11

A Simple Mind

This life is cruel
so many problems
little time to solve

problems with family
problems with friends
this life is cruel

problems with school
problems with work
little time to solve

problems with discrimination
problems with racism
this life is cruel

problems with war
problems with peace
little time to solve

Quy Nguyen
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Broken Seams and Wrinkled Fluff

My comrade, always by my side,
Dragged by a juvenile and carried with a heart, that loved, cherished,
Screaming, howling, weeping as baby bear
Left my angelic grasp for a ride
In that evil machine called a washer
Where the sweet, familiar smell disappeared
When mother tip-toed into my room
To borrow my best friend
Now saturated in childish drool
Covered in kisses
With a little red-striped dress
Like a sweet candy cane
Smooth, torn lace, sliced arm
From a child's tight clutch
Ripped and battered but never forgotten,
Though grayed by year past
And vanished smiles of a young pig-tailed child
And her companion,
Her sidekick, her teddy bear
Her protector of dreams and guard of innocence
That aged, tattered, tiny, teddy bear

Michelle Hoefer
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

Life from a Flower's View

I awake, the feel and sound of pattering diamonds dapple my head.
Is it spring already?
Just yesterday I was covered in snow and my roots had not even grown.
The twinkling raindrops fall onto my now sprouting limbs.
Ahhh, spring! And then summer! Two glorious seasons to be enjoyed by everyone.
But then fall, I won't think of that horrible time now,
I'm too blissful for spring.
As I grew in those two beautiful seasons, my leaves, my petals, my roots.
I was radiant.
There were others, more elegant than me.
But they didn't point fingers.
We were all part of nature, our mother.
But as the seasons passed, our vivid colors began to fade.
Our petals dwindled to dust.
It was fall.
Ohh! Oww! What is that? The needles that pierce my limbs and face?
The last rain.
It was once a giver of life, now a giver of death.
The reaper turns colder and becomes ivory.
Perhaps I will be radiant next spring. Or maybe, I dread to think,
I won't see beyond my shimmering, white grave.

Jennifer Steere
Greene Middle-Sr High School
Greene, IA
Grade 10

A Jazz Owl

Watch and learn all turkey jives
About how us birds stay alive
Razz-ma-tazz, mazuma bull
Verbal shots fired when pulled
Bootleg dames, fly boy fellas
Bolloto boys and Daddy o-dellas
All of us we get along…
We hop, jump, step and sing this song
With moonshine tea and swanky tunes
In dark trees adorned by starlit balloons
And like owls we hunt by night
For killjoy folks who are filled with spite
Bittersweet taste, melancholy screams
All silenced by the flap of our wings
As we soar away, the sacrifice remains
A crucified morality unwilling to be tamed
Oh! They taste so bitter but we shall eat
To keep them from ruining our beat
Of live-wire livin' and selfish gold-diggin'
Hop, jump, step, that is a given.

Dory Smith
David Douglas High School
Portland, OR
Grade 12

Insane

Is it sane to be insane
When the world pushes aside
The mental proceeds of humanity
Or is it insane to be sane
When the world cries about
Knowing no lake, while their own tears create it?

Because human nature knows no boundaries.
And human race embraces influence.
Let us not question the meanings of time
Is death an end, or simply a beginning?

Yet who said all gardens
Must start by a seed.
And who proved all oceans
Must start by a drop?
And I say all promises
Are built on betrayal.
So let me ask this simple trivia.
Where does sanity's end
Meet insanity's start?

Mona Mreiche
Ecole Secondaire L'Escale
Rockland, ON
Grade 11

The Beach

I finally got to go to the beach,
I knew I had it within my reach.
It was all that I wanted to be,
When I saw the sand, sunset, and the sea.
Laying out in the sun,
Very relaxing, very fun.
Walking out on the pier,
I knew that God was near.
Picking up seashells with my hand,
Thinking it's amazing how they wash up on land.
Eating shrimp is a definite must,
I ate so much I was about to bust.
This adventure I'll never forget,
My wishes and dreams were finally met.
I thanked God for my day at the beach.

Hanna Haley
Lubbock Christian School
Lubbock, TX
Grade 12

Friends

Of all my friends,
no matter how young or old,
they learn from things
that they've been told.
We will cherish these moments,
in teenage years,
as we enjoy the laughter
and share some tears.
So within the next years to come,
please…cherish our friendship
as I will have done.

Jennifer Womack
Rutherford-Spindale Central High School
Rutherfordton, NC
Grade 12

With a Smile

She smiles in her pictures, but what's going on in her heart?
How can we miss that she's falling apart?
The time has come for us to look into her soul
To realize that true meaning has always been her goal.
She can look you in the eye and lie right to your face,
No one ever figured that that would be the case
With a smile on her face she can destroy you,
But it can be even worse when it's from her point of view.
Lying to herself has always been a talent she had,
Now she'll use it to say she's not sad.
With a flash of her smile you'll think she's sincere
But really she's hiding her torturous fear.
Time will end with that single smile and trusting look in her eye
And only one will miss her with one single tear they cry.
The illusion is set and finished for now,
Her only fear is it will unravel somehow.

Briana Ambrosic
Norton High School
Norton, OH
Grade 11

Memories

I remember that day as if it was yesterday.
The day changed my life forever.
The morning was cold and the air was bitter.
You came into the room slowly.
You said my name fearfully.
We walked into the office.
As we walked there was nothing but silence.
Thoughts of things raced through my mind.
But what had happened, I didn't predict.
I answered the phone.
A lady crying with a weak voice was on it.
She whispered my name.
Confused and lost I was speechless.
The lady was my mom.
I remember the sadness in your voice as you told me, and felt my heart sink as I began to cry.
Your memories are all that I have left now,
Repeating it over and over to myself that nothing had ever happened
Waiting and wanting just to hear your voice once more.
Now every night, as I lay myself to sleep,
I say our prayer alone.

Jena Ondricek
Huron High School
Huron, SD
Grade 10

My Ghost-Like Brother

I walked into a house of scars I heard a voice dead and scared. I walked into each room with wonder and delight, I found a door hidden behind a wall, the chills on my spine the wonder in my eyes would never be enough to tear me away, I heard a voice of a little boy, he was stuck on the other side I tried and I tried but the door wouldn't even come unpried, then I began to cry. Icy lips kissed my cheek I looked up, and there he was he wasn't scared he wasn't sad my heart stopped, I couldn't even move, I was frozen in a trance "Why must you be afraid?" he asked. A warm tear streamed down my cheek as I replied "Because I lived a lifetime without you here, I need you so bad you're the only thing I have, as soon as I walk out of this room I'm all alone, I wish I was gone take me with you if you can I'm insecure I'm scared to death you're my brother who has no breath." He gave me a hug he was freezing cold, he whispered in my ear "I've been with you since I disappeared, and with you I plan to stay and never go away" then he kissed the top of my head, and vanished in the air, I cried for the moment but now through life I'll have no fear because I know my brother is near.

Kelly Pearson
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 10

I Love

I love football.
I love to see the winning catch, the bone-crushing hit, or even the clutch kick with the clock running down.
I love to play on rainy days.
I love to play in the heat of summer.
I love the sounds of angry fans.
I love the feeling of winning the big one.
I love being part of a team.
I love being dirty after a long-fought battle.
I love the smell of the sweat that has been drained from my body.
No matter what anyone says I love football.

Michael Babb
Moffat County High School
Craig, CO
Grade 11

Invisible

Hidden by sorrowing spray
She's there.
Can you see her?
I can't.
The ocean of tears looks the same from all sides.
Shadows slip through sunshine,
One teardrop in the sea.
Silently sighing
She's gone.
Did you see her?
I can't.

Lindsay Gasik
St Mary's School
Medford, OR
Grade 10

Head True

Head true
True to the north
With cold showers
Sprinkling the spring beneath the crush
Power wanders in visions
And plagues the voids of endlessness
Life and death merged,
Chained to each other
Different but the same all at once
Night with day
Life with death
Winter with spring
Engulfed in shadow
None and all
A thousand to one,
Or none at all

K. Lee Ingalls
Bainbridge High School
Bainbridge Island, WA
Grade 10

The Adolescent Struggle

They claim these are our best years
But so many of these times are covered in tears
not even eighteen and filled with fears.

The adolescent struggle to be the fastest
The adolescent struggle to be the smartest
The adolescent struggle to be the greatest.

We no longer have any time for pleasure
Only time to focus on the pressure
All we care about is if we are able to measure.

The adolescent struggle to be the fastest
The adolescent struggle to be the smartest
The adolescent struggle to be the greatest.

Anthony Gerardi
Tottenville High School
Staten Island, NY
Grade 11

Where Do I Belong?

Where do I belong?
Not at school with friends and teachers
Not at home with family so dear
Different from everyone I meet
I weep in silence.
They, the outer world,
Do not know the inner pain
Of separation and observation
Instead of participation and togetherness.
But then I realize
Through trials and errors,
Everyone is separate
No one is someone else
Everyone their own mind
And I am comforted
Because I know
My mind is my own
I can share what thoughts I want
And keep others secret.
I belong.

Caitlin Grothaus
Notre Dame Academy High School
Covington, KY
Grade 11

Rain

Squint, squint
Squint your eyes
You can't miss the rain

Watch how it thunders
How heavy the rain gets
Count how many umbrellas you see
As the many thundering clouds pass by

I'm cozy and comfy
All warm in my bed
But mustn't, I mustn't
I won't miss the rain

You can barely see it
You can hardly hear it
But when it's over, said and done

Everything's greener
Everything's brighter
And you can't help but say, "Oh what a wonderful sight!"

Patricia Myles
Hyde Park Career Academy High School
Chicago, IL
Grade 10

Non-Love

What reality have we made?
What blackness we've embraced?
Where "love" is allowed to fade,
And eternity holds no place.

How can anyone remain alive
In a world devoid of love?
What is there left to strive
With hearts as flighty as doves?

If love is unattainable,
Let us fall to dreams.
If love is unsustainable,
This world's less than it seems.

Is anything worth saving,
If we allow our hearts to die?
The souls of people are caving,
Does anyone wonder why?

Monica Huynh
Berkmar High School
Lilburn, GA
Grade 11

Save My Life

It happened so fast,
And ended so quick.
Just ten minutes passed,
And now I feel sick.

The driver that hit us,
They say he was driving drunk.
Just one gust,
And the breath test he did flunk.

I had a date tonight,
How will Johnny feel?
There won't be a fight,
Only a tear that won't heal.

So many goals unfinished,
No Paris, no wedding, no kids.
My life never replenished,
Only farewell can I bid.

My birthday was next week,
Soon to be seventeen.
Instead, comfort will my family seek,
Over grief of their lost teen.

Bethany McGarry
Sarbetnah Christian School
Lancaster, CA
Grade 10

As a Poison Dart Frog

As a poison dart frog
I'm not much of a "pumpkin pie baby,"
So quick to try and get attention
And just as swift to get away.
I staddle the line between
"American"
And
"Human."
I sway as I walk,
Not to my iambic soul
But to the rhythms of my pen, "my colors,"
That force me to cling
To my culture
Like a vine while with each passing spring
The earth within blooms.
"You were made of dust and unto dust you shall return," they tell me
And believe this I do.
I don't want to be abandoned but I don't like the crowd
So full of themselves
I AM special because I view myself like the rest of the world as A WORK OF ART.

Andrea Rutherford
McNicholas High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 10

Where I'm From

I am from dance, from tap-tap to beat-beat.
I am from broken toes and all night bleeding.
(painful, but exaggerated pain, sticks like a needle.)
I am from Celtic melodies and hard beats,
Whose floating heart is carried away in the tune of freedom.

I'm from colorful costumes, from dressmakers to shoemakers
I'm from the tears of a raindrop and the chance to be the one under the spot light,
From lift higher and cross your feet.
I'm from difficult practices, time-consuming days, and in the end it all pays off.

I'm from high kicks and dizzy twirls,
Pointed toes and graceful spins,
From past experiences of winning and losing, but the heat of perseverance
And the spirit of potential in my mind that keeps me going
The world I entered when I stepped onto the stage
Hours of preparation for a forty-second chance to shine.
The beady eyes of unknown people, watching my every move.
And marking off my future goals.
I am from those moments –
Feared before accomplished –
As the memories pass, the future unfolds with a new beginning.

Brittany Schaffer
Aquinas High School
Augusta, GA
Grade 10

On Stage

I walk out, clumsy me
trip over the chair.
It's my time to shine, my solo.
I sit at my chair,
the music book looks like a maze.
Each hand
trembling with fear.
Looks from my family
give me the courage I need to go on.
I start to play
silence is all around.
I'm nervous,
scared something will go wrong.
As I play
people start to tap their feet and clap their hands.
There is no more fear,
my body is within the music
counting each measure.
As I near the end, and play my last note
I'm glad that it's over,
for that is all she wrote.

Ashley DeJohn
Fredonia High School
Fredonia, NY
Grade 10

A Reflection of One's Self

I sit up at night and think to myself,
is life all about that book on the shelf?
The book that is filled with regulations and rules,
telling people about certain jewels.
These jewels are what people look at as the best,
does the sun only rise in the West?
People have become so narrow-minded over the years,
if you truly think about it, it will bring you to tears.
A person is no longer looked at as a person,
but a thing that continues to worsen.
Sometimes humans can be so judgmental,
unaware that any one person can be gentle.
A person should not be judged by his past,
for everyone knows the future is what lasts.
Who is to say what is wrong or right,
a person is still a person no matter how big the fight.
Take the time to look at what's the same,
for the differences will never be named.
Regardless of someone's age, size, or race,
we were purposely put together to live in one place!

Crystal Michielli
Concord High School
Wilmington, DE
Grade 12

Smiles

Can't remember the last time I felt so hopeful about anything
Just the way I smile
It's so steady these days
The way he can make me laugh
How no one could get me to crack up so hard
How much my face would hurt from all that smiling
And when we're all alone he'd like to cover me with kisses
That just made me smile more
I didn't want to say anything
I only wanted to enjoy the moment
Try and remember each wet kiss
That's the way it is whenever we're together
Doesn't matter what we do or where we are
As long as I can enjoy every little thing he does
Didn't think he'd learn how to get me in so deep
Or get me to smile so much
Babe I love you

Abigale Knight
Roseville Area Sr High School
Roseville, MN
Grade 10

Beaches

Once again the sun breaks through the looming clouds,
Washing me in its everlasting glow.
I'll watch the waves break slowly on the shore,
Hoping someday that I'll finally know.

All the answers I can't find outside me,
Sitting here and staring at the shore,
Watching waters slowly fall upon me
Wondering what all these feelings are for.

You remind me of the sunlight
Slowly, lightly warming up my soul,
And all those silent mornings
Meditating, reaching for my goal.

You are my sole inspiration.
You are what I'm living for.

Amanda Fischer
New Hyde Park Memorial Jr/Sr High School
New Hyde Park, NY
Grade 11

Haven't a Clue

Half the time I feel as if I am not even living my own life.
I am simply standing on the sidelines
Watching everything from a distance.
That distance, an invariable distance, cannot be shortened.
I feel as if I have already tried everything.
I am exasperated and exhausted.
And all I want to do is stop moving.
And all I want to do is stop moving.

Monica Barudin
Northern Valley Regional High School
Old Tappan, NJ
Grade 11

Abortion, Cut Me Out

Drive that one last nail
Inside my empty soul
You destroyed all that I have
You destroyed all that I'd known

Dig that massive hole
And put me in the dark
Leave me here to die
You've buried me alive

Tell the pain good-bye
Leave your boy behind
Nothing ever happened
You're living your life blind

But I'll scratch out of this box
I will dig up through the dirt
The past walks again to remind you
Of how much that I've hurt

John Strader
Cloverdale High School
Cloverdale, IN
Grade 11

Tapestry in Gray

Silt-slick, slender, sliding, snaking
Slight and silver-swift,
Two slim sisters crook their banks
Entwined in silken drift.

Bending, wending, twinned and twisted
Through pearly night and day,
Winding, binding willow roots
In tapestries of gray.

Flitting, flaunting, fleet and haunting
Streams of tiny birds,
Arose above the rivers' mouths
Like pinprick flocks of words.

Hiding, hunting, gently hinting
Mirroring the sky,
The waters' faces slowly breathed
A sweet and silent sigh.

Muddled, fuddled, whirled and skirling
A skein of geese rose bright,
Till far beyond the sun and moon
And blinding in the light.

Diana Chien
Holmdel High School
Holmdel, NJ
Grade 11

Keep Your Head Up*

Do you need a boyfriend anyway?
That is the conclusion I came to today.
All they do is come and go.
Is that so?
Then I''ll be the first to get up.
And say keep your head up.
I know I'm one of them.
But I'm not him.
A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step, I admit it.
With women by my side, life has an extra sparkle to it.
Which movie to rent on a beautiful night.
Is no longer an issue that ends up in a fight.
Going where you want, seeing who you please.
Even though you miss having someone to tease.
Being alone can be rough at first.
But it only gets better, it doesn't get worse.
But please, I ask, don't shed a tear.
And I can see your heart might be filled with fear.
Soon enough you'll love once more.
But for now, it's yourself you should adore.

Louco St. Fleur
Ecole catholique Samuel-Genest
Ottawa, ON
Grade 11
**Dedicated to my strong woman*

Another Day

Another day has come and gone yet tears still fill my eyes
Night and day wishing for a change but yet I get no reply
All joy has ceased and only darkness I see
Where am I to turn, who do I run to
When all my friends have turned their backs
When all my family have disowned me
What do I do, who do I trust, where do I run
When my burdens have gotten so great
I'm in a tunnel with no light and don't know where to go
How do I continue? How do I find the strength to move on?
How do I keep smiling when all I want to do is cry?
Who do I trust, who do I look for, when all hopes have gone astray.
Why do I worry when the battle's already won?
So many people talk but do they really know
What it took to get here and how I have struggled
So who do I turn to when all hopes are lost?
I turn to the one who could help me,
The only one who strengthens me,
My friend, my love, my king, my provider, my rock
I turn to my God.

Ernestine Boireau
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Wanting More Time

She stands in the hallway,
Waiting for someone to notice.
Tears on the inside, quiet on the outside.
Emotions held back by fear.
In her minute world,
Feeling devastated yet safe.
Putting up a cover,
To the point of no return.
She wants someone to remember.
As time ticks by,
Memories fade.
Childhood is the past:
The cake, the candles, the celebration of life.
Forgotten, with no urge to speak up.
Wanting time to find herself.
Time slips away
Like sand through fingers.
Time is running out
With nowhere to go.
Waiting for a hiccup of time
To find herself.

Lisa Minkowski
St Joseph High School
Kenosha, WI
Grade 11

The Race

As the butterflies churned in my stomach,
And the adrenaline seemed to consume me,
I looked around at my teammates and coach,
But my lane was all I could see.

As I stepped up on the block,
And the command to start was heard,
I went into my deep zone.
I heard nothing, not even a word.

I gave it my all,
As I dove in with a burst,
Swimming as hard as I could,
Hoping that I would be first.

I finished hard
And looked up at the clock,
As I heard my teammates yell,
"Way to go! You rock!"

It was then that I realized,
I had swum a personal best.
Now I was going to the State Meet,
Which would be the ultimate test.

Allison Thomson
Blue Valley Northwest High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 11

The Thorn

A thorn in my heart, the slow death of my spirit –
That with the passage of time may not heal.
A judging mother watching over my shoulder,
Closely scrutinizing my every move,
Ready to inflict a suitable punishment.

A miserable life, dominated by a controller –
Where no thought belongs to me,
A prisoner, obeying my guard's orders,
Held under her lock – her key.

"You may do this"
But certainly, not that,
Nonetheless, you will suffer my wrath;
With each passing day,
The leash grows tighter –
Hardly and room to breathe.

I scarcely listen to her voice,
Her will imposed on me.
I, a tamed stallion whose spirit never falters,
Never will I make the same mistakes –
Never will I…

Heather Tilley
Jacksonville High School
Jacksonville, TX
Grade 11

Anger Reigns with Her Blazing Sword —

Anger reigns with her blazing sword —
Lashing innocent adversaries.
Out of her mouth, fire pours,
Melts her dearest loves into
Black heartless ashes.

Damage done is devastatingly lost
Like pictures that develop white.
Her eyes bow as the ashes blow away —
Forever lost.

As they spread, they cast an evil
Backward glance.
Words of her explosions spread with the wind.

She always regrets;
It never fails,
But no matter the guilt,
Her rage never ceases.

Beverly Clark
Dumas High School
Dumas, TX
Grade 11

Birth of the Moon

Did You know that the moon is not opaque?
But rather a forgotten pockmark in the dark, a white hole in space,
The only entrance into eternal light and meaning.
The Earth was a crooked ball spinning, brimming, with a false impression of truth.
Clouded by the darkness, a misty-minded majority navigated
Through a thick sea of ignorance and falsehood, though happy and content. And then!
Some slapdash genius spilled acidic thoughts, ideas, theories, philosophies,
Igniting the sky, beckoning truth from the heavens.
The paper thin capsule sizzled through like a cigarette burn —
Searing perfectly round red crisp edges, creating the hole — between Earth and the Heavens,
Breaking the wall between ignorance and truth.
BEAM. The light breaks through — but Mankind is agitated.
That bright white spotlight spurs their blind whimpers through the lands,
As the magnifying glass turns, the images slowly sharpen, singeing —
Real before, virtual after…
The battle is fought. The eternal opening is ignored and becomes liquid sear —
Thickened blood forms at the sides, dripping ceaselessly. Downwards.
But beautiful moon — enlightened orbitor?
Last portal where truth can shine through,
All that is done now, let me slip through your opening!
Am I not worthy either? Are You?

Greta Murphy
The Gunnery School
Washington, CT
Grade 12

My Only Sin

You were never really kind to me.
When I was around, you felt you weren't free.
You kept on pushing me away.
And we grew farther, day by day.
You preached to me about my faults and sins.
You thought you were teaching me so many valuable lessons.
When we were in public, you made me feel like I wasn't there.
You acted like it was always my fault, and that I was never trying to be fair.
You never said that I was pretty or good looking and never whispered sweet nothings in my ear.
First it started out great, but it got much worse by the end of the year.
You kept on telling me that my sins were many and my graces were so few.
But my only sin was trying to love you.

Audrey Ford
Victory Academy
Mableton, GA
Grade 11

A Prayer That I Remember

I pray every night and every day. That you could come back to me. If I could take back that night and spend it with you, I would have done it in a heartbeat. I pray on a shooting star that I can find another just like you. Another that would bring me happiness like you used to. Another that would hold me the way you did. We never had to pretend our love for each other. It came so naturally. You always told me you would never leave me. But you said if I would have to be gone for the rest of your days; this is the prayer I want you to say whenever you miss me dearly. So it turns out he left us for his new home up above. So now that I know, I cannot be mad at you, since I have said my last good-byes and have shed my last tears. So may you now be a shooting star that could help me once again, but the only difference is I know you are now in heaven where you always did belong.

Tonantzin Miranda
Grant Union High School
Sacramento, CA
Grade 10

The Worst Good-bye

It's time to go.
It's time to leave.
It's time for you to say good-bye.
I can't go.
I have to stay.
Feelings change from not seeing eye to eye.
Her smile turns to a frown,
As she turns around.
Her mind is made,
And I wish she would have stayed.
Cause this is the worst good-bye.
So when you're sitting there all alone,
Reading the story you've lived before.
I hope you think of me.
Cause I'm writing the pages without you.
I guess this is the worst good-bye.
Her mind is made.
My mind is made.
She's out of my way,
And I'm glad she didn't stay.
Cause this is the best good-bye.

Steve Peery
Annandale High School
Annandale, MN
Grade 12

Good Times

Forever in heart
Forever intact
Never forgotten
And never regretted
Memories so great
You can't help but put a smile on your face.

The people you met
The friends you knew
And the things you did
All put together in one little package.

A place you can travel through time and still
Where your friend always greet you
And your foes never beat you
A place where wonderful imaginations come to life
You can never stay there
But you can always visit
The memories you hold
Deep in your heart.

Joseph Mansell
Odessa High School
Odessa, MO
Grade 12

Heartbreaker

You said you loved me,
You'll never leave me,
But before I knew it, my heart was broken.
You gave me gifts,
You called me on the phone,
You said you loved me.
We were always together,
We talked about everything,
But before I knew it, my heart was broken.
You said I was the only girl for you,
You promised we would be together forever,
You said you loved me.
My friends told me you were cheating,
I just didn't believe them,
But before I knew it, my heart was broken.
You made me cry,
But you're a heartbreaker,
You said you loved me,
But before I knew it, my heart was broken.

Rose Joseph
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

One Day at a Time

I'm living my life one day at a time.
I am not yet sure what the future holds.
There's sorrow and grief and mountains to climb –
love and happiness too – or so I've been told.
Sometimes I wonder what's in store for me.
Which way I am headed, I do not know.
My mind is ringing with this desperate plea:
don't tell me what's right, or which way to go.
I know who I am; I'll find my own way.
Right now nothing's certain – It's all a blur.
So I'll continue to live day by day
'til the future opens and lets me in
and I'll be comfortable in my own skin.

Taren Garner
American Fork High School
American Fork, UT
Grade 12

Twilight

Darkness falls like a blanket from above
Suddenly descending upon the world that I love
Rich vibrant color yields to the deep hues of blue
When the silence of night settles anew
Motion stands still as though caught
By someone who has found what they sought
No one dares breathe when everything settles
Mother Nature prefers when not a soul mettles
With the cycle of time that is night and day

Kenni Psenak
Palmer High School
Palmer, AK
Grade 10

Break

There's a mirror in my pocket,
A reflection I wish to hide.
A split identity that haunts me
When it comes to what I feel inside.

I've worked myself into a corner
To try and make them see
I'm just as bad as anyone
That can walk down the street.

I kept it up to get appeal;
I wanted to be the one
That all would stop and stare at,
After noticing what I'd done.

Pride will come before the fall —
That much I have learned.
But what was the point of hurting myself
When there was nothing I had earned…

There are some times I turn around
To search for a comfort to ease my ache.
I wish to go back to the days before
Just to hear that mirror break.

Krista Hutcherson
Lakewood High School
Lakewood, NJ
Grade 10

Remembrance

In times of sorrow
And in times of pain,
Death comes to the ones we love,
But don't let it be in vain.

Keep their memories in your heart
For they look down on us from above.
They are in a better place,
So be thankful for their love.

They will always be there beside you
Through the good and the bad.
Think of them as you weep.
Would they want you to be sad?

Rejoice that they have passed on
For that are with the Almighty One.
Don't let their memory die out,
Let it shine in your heart like the sun.

Zahra Hamade
S. S. Murphy High School
Mobile, AL
Grade 10

My Success

There may be obstacles that will block me from my goals,
But I will use them as stepping stones and my strength will show.
There may be people that try to hurt me and put me down,
But they cannot harm me and I will not frown.
I will move on with a smile on my face.
My courage and confidence cannot be erased.
I will stand tall through it all,
and I will never fall.
I am a star shining in the darkest night.
Although I might lose some battles throughout my life,
My brave heart will never give up a fight.
My education is the key to my success.
The sky is the limit.
I will always strive to do my best.
I will achieve everything I put my mind to.
My accomplishments will help me get through.
In the end, I will fly without wings.
In the end, I will achieve all of my dreams.

Maurisa Thomas
Rosa Parks Arts High School
Paterson, NJ
Grade 10

Darkness

Darkness for some is a treacherous place to be.
Always searching through the empty space for
a beacon of light to help pull you home.

Darkness for some is the hole in their head
from which they don't know what is going on.
They are constantly lost in the flow of every day
life and are never able to make it to shore.

Darkness can also be as comforting to some as a baby is with his mom.
Darkness is that place where people can go hide
And be carefree of everything going on in the world.
Darkness is some peoples sanctuary.
A place where no one can find them,
a place where they can be themselves,
a place that will always be there when they need it.
Darkness is their crutch when they fill broken inside.

So what is darkness to you?
To me it is a mixture of these things.
Darkness is whatever I make it to be.
It can be my worst enemy or my best friend,
Depending on what I make it.

Nicholas Lowe
Greenwood High School
Bowling Green, KY
Grade 12

Temptation

Temptation
is a devil
dragging a person away
as if it were food

Loneliness
is the unspoken words
of your friends and families
as if the world was dead

Responsibility
is the water
of a person's life

Trust
is the arrow of guidance
on a map

Love
is an item
a person lives for

Ann Pham
Glenbard East High School
Lombard, IL
Grade 10

Just Sam

Sometimes I feel so helpless,
I could just lay down and die.
You're always there keeping me up,
Holding my head up high.
I've done some really silly things before,
I really do regret.
But every time you find forgiveness,
You have the perfect heart.
You take me by the hand,
And lead me on my way.
I've made some real bad choices,
So I'm trusting what you say.
I open up my heart to you,
No secrets left inside.
You know every detail,
Every second of my life.
You know the things that happened,
That made me the way I am.
You still accept me blindly,
You know that I'm just Sam.

Samantha Racicot
Vankleek Hill Collegiate Institute
Vankleek Hill, ON
Grade 12

Understand

He's just the same,
as you and me.
He has the same,
physical qualities.
He has emotions,
love and hate.
He too believes in,
destiny and fate.
He deserves,
to divorce and wed.
Since he too,
bleeds in red.
No one can see past,
one simple fact.
To them, his feelings,
they're too abstract.
They think that he,
can't understand.
When they're the ones,
who refuse to understand.

Lauren Gibbons
Longwood High School
Middle Island, NY
Grade 10

The Feel of Paradise

A warm wind blows at my back
and a salty taste fills the
heavy atmosphere,
while palm fronds wave
on the pearl-white beaches.

The Reggae beats pulse
as everyone walks the beach.
Dilapidated dinghies troll in from sea
with the fresh catch of the day.

The docks bustle with
the friendly natives hard at work.
Foreign smells oscillate
through the humid scene.

Worn leather sandals
khaki shorts, a long beach
and never setting sun —
the only necessities for paradise.

Benjamin Weber
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 11

Truth

Truth is a statement or fact
Truth is known to be correct
Truth is the opposite of fiction
Truth is the essence of reality
Truth is an expression of feeling
Truth is an influence of great art

Truth is not overlooked
Truth is not affected by opinion
Truth is not contradicted
Truth is not forgotten

Truth can be simple or
Truth can be complex
Truth can set things apart or
Truth can bring things together
Truth can spark wonder or
Truth can destroy imagination

Truth is all around us
Truth endures forever

Ryan Shestak
Mount Lebanon High School
Pittsburgh, PA
Grade 10

Calling Yourself a Man

Being a man
Means loving your girl
And not touching nor hitting her,
Being a man
Means holding her close
Not pushing her,
She's a very fragile thing
And so am I
But not as fragile as you thought,
You bruised my arms
You bruised my skin
You broke my heart
You thought you'd brake my pride
And that I'd give you my soul
But sorry you're out,
You're nothing to me
My arm's okay
My skin's just fine
My heart will heal
But you'll always remain a boy
You don't have what it takes to be a man

Natiya Tsinadze
Bloomfield High School
Bloomfield, NJ
Grade 10

Money Matters

Spoiled, Rich, Stuck up?
These words are prime in vocabulary
Nothing is the same as before, everything matters now
Where you live, what you wear, who you're friends with?
You cannot go a day without being judged
Every day you get "those" looks
"What do you want?"
"Why are you looking at me?"
Though the whole time you think why are you better
No one is better than the next
One may think they are but really they are not
Money can give you "that" look; money can give you friends and all the fame
After high school you're just gonna be ashamed
You're left with no friends and no longer have fame
You lived your life without change and now you're lame,
If only you knew it is who is within you, and not what you got
Though high school is too blind
It's all about who has that plastic card
Everyone is exactly the same no one has their individual fame
People are too scared to show who they really are because they don't wanna hear someone say, "WHOA!"

Ashley Balogh
William Fremd High School
Palatine, IL
Grade 10

Silent Torture

I open the salmon-colored door to Grandma's once perfect house,
Unleashing memories of giggling cousins, birthday parties, intense video games
That echo in my ears like distant ghosts.
Too soon deep growls and sharp hisses of the oxygen machine
Drown those joyful recollections as I snap back to reality.

I follow the long, plastic cord that twists into the kitchen
And habitually perch on the creaky, metal step stool.
An innocent observer of this depressing decline.
A jaded vigilante, waiting for the worst.
An emotionally tortured twelve-year-old, witness to the treacherous effects of terminal illness.

My mind frantically escapes to better days,
When Grandma helped me with Incredible Hulk puzzles;
To days when I anticipated, patiently, her return from aerobics
Happy, energetic;
To nights when she rocked in her cushioned chair, watching Jeopardy,
And I rested on worn shag carpet, fulfilled.

I intently watch Grandma sit next to me.
Charisma flows through her veins, clotted by weakness.
A frail shell of her active, intelligent self.
A reluctant burden to loved ones around her.
A sparkling spirit, ravaged by Chemo.

Stacy Keller
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

Going Away — A Boy's Tale During the Holocaust

Leaving the memories
so close to the heart,
to start a new life,
a world apart.

Friends and family
will all stay behind,
as you go to save,
the rest of your life.

Never to see again,
never to touch,
the family's whose souls
will circle your heart.

From blackness and death
will you flee;
leaving the others to act
in life's brutal show.

Going away from your people,
who are left to their fates;
remembering always
to never forget.

Igor Manelis
Tottenville High School
Staten Island, NY
Grade 11

Nature's Beauty

The wind was blowing beyond the trees
The beauty of my heart was resting at ease
The sound of nature was singing its song
And dancing in the sunlight a mile long
I saw white clouds in the sky above with baby blue,
It's nature's beauty

The colorful flowers that glow throughout the day
Are peaceful in every way
They make and combine loves anger and happiness,
It's nature's beauty

The sky turned dark as time went by
A storm was on its way with the wind as its guide
It started sprinkling
then got heavier
But thinking about how nature is with us every day
It's God's masterpiece and in a peaceful place
But it's also nature's beauty

Keziah Boshears
Bloomington High School South
Bloomington, IN
Grade 10

Wandering in Mystery

Uncertain of what one feels is not safe,
It is not comfortable for our beings,
But yet we strive to challenge
The authority of life, to overcome
These fears we live by, so dangerously,
To leave our insecurity,
To become satisfied, content
In what one does once again.
Life is a joy, not a battle.
We all want life to remain like this…forever,
For then, each step that is taken in our lives
Can be certain in discovering our choices,
Which, in the end, open up to our decisions,
But if we saw…the end,
There would have been no known challenge
To overcome…till the end.
Although, we may sometimes find our life difficult,
Each step we take to battle this difficulty
Will come…to an end,
And open up…to a beautiful beginning
That has been touched by the mystery of it.

Lindsay Flewell
E H Walter School
Paradise Valley, AB
Grade 11

Lessons of Life

Smile on the face of the lonely
For no one seems to comprehend
The pains that led their eyes to tears
The lover lost that led to fears
Give a kiss to the silent ones
The wordlessly defiant ones
For the words they speak are forever wise
And truth lies in their eyes
And as always cherish love
The heart surrenders to the dove
Tears may come in the darkened hours
But from the truth you must not cower
The holes are deep in which we fall
But don't give up and end it all
For ladders are there for you to climb
Just keep these lessons in your mind
Above all else hold to yourself
Your heart will be your wishing well
For you will help yourself ascend
And no one else can say "The End"

Jennifer Bumgarner
Phoenix High School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 12

Love Is in the Air

Love is in the air
For both you and I
There is no reason to lie

Our love keeps growing
Stronger it gets each day
Love is in the air

Even as we get older
Our love never to stray
Our love is everlasting

As we think of our loving memories
And wonderful times together
Love is in the air

'Til the end of time
We'll keep on loving
Our love is everlasting

We both know our love is strong
No one can say that's wrong
Love is in the air
Our love is everlasting.

Shanie Chisholm
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Dance with Me

Dance with me, my love,
Until we can dance no more.
Let our feet step freely
Across the endless floor.

Let the music guide us,
Creating the rhythm,
Leading our hearts,
Through many obstacles.

Let us face any path,
Dancing that way,
Together forever,
And never going astray.

Dance with me, my love,
Until we can dance no more.
Dance until we reach the end,
When our feet are happy yet sore.

Kris Blanco
Glenbard North High School
Carol Stream, IL
Grade 12

Graduation Day

Last year of school, how did it get here so fast?
Now to use my teachings as a tool, and not worry about my past

Already fitting for the cap and gown, four corners up high
Dressed in blue all the way down; at least I don't have to wear a tie

College awaits me, thought school was done!
It wasn't free, but looks pretty fun

I'm going to meet new friends, I told them, and told them twice
Our friendship never ends; that's what I tell them as advice

I'm maturing very quickly as you can see; maybe I'm not finished being a kid
Knowing that's what I used to be, but I still can enjoy life, as I once did

I know my future will be bright: stay out of trouble
Do what's right, and that brightness will double

Fabian Kohen
Eastland Career Center
Groveport, OH
Grade 12

Pain and Suffering, Rapturous Recovery

I took it standing
Now I'm suffocating in the gray
I'm fighting for health
Pleading for recovery

Tripping over jagged edges
Falling into inferiority
Raising myself up
Roving into more martyrdom

So like a lost child, I will find my way
And like a lost lie, I will find my way to return to the one who made me
And like the morning sun, I will rise
An invitation to lucidity

Reaching for a haven
Begging for an invitation for recovery
Becoming intimate with the Lord
Showing hope and pride

One day at dawn, I will elevate
Wake from this slumber
And find myself resurrected
With no pain on my shoulders

Josh Hamilton
St Albert Catholic High School
St Albert, AB
Grade 11

Pygmalion

Grandiloquent speaking is fairest of them all,
Verbal attraction so innocent and intriguing.
What starts as something simple and small
Becomes an unexpected feeling that warms the soul.
The elegant "How do you do?" is satisfying,
But not so charming as a raucous "'Allo!"
How often does a sculptor fall in love with his own creation?
The growing emotion is interesting to watch
Facial expressions shifting in the light.
Paths cross for a reason, even lives completely opposite.
The tongue entices and the heart follows.
Ah, how I love love!

Sarah C.E. Stanton
Cab Calloway School of the Arts
Wilmington, DE
Grade 12

Unreal

I look upon a thousand faces
But hardly any joy do I find.
A sorrowful mother, a man with no home
The sorrow I find in their eyes.
But when I look at my friends and my peers
I see a million smiles.
Some fake, some real, some hidden by frowns
Some stumped in the ground by betrayal.
The people I know, I really don't know
But merely just a piece of their lives
Can hide their joy, can hide their pain,
Can hide their personality and trade it in for fame.
These things that call themselves people are fake
No love can be put into them.
No joy is in them, no feelings they have
No soul can be given to them.

Loren Bass
Brunswick High School
Brunswick, GA
Grade 12

What's to Come?

Oh how I sit here every day
When really all I want to do is play
I can't wait until the last day
From this place I'll stay away

I can't believe this is my last year
I've accomplished so many fears
I learned how to preserve
My life in front of me is becoming so clear

In the future I can't wait to see
What the world has in store for me
How I wonder what I'll be
A success, I guarantee

Keith Bryant
Oxford Area Sr High School
Oxford, MI
Grade 12

Nostalgia

Spain: the panacea
For all my unhappiness,
The escape from a pretentious society,
The salve for my aching soul.

Always having nostalgia for this beautiful country,
Never forgetting the historic royal palace or the Alcazar,
Never forgetting the Prado Museum or the village of El Escorial,
Never forgetting the delight and joy you bestowed.

The language, literature, culture and history
Connect me with you,
But nothing would satiate me more
Than to return forever.

Even one sojourn would eliminate
All unhappiness, all melancholy, all despair,
Replenishing the exuberance
Scarcely provided by society.

But, oh, how an endless return
Would forever cure
My shattered heart, my misery
That society only worsens.

Jeremy Marshall
Jacksonville High School
Jacksonville, TX
Grade 11

A Terrible Dream Come True

You were the only one I let creep into my heart.
I believed all the things you had said.
I kept your precious words in my heart.
All to find out that you were fake.

I believed all the things you had said.
I thought this was all a dream come true.
All to find out that you were fake.
Now this was a terrible dream coming true.

I thought this was all a dream come true.
Only to find out that I wasn't the only one in your life.
Now this was a terrible dream coming true.
Just hurting my heart.

Only to find out that I wasn't the only one in your life.
All part of your plan to fool me.
Just hurting my heart.
Never to let anyone else hurt me like you did.

Katherine Ramirez
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Master Plan

He's casting his spell on me,
Making me crazy, can't you see?
Holding me in the palm of his hand,
It's his master plan.
What is just another day to him,
Is a lifetime to me,
He has me in his palm,
And won't let me be.

Lauren Beck
Firestone High School
Akron, OH
Grade 10

She'll Be with Me

I am my own person
no one knows me
that is how I love it
my life is a mystery
and no one will ever find out…
who hides inside me
but I know who she is
that's all that matters to me
everyone will leave me
it's already happening
soon they'll all be gone
but until my last breath…
she'll be with me

Marian Houston
St Thomas Aquinas High School
Fort Lauderdale, FL
Grade 11

Dream

Dream, my darling.
Dream of the future,
and of all things good.
Dream of the times
we laughed together.
Dream of the world,
a perfect one for us.
Dream of love, and
us together forever.
Dream of everyone
you hold dear to you.
And don't forget to
dream of me too,
for when you wake,
it will all have been
just a dream.

Kallie O'Connell
Sonoma Academy
Santa Rosa, CA
Grade 10

Love and Hate

How can you love and hate a person at the same time
I never got that until I met you
I loved the way you acted when we were alone
but I hated the way you never told me how you felt
it was like dating a stone I tried to show you every emotion I had for you
but you just shoved me away
I told you I loved you and you just stood there like I said nothing
but when we were alone you were a totally different person at times
and that's the part I loved about you
I loved how you called me baby girl and told me I was beautiful
I love the way you always surprised me with a big hug for no reason at all
I loved how you used to test me saying you cared and asking how I was feeling
I miss that about you
but since we've broken up that part of you is gone and that makes me sad
to me that was the best part of you and you just threw it away like it was nothing
to this day I still have feelings for you, feelings I fear will never go away
because I hate you but yet I love you
it took you to teach me what that meant
but I wish I never would have learned that
because I wouldn't have had to go through the heartache
of trying to get over you and moving on.

Brandy Brewer
Sumner Sr High School
Sumner, WA
Grade 10

Awakening

The days are constant, but purpose has changed.
A noisy mind, once quieted, has become sanity's estranged.

Long have green eyes gone without shedding pieces of the soul.
They watch strong grip weaken as reality takes its toll.

No more fantasies allowed, leaving escapism as merely a dream.
Survival of spirit is now priority; all else is superficial scheme.

Life's a chemical reaction, steady in the brain.
The meaning, rhyme, and reason, I have yet to obtain.

Truth remains a beautiful lie, where emotion is so rare;
Hoping to know which thoughts to banish and which ones to spare.

Confusion takes a body hostage, binding both its hands.
Finding the answers is a simple game, that no one understands.

Now my words lack faith, and prayers reach only the ceiling,
Like broken hands, so numb, searching to recapture feeling.

Addison Brooks Brewer
South Panola High School
Batesville, MS
Grade 11

Fish Friends

I love my friends 'cause of who they are
When I am with them the fun never ends
They crack me up when I am down
And fill me up with laughter when they're around

School has been better with them at my side
I never thought I'd get through without them by
I'll love them forever even after I die
And bury their memories by my side

I'll never forget all the fun we had
Playing around and driving each other mad
Eating lunch with y'all was a blast
But too bad it went by so fast

Classes were crazy and wild
But it wouldn't matter if I'd have to run a mile
I wouldn't miss it cause y'all were there
We'd have fun playing truth or dare

We had fun times together in all that we've been through
We cried, laughed and shared memories too
In all that we've been through we had a blast this year
And cause of y'all I had the best fish year!

Vanessa Kwarteng
Naaman Forest High School
Garland, TX
Grade 10

Myths of My Dreams

The Phoenix flashes before my eyes
In the entrance where the mythical beast lie
The Griffin wails through the portal,
Where no man has gone, godlike or mortal.

These creatures are told to be in my dreams
Or in stories or tales or so it seems
Made up myths of giants, witches, ghosts, and dragons
And the stories of the hobbit, Bilbo Baggins.

These creatures are all mythical
Centaurs, nymphs, and elves are said to be fictional;
These same creatures are described very violent
Some celestial, some are silent.

The mysteries of where beasts' origin lays,
Cannot be believed by what someone says
You can believe what you think fits
But their statements maybe myths.

Michael Sansait
Learning Unlimited Village Academy
Powell, OH
Grade 10

Innocence

The rain late in the afternoon
Announces summer's soon arrival.
Cold as it falls on my shoulders,
Warm as it swirls beneath my feet.
Looking down I see a miniature stream through which I wade,
Reminding me of younger years;
The streams were so much clearer then,
They're now tarnished to a murky yellow.
A painful reminder of that which once was pure
And now is used and polluted.
But everything during my youth was pure;
I was still naive and not as calloused.
So the rain brings me more than a shower,
But a whisper of the world in which I used to live.

Molly McGowan
Calvary Christian High School
Clearwater, FL
Grade 11

The Poet

She sits in her darkened chamber
Eyes a fire
With passionate words
Bleeding from her hands
Not feeling love herself
But breathing it
Onto paper
Emptying thoughts from her soul
Which like a withered tree
She becomes hollow
But the fire with which she writes
Glows like embers
Trying to survive the cold harsh wind
That blows through her imagination

Emily Beck
Independence High School
Pine Grove, CA
Grade 11

Don't Judge

Just because I look different
Don't judge me
Don't deny me

Just because I look different
Doesn't mean I'm not nice
Doesn't mean I'm can't be fun
Doesn't mean I'm crazy

Just because I look different
Don't ignore me
Don't talk down to me

Just because I look different, doesn't mean I'm not like you

Brandon Swenson
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 10

Little Sibling

You entered, an unwanted persuasion,
and nestled into the chest of a coerced inmate.
She refused to reenter prison, and as she received you she understood the reality of her insignificance.

Growing you were a bound foot, wrapped so tightly that your bones grew into the shape of a continually constricting cloth.
I allowed my selfish ignorance to muzzle your decency until its soft raw taste was lost under the black licorice that I fed you through the wires.

I wrote your chapters before you could read, and with each pounding of your fist against the walls of my patience I scribbled a curse.

My voice leapt out like the terrorism I knew you wouldn't forget.
I showcased my most disturbing art and you interpreted it as the paint appropriate for delicate Monet.
As your fingers now decorate all of your canvases in right angles and disrespect, I blame myself for never teaching you to hold a brush.

I left you, the soldier, unaware of how to act upon returning to society, alone.
I apologize I have made you an eloquent symphony in a deaf ear.

Jessica Steinberg
Northampton High School
Northampton, MA
Grade 10

Number One

When the day is done, and the race is won, my life has just begun.
When you are next to me, there is so much that I can see, there is not a place that I would rather be.
When I am away from you and there is nothing I can do, do you think the same things too?
When the time has come, I do not want to run, because I know that you are the only one.

At the end of each day, or whenever you are away, there are always things that I want to say,
but wherever you go you will always know that I have so much more show.
You are my number one prize when I look into your eyes, it is only then that I realize,
you are the one for me there is nobody else I want to see, there is no place I would rather be.

Julian Clarke
Wharton High School
Tampa, FL
Grade 10

That's What a Girlfriend Is Here For

The wind is blowing through my hair,
and for these few moments I don't care.
The sun is shining on my face,
like I'm in heaven, or in another place.
If you need freedom, if that's the case,
I'll let you go, but hope you won't be the one to replace
your baby girl, the one who you adore.
See I worry because I don't want you to be the one to leave my life, to walk out the door.
That's happened to me many, many times before,
but I'll try to not worry so much about everything anymore.
Because I'm here to love you, so you could see that's what a girlfriend like me is here for.

Rebecca Orozco Zamarron
C.O.T.S Charter School
Raymondville, TX
Grade 10

The War Is Through

Recede, recede, put away your mighty sword,
The battle has been fought,
And the prize has been won.
Draw back, draw back, recede among the lines,
The war is now ended,
And the death toll has been counted.
Why, why, is what the angels now cry,
Tears flow down their saddened faces.
Cry, cry, the dead wonder why,
And are mourned by those who still live.

Caitlin Hutchinson
Mary Walker High School
Springdale, WA
Grade 10

Diablo

A beautiful angel
too beautiful for itself
mired by the image
of greediness for wealth
Your blinded eyes
caused silent cries
Why can't you accept the truth?
Why corrupt our youth?
Just accept the fact
that you've done too much
to even think of coming back.
Go on with your life
leave the innocent out.
Go away with your sin
let faith have a win.

Brieanne Bafik
Echols County High/Elementary School
Statenville, GA
Grade 10

Colored in Brown

Colored in brown from head to toe.
Brown like the sugar added in your coffee.
When they call me brown
I tell them it's the palm of my hand, the walk in my step,
And my brown sugar added in your coffee.
Read between the lines and you will notice me for who I am.
You can write me down in history with your unselfish thoughts
But all I have to say is that it's the click of my shoes,
The tone in my voice and the ball of my fist.
Blind but now I see.
Once was weak but now I'm stronger than ever before.
Lost trying to find who I am on the inside.
But now I'm found looking in the mirror at my character
That goes beyond what you see on the outside.
When you think of who I am notice me
As your brown sugar added in your coffee.
Colored in brown from head to toe.

Walter Bailey
Hill Regional Career High School
New Haven, CT
Grade 11

Lady's Slipper (Cypripedium Reginae)

A beautiful pair
of lady's slippers

crafted
from petal-soft
rose-colored satin
with flaps of white velvet
and laced
with strings
of delicate pale-green silk

capering
in the gentle breeze
leaping and spinning
pointing their toes
to the azure sky
as though possessed
by an invisible ballerina

waltzing with the flitting wind
bobbing with the golden bee
dipping with the dragonfly
in a graceful
summer dance

Francesca Ricci-Tam
Clovis High School
Clovis, CA
Grade 11

Untitled

I bury my life into the hands
Of the one they call the "Son of Man."
Though I'm not sure what road to take,
I'm sure I'll be led to Heaven's gate.

Only time will tell,
Of which way, Heaven or Hell.
If only time could stop or rewind,
So I could leave all my worries behind.

I know you love me, in all my sin.
Please, Lord, come back to me again.
Life is a journey and though I may leave,
You'll always be with me, my Prince of Peace.

Through doubt and triumph,
Through thick and thin,
I'll always be with you.
You're Heaven sent.

Ashleigh McCain
Beech High School
Hendersonville, TN
Grade 11

My Greatest Fears

Complete darkness with no light,
The walls closing in,
Running on an endless road –
These are things I fear.

Nowhere to go,
No one to help,
Nothing will ever make sense –
These are things I fear.

Lost in this world,
A prisoner of my thoughts,
Giving up without a fight –
These are things I fear.

Losing all hope,
Going out of my mind,
Running out of your love –
These are my greatest fears.

Isis Smith
Guynn Park High School
Brandywine, MD
Grade 11

Peace at Last

You think you are superior
The highest of the race
Everyone is inferior
To your saving grace.

No one is as good
Or as special as you are
Not even Robin Hood
Could make it as far.

You put everyone down
Because they aren't the same
Causing them to frown
From all the inflicted pain.

It's time for you to know
The trouble that you cause
The grief is beginning to show
All because of your flaws.

Racism must stop
Prejudice in the past
Work together we must to swap
The hurt for peace at last.

Larissa Fulawka
J A Williams High School
Lac La Biche, AB
Grade 10

Dreams Will Never End

Don't ever let people tell you, dreams never come true
Instead think of all the ones that were important to you
Promises will be broken, lies will be told
All the rumors and stories will start to get old
Life is like a maze, it's full of complications and jagged dead ends
Just think of the counseling money the average person spends
Why don't you take some time off?
Picture your life a bed of roses ever so soft
Relax, take yourself to a place beyond the skies
To a world beyond your dreams this vision of fantasy lies
To the mountains or to an ocean ever so clear
Forget all your worries, pain, and fear
Some people end up rich, some people poor
Like a caged bird all you want to do is soar
Make mistakes in life, take a wild chance
Make yourself known, get up and dance
Life won't always be great so have fun while you can
You won't always live up to the expectations some people may demand
Tears will fall, broken hearts will somehow mend
Even though life's not perfect…Dreams will never end

Tiffany Shull
Macon Sr High School
Macon, MO
Grade 10

Searching

I'm searching,
Searching for the answers of life,
Wishing I could find a light,
Oh God help me tonight,
I'm searching for you,
A great light of love and happiness,
Where are you God?
Please don't hide from me,
I just want to find you
I want to love you like never before
I want to give you my heart
Open my eyes so when I'm done searching I can see you,
So I can feel your presence,
So I can see your miracles,
Lord I'm searching,
I'm searching for you
And when I find you the day will be filled with joy, praise and happiness
As I'm searching for you Lord give me a path,
A path of guidance and truth
And whatever path I take
Let it be to you.

Alison Edwards
Dodgeville High School
Dodgeville, WI
Grade 10

In the Arms of Love

The greatest Human contact is shown by a warm embrace,
A glimpse of Heaven's eyes a touch of our Father's grace.
With a smile spread wide and a song in your heart,
You'll know that great affection that only love can be a part.
The promise and loyalty of never having to leave,
The comfort that's given when the heart can only grieve.
Feeling forever safe, as if nothing could go wrong,
Knowing that the path to peace isn't that long.
So many emotions, involved in just one touch,
You knew that person loved you, but now you know how much.
To never have to question or have a single doubt,
Of all that God made love to be about.
To show that He loves you and can't physically from above,
He gave us this gift that also shows His love.
Reunited after an absence that seemed to never end,
Being able to patch up, what nothing else could mend.
A way to say "I love you" without mention of a word,
A way to show you care when nothing can be heard.
That soothing warmth that lets you know they're there,
And with every hug a promise to always show you care.

Jennifer Vargas
El Dorado High School
Placentia, CA
Grade 11

Blue Walls

As I sit alone in my room,
Staring at blue walls,
I see reflections of myself,
Images of a childhood,
Filled with magic and laughter,
A happiness that has now faded.

I have grown up,
Staring at blue walls,
The same blue walls that once
Displayed shadows of carnival animals
Now expose dreams and hopes and fears,
All materializations of a life of uncertainty.

I feel now trapped,
Staring at blue walls,
But I cannot move away or change rooms
For the blue walls I realize are not only mine,
They are everyones, you see,
Life is filled with apprehension for everyone,
And, when we finally find our way,
A beautiful mural of life will emerge from blue walls.

Coryn Rosenstock
King & Low-Heywood Thomas School
Stamford, CT
Grade 12

I Love You

How can I say the words that I think you want to hear
Each one sticks in my throat and my heart trembles with fear
The feeling is here in me but the words have fled my mind
Why is it so hard to say no matter how much you try
I couldn't stand the thought that your heart can't answer mine
That you would have to think of how to be firm yet kind
The sad look of pity that would strike me to my soul
The numbness in my mind of a heart too cheaply sold
So don't ask to hear those words I cannot say
They will hide within me until they will no longer betray
When I feel that day come I will say those words with joy
But they are yet unsaid for fear of what they'd destroy.

Holly Nelson
West Henderson High School
Hendersonville, NC
Grade 12

I Never

I never wanted these tears that I cry,
I never got to say good-bye.
I never wanted you to leave this way,
you were so young and full of play.
I never thought I'd see you go, how much
you were a part of my life, you'll never know.
I never knew how fragile life could be,
so now I'll live every day fully.
I never thought you would be cut short in your prime,
and leave a string of heartaches behind.
I never wanted these memories to end,
but now we have these heartaches to mend.
I never thought I would need to miss you,
but life is the question, and death holds the clue.

Kristin McLaughlan
Robert F Hall Catholic Secondary School
Caledon East, ON
Grade 11

Civic

Just because I drive a Honda…
Doesn't mean I'm Asian
Doesn't mean I'm spoiled
And doesn't mean I'm slow

Just because I drive a Honda…
Don't be hating
Don't be jealous
And don't be racist

Just because I drive a Honda…
I'm not a follower
I'm not the fastest

Just because I drive a Honda…
You can go ahead and race me!

RJ LaMendola
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 12

I Am a Beautiful Young Woman*

I am a beautiful young woman
I wonder why everybody can't get along?
I hear shouting and arguing among the ones I love most
I see people sleeping on park benches
But also little kids running and laughing
I want to be happy inside and out
I am a beautiful young woman

I pretend I live in this magic world where nobody dies or gets old
I feel all tingly when I see that special guy
I love to touch puppies and silk
I worry I may not achieve my full ability
I cry when a service person dies for our country
I am a beautiful young woman

I understand not everything in life goes the way we wish
I say things sometimes I wish I don't mean and could take back
I dream to make a difference by teaching children who are even more special than other children
I try to do what is right in life even if some may think it's eccentric
I hope someday world hunger will be solved and there'll be peace everywhere
I am a beautiful young woman

Rebecca Fox
De La Salle High School
Minneapolis, MN
Grade 10
**Dedicated to all the young women in the world*

Grandpa

I remember Grandpa,
Encasing me in his coarse hands and strapping arms
He taught me solitaire
Until the cricket's chirp became an unnoticed buzz.
He performed magic card tricks
With a suspicious smirk as he arranged the stack correctly.
I watched him at the breakfast table
With his back hunched, brows furrowed,
Encompassed by crossword puzzles that fulfilled his days.
Dinners he'd barbecue outside,
Wearing plaid shirts, his oversized glasses, and always a content smile.
One day I wondered why he stopped grilling, playing solitaire,
Doing crossword puzzles, and swarming me with gracious love,
But little did I know Parkinson's Disease destroyed his everyday life.
Now his weathered hands shudder, speech falters, and his unsteady walk bridles his wearisome years away.
I question him on World War II, and he answers with pride and dignity yet sits in the nursing home,
A dreary, depressing downcast on a world invisible to him now.
Sitting in his wheelchair untouched by the light that flooded his previous room,
His squinted eyes always sag a bit more than mine.
Although all the times we spent together have ceased, the memories I have
Of Grandpa's sense of humor and remarkably positive attitude never die.

Rachel Myers
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

Nothing I Can Do

From my lover, I have parted
Alone I remain, brokenhearted.
My love for you remains,
For all of this, I am to blame.
My love for you is forever true,
I cannot bear to be without you.
I read your E-mails so many times,
Saying I don't want you to be a lie.
I crave to spend every moment with you,
But now that you're gone there's nothing I can do…

Savannah Allen
Midland High School
Midland, TX
Grade 11

I Wish I Was Like…

Sometimes I wish I was like him
I never stopped to think about who "he" is
But it must be better than me
The guy who has all the ladies
That's who I want to be
The guy who has the money and cars
That's not right, that should be me
The guy who has everything work out in the end
And is able to plan what's around every bend
I want that to be me
Little do I know
That every night
Those exact same people go to bed
Wishing they could be me

Scott Safranski
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 11

Wings So Torn

Heart broken beyond repair,
Tell me how this is fair?
Was once alive for so long,
Now broken and not so strong.
Every day the weary grows,
Happiness fades just as the wind blows.
Heart of sorrow, heart of pain,
Like I've been left out in the rain.
Often I've tried to fill my void,
But it's just left me annoyed.
I lost all hope,
Yet I still cope.
Slowly falling, and slipping away,
In and out of coma every day.
Wings so battered and torn,
And on my soul I quickly scorn.
I long for this heart to heal,
I long for something new to feel.

Lindsey Bentley
Anderson High School
Anderson, IN
Grade 11

Night Heart in the Alley

Now the rats in the streets ran on through the night,
and the crickets chirped with the coming moonlight.
With the blackbirds flying to reach their nests time to dark,
they swooped around and above the old trees in the park.

Too, the hairy dogs howled and cried in vain
as they strained against their leashes to bite the dropping rain.
Without the sharp light of day, the night eyes prowled,
hissing to the moon and to the shadows they growled.

In the pretty black of the alleys they strolled,
the concrete dictating the impossible cold.
But wait, in the distance, there seemed a small spark.
The sun was peeking through the wool blanket of dark.

In an instant the animals of night sought their coves,
sour that the sparkling night was now at a close.
Looking back, the blackbirds flew far with the dawn,
and with a last blink, the night eyes flickered and were gone.

Arly Davies
California High School
San Ramon, CA
Grade 10

Memories

Memories are strange things you know,
With a blink of an eye, they come and go.

Some memories you will always remember,
In the back of your mind, they burn like an ember.

Some are of fun times when you laugh 'til you cry,
Others are hurtful, when you said goodbye.

Some remind you of love, but that had to end,
It started out great, but then you lost a good friend.

Some are of family and the places you went,
You can even relive that one big event.

Some are of fights, or maybe even blame,
Some are of days when you felt great shame.

Some are true friends that always will care,
Some are of dreams, or a nightmare.

Memories will always be with you,
Memories are things you can never undo.

Janessa Tipner
Glenbard East High School
Lombard, IL
Grade 10

Not 15, But 40

I'm still fifteen, but feel like forty,
And all my years have come.
Time skipped me by when I didn't see,
How quickly life is done.

I'm still the girl before the mirror,
Who's coming and ripe of age.
Yet look a little deeper inside her.
She's older than what's portrayed.

All my life, I've seen too much,
With so much more to learn.
That life for me, became a dream,
Awakened by every turn.

Torn and worn by all the work,
I need some time to breathe.
I'm running fast, but slowing down,
Until each step is a dragging feet.

When will it end, when will time stop,
To take me willingly?
What shall I do to turn back time;
Take forty off fifteen?

Ellen Chang
Bayside High School
Bayside, NY
Grade 11

Opening

Greetings one and all
I invite you into my mind
Enter if you will
but leave your world behind

What I ask of you may sound simple
but truly it is not
Don't be so naive
for I know I'm all you've got

I can enchant you with my words
and do trust that I may
I'll help you see more clearly
but first you'll see my way

Now I bid you farewell
you may turn the page with might
We'll see each other someday
maybe even tonight

Casanddra Caldwell
Malvern Jr/Sr High School
Malvern, OH
Grade 10

In the Days of Snow Forts

Crossing the frozen street,
snow swirled around my face
in an enormous frothy whirlpool.
Excitement swelled inside me,
threatening to boil over
as I became enveloped
by this glittering, glistening landscape.
Snow crunched beneath my feet.
I picked some up,
feeling the soft white flakes
caress my tiny palm.
I stayed outside all afternoon,
tireless, playing with friends.
Rolling, packing, sliding, carving;
until our colossal fort rose like a mountain
towering over my neighbor's snow covered yard.
Running, throwing, laughing, building;
our noses red as ripe tomatoes,
our insides warm with the happiness and simplicity of childhood;
this childhood that has so quickly faded away.
Just as the sun so quickly melted that snow fort of my youth.

Rachel Sweenie
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

Beautiful Thing

So much potential, in this one white sheet.
Its space does not signify a void, a blank spot, devoid of meaning,
but a world of possibilities, a window,
whose contents have yet to be determined.
To fill this white sheet, ah,
that would be a beautiful thing.
To find the capability within me, the talent within me, the soul, the life,
my very essence is able to fill this white sheet, to make it into my own world.
That would be a beautiful thing.
And to know that I had filled this empty space, this potential,
a blank canvas waiting patiently for someone with enough guts
to try and translate what they are seeing, feeling, thinking, into a form,
with something that makes sense, something that is worthwhile,
that improved the white of the paper, something that others would enjoy.
That would be a beautiful thing.
To know that I had achieved the impossible,
I had offered a coherent glimpse of my world,
my thoughts, my actions, my very soul.
To know that I had captured even a shadow of what I really saw in my head.
That would be a beautiful thing.

Patricia McCusker
Glenwood Sr High School
Glenwood, IA
Grade 12

Star Catcher*

wandering
through walls of my mind
mingle
scatter about
seize
my deep thoughts
you know each word
before it is formed
each end
before
it has begun
rob me
of my surprises
break in and see
there is nothing here
walk around
meet my fears
and if you care,
introduce yourself

Dyrarene Canicula
Maple Ridge Secondary School
Maple Ridge, BC
Grade 12
**For my mommy*

Shut Up

What makes you think I've changed?
The way I look?
I can tell by that glance you took
One look and said you'll be good
But you'll be locked up and chained
If you ever tried
To be good enough and be denied
My love for you
And my respect for you
Will be lost and given to someone new
Someone so fresh and so clean
He just makes you look down right mean
Treating me the way you did
Shows you're just a little kid
Saying this and that
Only to make you seem tough
Well boy you've said enough
I've sat around with my mouth so tight
I stop myself with all of my might
All I can do is tell you to shut up
So I can tell you what I've got to say

Rachael Burbank
Sandwich High School
East Sandwich, MA
Grade 11

Love Is Everything

Love overcomes all challenges,
It can be infatuation,
Sometimes tricking your mind,
Other times deceiving your heart.
Love never rests,
It's with you always,
One moment hiding from you,
Another it comes pouring out.
Love can't be ignored,
It can be put on break,
At times it can be intermittent,
But love is always perpetual.
Love sees no boundaries,
Listens to no critics,
Yields to nothing,
It bears no burdens.
Love can also be despondent,
Crushing your deepest emotions,
Not there for you when needed the most,
Never grasping you tight.
Love is everything.

Tyler Cagle
Druid Hills High School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 11

Return from the War

He walks down the side of the road
Humming an old song to himself
A song from the Revolutionary War,
The battle hymn of his platoon,
He still hears the cries, "Ready, fire!"
And sees the men fall at his side.
The war was so long ago,
Yet he struggles through it every day
For the freedom of his country, his life.
He lost his brothers and sons
In that war, but they walk by his side,
Just as he walks by his wife's side
Never to leave the place
Where he grew up and lived his life
Where his friends and family waited
For him to come back from the war
They gave up waiting when the war
Had been over for years
But he had been there all along
Walking around the old town
Humming his battle hymn.

Melissa Hogan
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 11

The Perfect Swing

Seldom is it seen:
This perfect swing.
Attempted by many,
Failed by most.
Hard work, repetition,
Determination and time,
All are required
To accomplish this task.
Some find it early;
Others stay lost.
A gift that is given;
If not, it is earned.
Swinging is an art,
Honored in The Hall.
If found,
Rewards are paid in full.
No matter how they come —
Whether curved or straight —
If the timing is right,
Glory will be felt.

Barrett Lewis
Jacksonville High School
Jacksonville, TX
Grade 11

Limelight

Everyone wants some limelight.
No one can deny it.
But what if you miss it,
Or how do you know it's coming?
What can you do to make sure,
Make sure that it's somewhere,
Out there waiting for you.
Or, are some of us destined,
Never to see it at all.
That our time will never come at all.
Is it even possible,
That fate can be so cruel to us,
For we are its children.
I cannot see the future,
So who am I to talk about it,
When I know nothing of it?
Here it comes now.
Here's someone's limelight.
Could it be mine?
Maybe.

Rikki Gibbs
Southeast Raleigh High School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 10

Senior Year

In elementary school you thought I had cooties
Then came middle school and we acted like we didn't know each other
Then high school, I'm a freshman you're a senior
Your senior year, your last year of football games, the thrill of Saturday band contests and school dances, it doesn't seem real. You have gotten your senior pictures done, gone to the senior breakfast, gone to senior skip day and to your last prom. That's it high school is over no more morning announcements, falling asleep in assemblies, or Friday night bus rides. Those are all just memories now. It's the day before graduation and you are having your party, friends and family are all here, for some people it may be the last time they ever talk to you. Now in just a few hours you will be walking into the high school gym in your cap and gown, what are you thinking? Are you nervous? Scared? Sad? Eager? With all your family before you, you will be handed your high school diploma. You throw up your cap with relief. Then the hardest part, the good-byes.
Will all the best friends forever promises stay true? Or will you forget?
All your friends are going to different places will you ever talk to any of them again?
The realization of you leaving comes to me, all the memories of us flash before my eyes.
The fights, the tears, and the laughter, I look up to you in so many ways
In elementary school if you didn't take the tacos at lunch because they were gross, neither did I. In middle school if you got good grades, I had to also. In high school if you didn't do drugs, neither did I. You have had a big impact on my life whether you like it or not.
Thanks for all the memories, I love you and I'm really going to miss you.

Courtney Mabee
Marysville High School
Marysville, OH
Grade 10

I Still Love You

You hurt me and I hurt you.
Our relationship was sure to be through,
But it wasn't, and I still love you.
There was so much heartache and so much pain,
but the love we shared never changed.
That's another reason why I still love you. Time passed and I hurt you again.
I thought we'd work it out, but you said we're better off friends.
Then you came back to me, I was happy again.
I still love you and you're still my best friend.
Through the roughest times we still remained.
We loved each other with happiness and with no shame,
But the time has come for us to part,
Our lives have taken different turns. But you still love me, and I still love you with all my heart.

Ashley Dobbs
Weir Attendance Center
Weir, MS
Grade 12

Our Love

Our love is greater than any other at least that is the way I see it we were picked from amongst the many others to make your house our home all the steps necessary were taken to make it a permanent stay we are a family now and we've come a long way we go through trials and don't always get along but these things only make our love that much stronger we are there for each other and have special bonds that will never go away but after all we've been through and all the things to come none of it will faze us because our love is great and no one can take that away.

Sarah Albert
Loreauville High School
Loreauville, LA
Grade 11

The War We Ignore

An enemy has arose; it calls itself Ignorance
We've tried to fight back,
But there's a weapon we lack
We've got Knowledge, the key to all
Without such we would surely fall
We've got Common Sense, a not so common thing
But Ignorance blocks it from people's brains
We've got Wisdom, not acquired by age
Some have too much and refuse to engage
We've got Faith in the powers of the mind
Some turned it elsewhere and chose to resign
We've got Willpower, which helps us continue to fight
But Ignorance persists and removes it from sight
So what are we to do? Should we admit defeat?
Just throw in the towel and say we've been beat?
I will not. I will continue to search
For that missing weapon that will save the Earth
Never give in and never surrender
Continue to fight and be a defender
Because this is a battle turned into a war
So be ready when Ignorance comes knocking at your door

Douglas Rountree
Beech High School
Hendersonville, TN
Grade 12

The Tree of Countless Branches

The seed,
I assure you,
Cares not for the leaves.
Indeed,
He endures you,
And the impiety on your sleeves.

So leave your kneelers
And neglect your pews;
It's time to indict your arguing with the infinite.
Go weave your surreal
Disrespect for what's true;
It's crime deep inside your viewing that's opened it.

In this cult devoted
To wallets, loans, and tithes,
Where those get promoted
Who spend away their lives,
It's time to ask the monastic:
"How do you want *your* God?
In paper…or in plastic?"

Lee Traylor
Jacksonville High School
Jacksonville, TX
Grade 11

Sword

Grace lies in every carved movement,
Perpetuates the silent beauty in shadows,
Rendering a perceived perfection,
A mirage of noble truths.
But beneath the exquisite exterior,
Upon its sharp, bitter metallic flesh,
An intimate thrust defies earthly limitation,
Silences the pulse that throbs and beats;
Beneath stained hands hails the defeated,
Taints the picturesque image of what was.

Thuong Nguyen
Nottingham High School
Syracuse, NY
Grade 11

Daddy

I want
Desire
And long for him
Ever since I was small
He was my entire world
All in a nutshell
He saved me from danger
Kept me warm at night
And tucked me in tight
He always gave me soft and endearing forehead kiss
This was once a person I thought I'd never miss
Until I grew up
And saw things that were once blurry all too clear
The man I used to love has truly disappeared
Guess I loved him too much

Oriel Martin
Desert Vista High School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 11

The Little Things

It's all the little things that mean the most.
All the warm smiles
And the caring hugs.
All of the support and all of the strength
That he gives me
Remind me each and every day
How blessed I am
To have someone like him
In my life.
To rejoice with me when I am happy
And comfort me when I'm sad.
I want to thank him for everything he's done.
To my love
My strength
And my friend.
I love you.

Heather Hesse
Mesilla Valley Christian Schools
Las Cruces, NM
Grade 10

The Cold Morning

Early in the morning
All peace and quiet
Outside was a little tapping
As I was on my bed clapping

Walking on the floor as it's cold
Coming to the cage as there
Was a creature, so big,
So beautiful, so nice,

Taking it outside into its place,
All peace and quiet
Outside a little tapping
As I was on my bed clapping

Hearing little footsteps
Coming closer and closer
Somebody touching my doorknob
A little face peeks in

Coming to my bed
Making himself at home
With no sound
He was sound asleep.

Alex Gershun
Evergreen High School
Vancouver, WA
Grade 12

The Orchard

There is a little shelter near
With walls of green and red
With boughs of wood that gently leer
The townsfolk from their bed.

"It's safe," they say, "to enter there
Amidst the lush and crowning leaves
And like a king upon his chair
We watch the blossoms she conceives."

A new life born, an apple grown.
The succulent and tempting flesh
Thieves the king of his throne
And now we sit on earthy mesh.

Where living roots grow and hide
The terrors of the world outside.
The terrors of the world outside
Now look within the mind to hide.

Taryn Zaharchuk
Appleby College
Oakville, ON
Grade 12

The Old Church Chapel

Purest white, but falling apart.
In its time, it traded hope for despair.
Those who were desolate and lost found it to be a refuge for the heart.
No one was ever turned away, there was always care.

Alone it stands, forgotten, and never even thought of,
Despite the tears it dried and the hearts it imbibed with hope.
Scarcely a soul goes up to that lonely chapel, in spite of its labor of love.
Some do not even know it exists and it is hard for them to cope.

Although hardly anyone turns to it anymore, it always stands ready,
To help a hurting soul who may just knock on its door, still so steady.
It stands strong and powerful, as it ever did.
It is a beacon of hope. A broken heart, it will never forbid.

If one looks closely at that old chapel, they will find
A chilling fact that will blow their mind.
The chapel is exactly like the One that the place was built to represent.
He has been forgotten, but He will always be there — to put hurting hearts at content.

Mary Keck
Hilldale High School
Muskogee, OK
Grade 10

Release from the Inside

Won't hold back my thoughts I'll speak loud and clear,
My voice has been smothered get ready for the fear,
I'm tired of being ignored creeping out the darkness to the light,
Want to keep me down hope you're ready for the fight,

I'm going crazy neurotic engulfed by the flames within,
My mind full of hate my life full of sin,
Dare to look below the surface, do you like what you see inside?
Now you know what a life looks like one struggling to survive,

What did I do to deserve a life so hard?
I was dealt a bad hand with all the wrong cards,
My wounds so deep they cannot heal,
My life is numb the world surreal

I'm all alone banned from this place
Life taken away they left no trace,
So do you still want to see? What I've covered up for so long,
I hope your spirit's tough I hope your mind is strong

Well here it comes like a gust of wind,
Carrying all of my secrets I've tried to hold in…

Will Tuggle
Logan River Academy
Logan, UT
Grade 12

Springtime

Love is in the air
Everywhere you go
Doves are soaring in midair

Birds and animals are finding mates
Roses and plants are blossoming
Love is in the air

Now is the time for birds to care
For their loved ones and newborn ones
Doves are soaring in midair

The hummingbird is hovering to every flower
Getting the sweet nectar of springtime
Love is in the air

Bears are coming out of hibernation
Salmon are swimming upstream
Dove are soaring in midair

Male snakes are charming females with a dance
While a koala bear is prancing in his dreams
Love is in the air
Doves are soaring in midair

Naseer Mohamed
Evans High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

My Baby-sitter

Whenever I think of my childhood
It is you that comes into every story
You when you cooked with us
You when you took us down to the pool
You when you scolded us
You when you made us lunch
You when you made us laugh
By putting curlers in your hair
Or when you got mad at us
And told us to march
Or you when you would chase us around
With a wooden spoon
That was only when we got you really mad

Now you passed away
What seems such a long time ago
You left so quickly I never got to say
You were the best and I love you

Now you are just a memory
But one of the best at that
And I will never forget you
Your ways and your style

Carly Black
Hartford Union High School
Hartford, WI
Grade 11

A Measure of Myself

I'm out to journey,
leaving school for the first time.
I hope to be successful,
and the value of my life will finally be seen.

So I leave my name to carry on
to the ones who know me well.
And the others, who do not,
I wish you the best as we go our separate ways.

I only know about the value
of my intelligence.
The creativeness of my work and studies
may not be remembered but will be seen as I become an adult.

Do not forget me;
as I will remember you.
Our time here has passed,
but our memories will linger forever.

Michael Lee Barrett
Evarts High School
Evarts, KY
Grade 12

A Girl

A girl, only a child.
Searching for the answer –
Finding it in time.
Late time.

A girl, not so young.
Longing for him.
He wants her not.
Mind games she plays –
He doesn't know.
She loves him –
He is gone.
Rejected now.

A girl, old and wise.
Hoping for truth –
Truth revealed.
She is right.

Mary Beauclair
Shanley High School
Fargo, ND
Grade 11

There You Are

There you are my father
Loving me every day
Keeping me safe through the night
So that harm won't come my way

There you are my mother
Tucking me through the night
Reading me bedtime stories
About princesses and knights

There you are my brother
Doing your very best
To get on my nerves
To being a pest

There you are my sister
Always on my case
Making me drive up the wall
Making me go insane

There you are my family
Always there for me
Although you drive me nuts sometimes
I love you endlessly

Dieudonne Cherubin
Jones High School
Orlando, FL
Grade 10

Sixth Sense

My sixth sense
Is like no other
It pinpoints the times
That are important
That are vital
Through my dreams
I see things that no other wishes to see
Worlds of non-existing, but real to most
Three sides of the world
The past
The present
The future
Sixth senses are not a gift
But a course
Countless sleepless nights
Countless flashes of the past
Fates that already happened
And fates yet to happen.

Shauna Lierheimer
Beardstown Jr/Sr High School
Beardstown, IL
Grade 10

The Voice

I hear my mother's voice as she comes to pick me up.
But, then it disappears and I'm alone,
Staring at luminous white lights.
Days go by and turn into weeks.
The voice of my mother does not return.
I am surrounded by strangers,
And there are voices everywhere.
But, I am searching for a specific voice.
A voice that has gotten lost within the mass.
Weeks go by and turn into months.
Then, one day someone picks me up and smiles.
There are two other people with her, and she embraces me.
I haven't felt this comfortable since the day I heard my mother's voice.
The woman speaks,
But she's not my mother.
Her voice is tranquil and it soothes me.
"I'm your new mommy!" she whispers in my ear.
Her eyes glimmer like diamonds as she gazes down at me.
I haven't heard my mother's voice since the day she went away.
But, I now have a mother who loves and takes care of me.
And, she's the only true mother I've ever known.

Ashley Redmon
Logan River Academy
Logan, UT
Grade 10

Hidden Love

No amount of hearts I draw will ever show you how I feel,
all I know is what is in my heart for you is real.
No amount of flower petals I pick and end up with me he loves,
will ever be wrong because something inside says he does.
I wish I could tell you all my secrets and thoughts day and night,
because you make me put down my guard and it feels right.
You tell me you are a man and not a boy,
but if I give you my heart will it become your toy?
You say you are not like others, that in you I can trust
and something deep within me is echoing that I should and must.
In the past my heart had been crushed and broken,
all their words were lies that were spoken.
You seem different, different from the last,
with you I want to start over and leave before in the past.
Why get too close when you say you are leaving,
it is a whole new web of pain weaving.
I know there is another girl, I know there is,
but be gentle and my love do not dismiss.
If you do not feel the same for me as I for you, then why do you tease?
Just tell me you want her and not me, please.

Monika Kielczewski
Mother Theodore Guerin High School
River Grove, IL
Grade 11

Restless Echo

My feet echo on this pavement,
The cold night hits me full-force.
I hear someone screaming in the distance,
Or is it my voice?
It calls for me to linger, to stop but not turn back.
Some people don't deserve their freedom.
Why am I thought of like that?
What has this life not demanded
I hear the chain link fences
Tormenting my soul,
The anger around me is humid
But inside I feel so cold.
Two pair of uncertain feet
Stumble recklessly at my side,
Voices yell simultaneously,
That I'm the one that shouldn't cry.
My words are uncertain,
I'm not quite sure what to do.
I huddle empty feelings
Inside someone I once knew.

April Kent
Yuba City High School
Yuba City, CA
Grade 11

Just Three Words

I've been dying, dying for the past several years,
and many times I have come to tears
at the thought that if I said I've won you I'd be lying –
but even then I will never stop trying
to get you to say three words to me,
three simple words from the heart of thee.
Others have told me, but not you,
and waiting until that happens…is the only thing I can do.

You know what they are but you do not say them.
To me you are my life; you are my gem.
But to you I am nothing but a distant star in the sky,
and in the end all stars explode, shrivel up, and die.

I want you to say these words, but I don't want you to lie.
But you could never tell the truth, so why do I even try?
Because I love you, as I have always done.
My heart won't be satisfied until you I have won.
This poem is only beginning, it will never be done.

For it will go on in time and write history.

Amol Agarwal
Valley High School
West Des Moines, IA
Grade 10

Tears of Blood for Happiness

A tear streams slowly down my face.
As I'm wishing I was in another place.
My heart is broken far beyond repair.
I would appreciate if you didn't stare.
I feel like I was torn apart like some old doll.
For others to laugh while I fall.
Now I see little happiness and all pain.
As I cry the tears are unnoticed in the pouring rain.
Now I am left with nothing else to say.
Just wait silently for another day.

Mel Bowden
College Avenue Secondary School
Woodstock, ON
Grade 11

Shake Me Awake

The sky so deep
I see a dream in my sleep
The passions take me to a different world
The world that lies within me
The world that bares my soul
The world that awaits my presence
The dampness feeling my emotions
The spontaneous nature is not so flaunt
The ambiguous details are just a taunt
The fakeness is all obliterated
Every creation is just idyllic
In this world, sorrows are gone
When guilt disappears, innocence lies within us
But this world itself is virtual
Because it's all a thought-out imagination
It is a wish that every heart makes
It is a wish that is yet to come true

Kanwal Kapadia
Northview High School
Duluth, GA
Grade 12

Blinded Beauty: Visible Dream

He can hear and feel the world
In a way that most never will.
Secret joy in the depth of one's throat,
The clear and lilting notes of a sunset,
Sorrow forcefully quelled in an instant,
The radiating warmth of a loving embrace.
I wish I could know that world, too…

She sees the world in Technicolor,
A vast expanse of wondrous sight.
Sparkling, shimmering, dancing blue water;
Towering, luscious, graceful green trees;
Radiant smiles on a sun-tinted day;
Glimmering eyes caressed by lashes.
I wish I could see that world, too…

Lauren Smith
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 11

An Ode to My People

Deep, intense
Dark, immense
Ever growing
All knowing
Strong the color black
Secretions, scents
Elations, relents
Always showing
Heavy flowing
Strong the color black
Intimate relations
High elevations
Free flying
No crying
Strong the color black
Thoughts, contemplations
Fine admirations
Never dying
Always trying
Strong the people black

Krystal Lowe
West Side High School
Gary, IN
Grade 11

Fantasy

Why did you come in to my life
At first I thought it was great
But as time passed I somehow felt different
Tell me why is that
Did you cast a spell on me or is it just my imagination playing tricks
I thought to myself "wow he is perfect"
Little did I know I was caught up in my own world of fantasies
As the time passed by I realized how strong my feelings were for you
I use to lay at night thinking about you
You didn't know about my feelings for you
Until the day you asked me "how do you feel about me"
I was like "God help me" but I figured I've got nothing to lose if I don't tell you
Then somehow I felt the strangest thing
I felt that there was some sort of connection between us
I thought that this could start a new chapter in my life
Especially being with someone I truly love
But I should've known better because I was living a lie
We could never be together, not now, not ever
I wanted to believe I was wrong and it makes me wish that I hadn't met you because
I wouldn't be feeling the pain of losing someone who I thought was meant for me
Then I tell myself come back to reality and don't stay caught up in a world of fantasies

Anuradha Persaud
Technology High School
Newark, NJ
Grade 10

Glass

Strutting by, goes one of the skinny girls, with her Louis Vuitton,
Passes up a punk, checking her out, with his headphones on.
She meets up with her friends to laugh at the nerd with bad posture,
But they're not as mean to him as the guys who play football or soccer.
As chess-club president walks by with his tray, the athlete cuts off his path.
He falls, he cries, he runs away, while everyone who can't think for themselves laughs.
As we all grow older, our "nerdiness," popularity, and reputation will pass,
Until then, I will sit here, unnoticed, like an observing piece of glass.

Katie Pusateri
William Fremd High School
Palatine, IL
Grade 10

The Dance

For some it may last forever ascending from one note to another, changing its tune as it goes, for others it may last for only a measure. But for all it marks a time in life. You may have danced years ago and drift back now only when the familiar tune returns to your head. You may just be in the middle of your song hoping against all hope that the band will go on forever. You may still be standing by the side of the wall looking out at all the others wondering when you'll get to join them on the floor. And then there are those special few who need no band to play for them to dance. They only need their partner. These are the ones who dance from dawn of a new day to the setting of the sun and all through the night. The ones who change with the music, who know that the song will never end. These are the ones that have found true love. Would you like to dance?

Kaitlin Smith
Litchfield Sr High School
Litchfield, MN
Grade 10

Drilling Deeper

Words that used to scratch the skin
Now begin to scrape the deep, uncalled soul.
Words trying only to damage the heart,
The mere target which hate yearns to destroy.
These words, phrases, and lies of evil
Wash the well and clean it with only pure darkness.
Slyly, dissolving every good and taking over.
Soon, the heart will be conquered.
The goal will remain impure forever.
Then, that heart too will try to snatch others,
Grabbing at their last chance of hope and love.
Over time, everyone turns into what no one wanted to be.
Overtaken, the world dies in the dark shadows.
Nothing is left, just silence.

Allison Firl
Mayo High School
Rochester, MN
Grade 10

Searching for You*

I look for you, but cannot see,
I listen, but cannot hear,
I feel, but cannot touch,
For you are not there.
I call, but cannot speak,
I shout your name for many a week,
I try to find you, but you are still not there.
I miss you so, your sweetness, your love,
You were a gift to me from above,
And though you are in a better place,
I still miss your sweet little face.
I will never find a friend so true,
I miss you still, and I always remember you.

Luke Baumer
Home School
Ballwin, MO
Grade 10
**Dedicated to my cat Tiger, who died of cancer*

Why

Why is it that with time, colors fade,
Why is it that with rain, the land washes away,
Why is it that with seasons, everything changes songs,
Is it for the same reason that your love for me is gone?

The seasons still return year, after year,
The colors seep through again, even if mere,
The birds still fly through the wind and the rain,
So why doesn't your love for me still remain?

Without seasons, Earth would get lonely, all alone
Without wind and rain, everything would dry out, die, just bones
Without colors, everything would be boring to see,
So why don't you see what you're doing to me?

Nadine Flynn
Wahconah Regional High School
Dalton, MA
Grade 11

Winter Wonderland

One winter night, the snowflakes came plunging down,
So that everything was a blanket of white,
And my mom, my sister, and I took out tri-colored spaniel,
Romping through the drifts before the roads had been plowed,
We were surrounded by a foot of pearly snow,
And with no visible sidewalk,
We trampled through the snow-packed street,
Our boots made crunching noises,
On top of the car-driven crystals,
The silence reverberated in the black emptiness of the night sky,
The guiding street-lights led us to the house on the corner,
Where my sister and I threw ourselves backwards,
Towards the snow-laden ground,
We swished our arms and legs,
And stood-up, not ruining our creations,
We turned and looked up on two glistening snow angels,
I saw our house as we marched single-file
Through a space that was cleared just for our feet,
I gazed at the moving pile of snow,
Where my dog bounded out like a pouncing lion,
And I realized that this was my winter wonderland.

Alyssa Tedder
Blue Valley North High School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 10

Nothing But Dark Sky

The air whistled through the windows,
 the pots clanked on the wall.
As we drove on,
 my eyes shut slowly to the world.
A world with a black sky,
 a sky that was angry.
The moon had been swallowed by an angry wind,
 the mountains towered in the distance,
 as if they had their own angry face.
The river grew, winding and dangerous,
 the rain feeding its hungry heart.
The water rose,
 the thunder and the lightning crashed,
 the trees swayed, and the houses rocked.
Feeling somewhat safe, we looked outside,
 at the wondrous rain, but nothing could be seen.
Nothing but the dark sky,
 that was suddenly lit with a terrible lightning.
Trees cracked and changed,
 and we feared they would fall to the ground as angry stars.

Kelly Liszewski
Voorhees High School
Glen Gardner, NJ
Grade 10

The Foreigner

Look up and down, left and right
Through this window of my past
The titter of laughter
The solemnity of sadness;
It was filled to the brim
Like a teapot of emotion
And yet I stood alone.

Unknown, not understanding;
I had tried to look
I had tried to see
What was so funny
What was so sad
But a curtain covered my eyes
Or perhaps it veiled my heart.

Awake! Awake! Young soul,
Look about and all around you
Dawn has come, night is gone;
The doors have opened wide
Little steps, baby steps
And soon I will be free,
No longer the foreigner.

LeAnn Hoang
Troy High School
Fullerton, CA
Grade 12

Wild Spirit

Hands are tied
With a wild rose

Can't unbind it
Getting tighter

Can't restrict this love
Comes so fast
But never leaves

This vine holds our passion together
A free spirit
Out of control

Twisting around my wrists
Thorns in my flesh
Blood dripping

Showing its true colors now

Danielle Hofmann
Oswego High School
Oswego, NY
Grade 10

Didn't

She didn't dance because she thought they would laugh,
He didn't love because he thought his heart would break in half.
She didn't sing for fear she'd be off-key.
He didn't watch for fear he couldn't see.
She didn't listen to the truth, too scared it'd be a lie,
He didn't live, too scared that he would die.

Ashley Geary
Lewis-Palmer High School
Monument, CO
Grade 10

The World Inside

Outside I look, to see a world competent with itself.
Inside I listen, only to hear a sparrow's mourning song.
The world inside is that of a beautiful apple.
Shimmering on the cover, yet damaged in the soul.
For too many gray times have passed, only to mischief the inner world.
Too many loves have gone, before they said "I love you."
Too many tears have developed, but not yet fallen.
The inside world has endured unimaginable pain.
It has battled tragic wars and been defeated time and time again.
The inside world is bitter, cold, and foggy.
But one day is to come, where the dismal weather will disappear.
A war will be won, pain shall come no more.
Tears will fall, and love will be acknowledged.
The inside world will fight back to repair its rotten core.
The inside world will join the outside, with pure happiness and comfort.
What once was a single raindrop battling a raging fire,
Is now a river winding and never ending.

Portia Owens
Rock Canyon High School
Highlands Ranch, CO
Grade 10

I Remember

I remember all the times we had together
From our trip to Disney World
To small things like going out to dinner
I remember when the doctor said it would only be a matter of time
I remember that time in June
When it was all you could do
It was just a matter of time
Time was ticking down
For your last moment here on earth
You heard your Father callin
And it was time for you to say good bye
You reached out your hands
And there He stood
Waiting to take you by the hands
As your new life has just begun
With the Father of everyone
I will remember now and forever
Always and forever in my heart you'll be
While up in Heaven you'll wait for me

Chaille Stewart
North Star High School
Boswell, PA
Grade 11

Nature

Nature is the strangest thing;
So many kinds of emotions it can bring.
The unpredictabilities are endless;
Without it, the world would be lifeless.
Nature will take your mind and soul;
When your life seems at the end of its role.
It will relieve you of your pain;
It shows beauty when it brings the rain.
Nature is the beginning of life;
It brings many colors in bright.
It is the ending of life as well;
The beauty brings many stories to tell.
Nature is the trees and skies;
It brings about the bees and hives.
It is the beautiful, radiant ocean;
It grows the flower petals soft as lotion.
Nature is relaxing and beautiful;
It is the entire Earth in full.
For always and forever it will be here;
And we can always look to it to take our fear.

Autum Allen
Truman High School
Taylor, MI
Grade 11

Spirit

One small step for man,
One giant leap for mankind,
One small roll for the rest of time.
A spirit of mankind bounces
Across the Martian plain on pockets of air.
Air from Earth.
A scout from a distant civilization
Sent to answer the question.
What is out there?
Questioning life. Questioning existence.
Questioning space. Questioning the Universe.
What can we do
With this alien landscape?
Can we create New Earth?
Are we able to use the Red Planet?
Or will it drift, ever in our imaginations?
We strive to know.
We will not become ruins
Without knowing the beyond.
Moving forward. Ever moving forward.
Till death do we stop.

Paul Noonan
Druid Hills High School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 10

To Miss Perfect

Oh yes, Miss Perfect! I understand
The world's in your little hand,
You don't make mistakes? Of course!
Your face is like an old, old horse,
You may have the guys; yes it's true,
But that's the only thing to you!
You hate all things, all people too!
Your head held high, you're vain and rude,
You have an extremely bad attitude!
Your tongue's the whip, your friends the chariot,
And we, the lonely, are the ones who carry it.
You are like Yertle the Turtle, at the top of the stack,
And I'm the little turtle, whose name is just Mack.
Prepare to fall upon the ground,
Soon you'll be at the bottom of the mound.

Andréa Suihkonen
Tower Soudan Secondary School
Tower, MN
Grade 10

Together Never Again

We were always together never apart
There was always a place for you in my heart
You came, just like the wind blows on a cool autumn's day
I saw you and almost instantly you took my breath away
You told me you loved me you told me you cared
You said you'd do anything so that I would always be there
You held me close in the days that were almost done
And I thought everything had only just begun
But I was wrong, I made a big mistake
You left and my love, why did you have to take?
You were gone
Just like the sun comes after a beautiful spring shower
You left me alone to cry
You left me alone to die

Chelsi Chestnutt
Lubbock Christian School
Lubbock, TX
Grade 12

Sky

I cried my eyes dry over you,
And you still don't know why,
Because of this all I want to do is die,
Some people say I'm lying,
When I say I love you,
Only because I have to lay myself down,
No one sees what goes through my eyes,
So they can't judge how high my heart can go,
But for some reason,
I can't show the whole thing through my eyes into the sky,
And all I see is you fly,
Above my heart,
And past the sky.

Lucia Russo
Clifton High School
Clifton, NJ
Grade 10

Young Poets Grades 7-8-9

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Friends Forever?

We used to play together,
And we would run and jump and fall.
The fun we had was priceless
When we were three feet tall.

We used to play together,
And we would joke and laugh a lot.
The pranks we played were clever,
Even when we were caught.

We used to play together,
And we would explore and search the world.
The sights were unforgettable
As our young lives unfurled.

We used to play together,
Then I suddenly moved one day.
The loss I had was terrible
For you were half a world away.

I came back to play together,
And we were to run and jump and fall.
But you were a different person
And we didn't play at all.

Noel Ang
Terre Haute-South Vigo High School
Terre Haute, IN
Grade 9

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

A Penny for My Thoughts

My mom gave me a penny,
She said it was for my thoughts,
I said I didn't have many,
But she said I had lots.
I thought of all the children,
Who had no food to eat.
Then I thought of all the times,
When I had a special treat.
I then thought of all the homeless,
Who have no bed to sleep,
And just how lucky I am,
And then began to weep.
I also do not like it,
When people go to war.
All people should be free,
And live forever more.
I gave mom back her penny,
Because all my thoughts were free.
I asked her to give that penny,
To someone who's not as lucky as me.

Alysha Franson
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Snowboarding

Tension builds, wracking nerves,
Speed increases with every turn,
Bend your knees, balance your weight
Spring like a rubber band, not a moment too late

Tension disappears, nerves put on hold,
Worries are gone as the trick unfolds
Spinning, grabbing, turning, then straighten back out
Land as graceful as can be, without a whimper or shout

Tensions gone, nerves melt away
The whole world stops, at least for today
As I glide down the run, the board's my only friend
Get on the lift, and do it all over again

Jay Frey
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Writer's Block

Flight of ink
Rivers over crisp white sheets
Flowing draining dribbling
Let the ebony bleed from that rounded tip
Smear stains upon dove white pages
So pure
For just a moment
Then no more
Now let it fly
Sing songs of tears
Tell tales of star-crossed lovers
Speak of dimmed pasts
Fires unfurled
Life journeys unleashed

The flight of ink
No end
Only beginnings
Until the doors shut (slam click bang) in my face
When the muse runs dry

LuAnn Keng
Desert Vista High School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 9

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Untitled

There is a different look about the sky,
The red clouds of anger come rolling into me,
Until for one last time I struggle for sanity,
It is too late; anger has come!

And then, in that same moment,
The dam between good and evil breaks.
I fight to keep my head above the mingled water,
Terrified I am to be sucked under.

A rain of angry tears fall in a flood,
They scald and burn my soul,
Purifying in a rip-tide of fire,
Healing the past of my lonesome self,

And then the clouds pass,
To possess some other unfortunate soul,
Leaving me to rebuild myself,
I struggle to stand and when I do,
I hope this does not happen again,
That anger, the horrible passion of this race,
Should ever again take hold of my soul.

Joshua Knowles
St Stephen Elementary School
Worcester, MA
Grade 7

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

A Soldier's Letter Home

To my wife with the deepest, most passionate love,
To my daughter, with my blessings from heaven above.
To my mother whose lessons I shall never forget,
To my father, whose talking to I'll never regret.
To my family, if violence should take me tonight,
I'll know always and forever that you'll be all right.
I'm being patriotic for the land of the free,
And making sure America, a dark day will never see.
Tell my friends to be proud, but I ask nothing in return,
Only this patriotic lesson that all our children learn:
We cannot be broken, this country that is strong,
And we will stand forever, faithful all along,
Our spirit cannot be challenged, our strength will never fade,
Our courage can never falter, our hope we'll always save,
For we are the triumphant land of the free, and the powerful home of the brave.

Ashlee Montgomery
Portage Central High School
Portage, MI
Grade 9

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Skin Deep

Beauty is more than skin deep.
It goes deeper within.
What you see on the outside is only my skin.
So get to know me better before I am judged.
Judging from the outside you won't learn much.
Being in this skin isn't as easy as it seems.
People still don't understand the words of Dr. King.
What was fought for long ago still hasn't ended.
Everyone in harmony, now that would be just splendid.
Beauty is more than skin deep.
It goes deeper within.
So next time you look at me don't just see my skin.

Crystal Newton
Connally High School
Waco, TX
Grade 9

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Never Forget a Friendship

Never forget our friendship,
So honest and so true.
With one smile we brighten up the day,
And turn it into something new.
Never forget our friendship,
That helped us through the days.
When our lives were filled with sorrow,
Our skies a dusty gray.
Never forget our friendship,
That fluctuates with time.
And never let it be snatched away,
Not even for a dime.
Never forget the love and hope,
That filled each and every day.
Because if we let our friendship go,
Our lives will fade away.

Emily Packard
St Edward's School
Vero Beach, FL
Grade 9

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

The Waving Hand

During the winter, the wind blows free,
Icicles coat all the branches of the tree.
Branches are fingers inside a frosty glove,
And white snowflakes fall gingerly from above.
I look at the tree's branches in the dreamland,
Several elongated branch-fingers make a hand.
Now in the days when the wind blows free,
The tree makes a hand and waves at me.

Karly Rager
Whittier Middle School
Sioux Falls, SD
Grade 8

Top Poem Grades 7-8-9

Thank You

Over the years
The words you've said
Have stayed inside
My naive, young head

"Remember your manners,
Do your best,
Be kind to others,
Don't cheat on a test!

Play well with your brother,
Chores – remember those few,
Study, study, study,
And mostly – I love you"

So thanks for your wisdom
Thanks for your heart
Thanks for your eyes
And your perfect art

What I'm trying to say Dad,
You know that it's true,
More than anything,
I Love You!

Rebecca Stabile
Seneca High School
Tabernacle, NJ
Grade 9

Beach Day

Dancing waves,
memories saved,
white sand,
on which i stand
blue sky,
you catch my eye,
salty sea,
you and me.

Emily Fisher
Tarpon Springs Middle School
Tarpon Springs, FL
Grade 8

Sad

The night is my blanket.
Loneliness is my friend.
As small as an ant and ignored.
Crying is my pain reliever.
Sorrow is my partner in crime.
Fear is not a fear,
Happy is to be sad.
Never remember a smile.
Laughing is not an action,
Instead hate is the reaction.
Trapped and filled with unhappiness.
Sad.

Terrain Singleton
Brookland Middle School
Richmond, VA
Grade 8

Tuxedo

He waddles
as he briskly approaches
the banquet hall.
He stops to fix his jacket,
black,
and his shirt collar,
white.
Happily he enters,
stares of awe are upon him.
All his friends
suddenly become still and quiet.
He draws attention
for he is the best dressed.
Looking sleek and ready to entertain,
he eagerly eats his meal
with delight.
Fish,
what he has every day
in his tuxedo
of black and white.

Leah Damesek
Fuller Middle School
Framingham, MA
Grade 7

Brotherly Love

Driving home at six at night want to hurry back to see your smiling face.
Want to dive into your loving arms, hold you close, squeeze you tight.
Traffic growing larger per second, only you in my lonely mind.
Thinking back to our younger years,
Back to when I fought away all your fears,
And dried your lost and forgotten tears.
Back to when I held your hand, when love was young and full.
I pull up to the house, the lights all glowing bright.
I run up to the door, afraid you won't be here.
All I think of is you, your kind smile and your gentle voice.
Diving into my arms and crying, I try to remember the good old days,
But they have seemed to have all faded away.
I open the door to see your smiling face,
Tears in your bright eyes and love in your heart.
Never forgotten memories dance through our heads,
As I hold you tight, I think of how you and I were back then,
But now I see what you meant.
As I pull you closer, you whisper those gentle words,
And I know that we will always be forever brothers in arms.

Erin Sinnott
Saugerties Jr/Sr High School
Saugerties, NY
Grade 7

War

War, steals the life from many like a thief in the night.
War, it kills many but at the same time it frees many.
He reaches down and claims random lives.
He spends sleepless nights contemplating on hot it want to win.
As war walks back and forth watching as countless lives are taken.
He will eventually decide whom he wants to win.
War watches as the tables turn numerous times.
Finally he decided who will win.
Tears will stop falling.
Bodies will stop dying.
The sun will shine again.

David Roldan
St Ferdinand School
Chicago, IL
Grade 8

Love

True love is shown by the One
Who gave His only, begotten Son.
The perfect Lamb of God died for us,
This by far is the greatest sacrifice.
He took upon Himself the sins of the world,
To fulfill the promise of His Father and Lord.
Obediently He bore our pain, our shame,
He was beaten for our iniquities; He was crushed for our blame.
He was nailed to a cross so that we may be free;
Now we can live with Him eternally

Natalie Poelma
Covenant Life School
Gaithersburg, MD
Grade 9

You Sit, You Think, You Cry

Can you look into the eyes of Despair?
Will you stare or will you withdraw?
It consumes your body and emotions
It overtakes your mind
You sit, you think, you cry
You can't help but letting go bullets of water
You slip into the crystal blue mist
Creating your own world inside yourself
Locking yourself in your new world
You sit, you think, you cry
You become a black hole
Not letting anybody in
You block your emotions
Letting nobody know
Until you sit in the darkness
You sit, you think, you cry

Ryan Pfeifer
Montgomery Middle School
El Cajon, CA
Grade 8

Faces

Drawing many pictures is like a good night sleep
Everyone's smiling some with no feet
Everyone has a name, but none are the same
So how many faces can there be
There can be many, but not the same or ones that look like me
How can that be well look and you will see.

Michael Criner
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

My Feelings for You That Cannot Be

Every time I see your face
My heart speeds up,
My breath comes up short
I feel frozen in place.
My gaze cannot be broken from you,
Yet it does because I know it has to.
Forever I would love to gaze into your eyes,
To let you into my world,
To let myself love you,
But I cannot.
Just to give into my feelings and kiss you
Would be a dream for me,
Though it can not happen.
Letting myself fall deeper in love with you
Would be a mistake.
It will be painful,
But I will forget you.
Even if it seems impossible.

Nicole Wilson
Henry Foss High School
Tacoma, WA
Grade 9

Just Know Ma

To me you'll never go and in my heart you'll always glow
When the sky turns blue and the grass turns green
just know ma you're always in my dreams
When your oldest son gets taller than me
and the youngest one learns to make tea
just know ma that I'm that little bumble bee watching over you
When sweet tears of memories cover my face
just know ma, I've grown into a tall beautiful vase
When I send you this and you meet with all the kin,
just know ma, I'll be seeing you again

Erica Dinkins
Twentynine Palms Jr High School
Twentynine Palms, CA
Grade 8

The Flowers in the Meadow

Down in the meadow
where the green grass grows
lots of flowers lay row by row
with lots of tulips
and lots of blue sky
with pretty people walking by and by
with all the flowers you can see grass
but when people come and pick some more
you can finally see the beautiful green grass
and all the other flowers that lay row by row.

Nicole Hyland
St Thomas the Apostle Separate School
Renfrew, ON
Grade 7

Dreamer

Away on a cloud to a magical place,
wondering and waiting for something new.
As things appear you feel different,
but no one but you may know.
They can't see what you see,
or dream what you dream,
but they know what you know,
if you tell them.
You create your own world,
high in the sky,
full of anything you want.
Dragons and knights
or tigers and cats,
fairies or anything at all.
Anything can happen,
but you must dream to see.
So now my beautiful dreamer,
go on and dream.

Kelsey Scherzinger
Henry Higgins Middle School
Peabody, MA
Grade 7

Corner in My Mind

That corner in my mind,
is where I go when people are unkind.
That corner in my mind,
is dark and cold,
it's where I unfold.
That corner in my mind,
is mine and only mine,
it's where I need to be,
and I'm the only one who has the key.

Brittany Daigneault
Escanaba Jr High School
Escanaba, MI
Grade 7

Caring

Caring is a creamy beige,
The color of a Palomino horse.
It tastes like strawberries,
Sweet, healthy, and filled with peace.
Caring smells like ocean breeze,
And perfume,
Snowflakes on the tip of my nose.
It reminds me of hearts
And making people feel better.
Caring sounds like Christmas Bells,
Wind, and birds.
It makes me feel peaceful and joyful,
Like I am floating in the air.
Caring is a creamy beige,
The color of a Palomino horse.

Shannon Reaume
Donald S Ray Middle School
Baldwinsville, NY
Grade 7

Simpler

When I was young and life was simple
I had no worries
I had no fear
I had no problems

When I was young and life was simple
I knew nothing of life
Did not worry about death
Never knew about politics
And did not care

When I was young and life was simple
I was the king
Everything was given to me
Everything was perfect when I was young
Everything is simple when we are young

Ian Molitor
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

My Favorite Concert

Music is extremely fun at concerts
Amazing voices singing beautiful songs
Constant screaming of the crowd
Too loud to hear the band
With light shows and fireworks
The music goes on 'til the break of dawn
I'm the lucky one with the V.I.P pass who gets to go party with the guys in the band
After telling all my friends about the wicked time I had
They all envied me for what I got to do

Samantha Fraser
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

When She Left

The rain came down on that day,
The sky cried like the man who sat at the window,
Watching the car drive away,
Making puddles explode, sending rain down the stretched driveway,
Down into the street,
Down into the gutter.

The man cried,
Thinking of his once perfect love,
And of her,
She was gone like the rain that crawled,
Down the stretched driveway,
Down into the street,
Down into the gutter.

Craig Isser
Commack Middle School
Commack, NY
Grade 7

Willard Edward Couch

He was born in 1919,
Where he was known as Willard Edward Couch,
He was a great son to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Couch,
but when he grew up he went into war,
Where he had fought in World War II,
Then when he got home from war he married a lovely girl named Patricia Metcalf,
and had a baby girl named Lisa Ann Couch,
When Lisa grew up she had two kids of her own,
One boy named James and one girl named Krystle,
On that April afternoon in 2004,
Where Krystle got the news,
She rushed out to see her grandpa,
Where she said good-bye,
but before she did that she promised him one thing,
That she would keep the family going,
About 3 A.M. next morning he had passed through the Heavenly gates of God,
Where he is now with his family and friends.

Krystle Robinson
Highlands High School
North Highlands, CA
Grade 9

Have You Ever Been a Child?

Have you ever been a child,
As young and small as me.
Have you ever been a child,
And wanted to climb a tree.

Have you ever been a child,
As easy going and down-to-earth.
Have you ever been a child,
Or did you skip right past birth?

Have you ever been a child,
And tried to follow a rainbow to its end.
Have you ever been a child,
And had a sleepover with your best friend.

Have you ever been a child,
Without a worry or a care.
Have you ever been a child,
And played hide-and-go-seek, pretending you're not there.

Have you ever been a child,
And, just like me, had a great time.
Have you ever been a child,
And thought about it because of this rhyme.

Adam Raveret
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

I Am

I am a girl who loves money and to shop.
I wonder if I will use all my money on shopping.
I hear money crumbling and people walking in the stores.
I see money and people everywhere.
I want a lot of money in my pocket.
I am a girl who loves money and to shop.

I pretend I am the richest person in the whole world.
I feel I need money all the time.
I touch money every day.
I worry I won't get enough money.
I cry when I don't get to go shopping at the mall.
I am a girl who loves money and to shop.

I understand that people love to shop.
I say everyone should shop all the time.
I dream that I have all the money in the world.
I try to be happy when I don't get any money.
I hope I will have a lot of money to shop with.
I am a girl who loves money and to shop.

Lindsay Williams
Harris County Carver Middle School
Hamilton, GA
Grade 7

Grandma

My Grandma and me, we loved each other.
She bought me everything:
Pretty necklaces, make-up powder, and shoes.
She was never mean.
She was as pretty as a super model,
She was nicer than Santa Claus on Christmas morning,
And she was as sweet as honey.
I remember we would always sew together:
Pretty birds, butterflies, and deer.
She was the greatest in world.
She was always an angel.
She always helped me when I was down,
And she always loved me no matter what I did.
We always thought of great things to do.
We would make up things:
Funny jokes, scary stories, and cool tales.
She was the coolest person.

Laura McIntyre
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

Magician

He can pull rabbits out of his hat,
Who would ever think of something like that!
Without his dazzling slight of hand,
His tricks can really be quite bland.
He is known to deceive your eyes,
But in the end he never lies.

Gaelen Sayres
Freeman High School
Rockford, WA
Grade 9

Poetry

Poetry is a priceless gift,
A way to restate life.
To put it into simple terms
Yet make it so fancy.
A way to reveal life's sweet meaning,
A meaning that has emotion.
Poetry is a path to escape,
To pour out life onto paper.
To understand it in depth
And put it in black and white
So that others can understand also.
Poetry is priceless.
Each word, line, and stanza – unique.
A way to tell a story,
Briefly but with detail.
Poetry comes from the heart.
Poetry is a priceless gift.

Tiffany Slattery
Casey Westfield Roosevelt Jr High School
Casey, IL
Grade 8

The Mirror

Eternal, yet so startling. The fears, the longings…so many contrasting emotions. I have never loved like this before. My love crashes over me like a storm, as powerful as the strongest wave, as gentle as the softest breeze.

Why must I love one so unlovable? Perhaps I am doomed to live my life longing for the one thing I cannot attain. Perhaps this is my curse for all that I have done. I, who wanted for nothing, I who was the one desired. Yet I am, was, unattainable. Nothing compared to the aloofness of you.

You are so far from my grasp, yet you stand so close. Those cold, deathly eyes that drill straight into my soul, as cold and as ruthless as a wolf, as sly and knowing as a fox. Perhaps that is why I love you. I see you for what you are, as you see me.

I am a child of the light, as fast as the wind, as pure as the ice. You are the master of darkness. Ever present hatred, the strength and love for the fear you inspire. The coldness of your heart is nothing compared to the coldness of you smile.

You are like a mirror that I never wanted to see. Yet, I am drawn more to you than anyone else. And so I stare into the mirror, the cold, mocking reflection that sees into my innermost being and laughs.

I hate you. I hate you with my deepest loathing; despise you…and myself. Perhaps I can never separate myself from you. Perhaps I will not want to…

I love you.

Näna Brammer
Sylvan Unified High School
Sylvan Grove, KS
Grade 9

Fire

Watching from the sidelines I saw the fire. I saw its strength and force, which would knock me down. Its huge flames of color rose beyond the ceiling and reached for the skies, as if wanting to tear apart my world.

Menacingly it moved closer, knowing that all feared it, and nothing could put it down. I saw dread in everyone's eyes, for they feared its destruction. Heat bathed my skin with invisible waves that pushed me to the ground and didn't let my body move. Sweat ran down my cheeks and splattered on the ground. In a minute's time the salty water droplet was sizzling and then gone.

Never before had I felt such a strong feeling to go to sleep and just surrender. Albeit every muscle and organ in my body told me to do so, I couldn't do it. I had to stand up to this flaming giant who was going to thrash my dreams, fantasies, and hope.

My head rose to face the inferno. I stared into its interior, and for the first time saw a child in its womb, a child who was small and scared. I finally saw what I had been facing for my whole life. There it was, a mere youngster hiding from reality and life. No one had dared to look deep inside of the fire to recognize its true meaning and purpose, its fears and weaknesses, and the reason for its imprisonment and cruel destiny. The tyrant that it once was, started to diminish. No longer were there red, orange, hot streaks of feared destruction rising to the sky. A small figure of blue draperies was the only visible proof of the red giant that once threatened to pull my world apart.

Angela Ramirez
Terence C Reilly Middle School
Elizabeth, NJ
Grade 8

Tennis Ball

Go inside a yellow tennis ball and feel the sting of being smacked around by the big man with the big green tennis racket.
See its lines going around in a beautiful maze, like being in a new town and not knowing where to go or who to ask for help.
Perhaps you will find a squirrel squealing for someone to let him out of the yellow ball.
Perhaps you will have déjà vu because it seems that you have a green tennis racket in your hand.

Alex Kovalchuk
The Independence School
Newark, DE
Grade 7

A World of Starry Skies

Sitting here alone tonight upon this hill
I stare longingly into the abyss
Wondering what it must be like,
In the world of starry skies

What if one of us could just float away
To be free and forget our troubles
Wouldn't it be wonderful if we only could
If life weren't so demanding

So lonesome here it seems
With no one to notice
This living here is killing me
I pray that I be taken to stay in the world of starry skies

So glorious a sight
How I wish more than I can say
I could just float away into the stars
And smile down on this unsettled place

Lindsay Heisler
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Time to Say Good-Bye

I love you dearly
and miss you too
I cry in despair
in this time of sympathy
now I don't know what to do
I don't know how to live without you
loving you is like breathing…how can I stop
I will remember you always
but now it's time to say good-bye.

Cady Zeleny
Sacred Heart School
Thunder Bay, ON
Grade 7

Summer

I always like summer best.
You can frolic in the summer-green grass
With your little beagle not far behind,
And under the sun's orange rays
You can pick all the dandelions for Mama,
And when the heat brings you down
There's a pool of relief waiting for you to jump into,
And after a lunch of a ham and cheese sandwich,
The little gray playhouse is open for playtime,
And after the sun goes down and the crickets come out to play,
You can fall asleep in Daddy's lap
As you rock back and forth in the old wooden swing.

Mia Thomas
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 8

Perspective

Up I stand upon my desk,
A view which few should not forget.

All these feelings coming to mind,
Just as if I'm out of line.

The taste of victory,
The smell of pride,
How important I feel,
All around and inside.

I feel so grown up,
Because I am so tall,
More space that I see,
And I hear one and all.

Different perspectives can be lots of fun,
I hope you will join me, but for now I am done.

Collin Thompson
Theodore R Durgee Jr High School
Baldwinsville, NY
Grade 8

Autumn

Glancing out the window
brightly colored leaves fall from
the trees in my backyard.
As squirrels gather acorns and children
racking or jumping into piles of leaves
while parents are collecting pine cones.
The weather changes from a hot muggy feel
to a cool gust of wind and that's when I finally realize
it is autumn.

Daniel Earl Phelps II
Mona Shores Middle School
Muskegon, MI
Grade 7

Man of Power, Man of Steel*

I know a man who has greatness above all,
Who will help another soldier when that man falls,
He is loyal and kind and willing to do what is right,
And he really knows how to put up a good fight,
Tall and strong is describing him too,
You see he is a soldier, my brother in fact,
A young boy fighting for you and for me,
To you he may be nothing at all,
But in my eyes he's a hero,
and a man filled with power and man made of steel.

Darcey Reed
London High School
London, OH
Grade 9
**Dedicated to Pvt. Darrin M. Sanders*

Silence of the Mountains

My cabin,
where the elk bugle,
where the bears lie,

I can smell the fresh breeze,
I can walk on the wet leaves,

My cabin,
where the hawks fly,
where the eagle roost,

I clear trails,
I walk with my dad
where no one knows,

As the sun sets,
we begin to light the fire,
off in the distance, we hear the turkeys
beginning to bed.

Chris Hinz
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

the difference of red and blue

fire
red, greedy
burning, devouring, flaming
rage, anger, calm, serene
flowing, soothing, flooding
blue, generous
water

Tim Burns
Parker Middle High School
McAlester, OK
Grade 9

Talk

Some people
Talk and talk.
Like a rushing
River that
Never stops.
It's like
Trying to
Sleep in a
Room with
Flies buzzing
Around
Till they
Can talk
No more.

Joey Pennington
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Friends Forever

They're the ones with whom you grow,
and you stay together no matter what life may throw.
They help you study for that really big test,
and wish you good luck in doing your best.
You have so many secrets and inside jokes you could write a book,
and you'll always remember the midnight snacks you used to cook.
You always talk about the trips you'll go on with each other,
and where you'll be when you no longer live with your mother.
You wonder how life would be if they were gone,
and know if that were to happen you could not go on.
These are the people you will be with until the world ends,
these are the ones who are your very best friends.

Kristen Coscia
Curtis High School
Staten Island, NY
Grade 9

Don't Hate Me Because I'm Different

You hate me because I'm different
Well when I look at you you're different from me too that doesn't mean I hate you
What's your problem with me anyway, nothing I see is wrong with me
But yet everybody walks around putting me down well that's not right
And it makes me want to fight
So don't hate me because I'm different, because look at me looking at you
You're different from me too
So here is how I see it
You hate me, so I hate you
So get away because I'm through with you today

Maurice Cobb III
Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Grade 7

I Am

I am Vinny Gencarelli
You know me for my humor
My mother is Anne Funicelli
My father is Tony Gencarelli
He was born in Calabria, Italy
I live in Rockaway, NJ
My best friend is my cousin Frankie Ionni
Because we have so much in common
We like to paintball together
My enemy is shyness
Because I can't talk to anyone I don't know
And I can't meet anyone new
I fear homework
Because it takes too much work
I love a girl named Jennifer
Because she's special to me and she makes me feel good all over
I dream for a Camaro RS
Because I've always dreamed of it

Vinny Gencarelli
Copeland Middle School
Rockaway, NJ
Grade 7

Lost, But the World Does Not See

Hello?
Is anyone awake in there?
Why do you not answer?
I miss your counsel
I miss your sweet song of words
I miss you,
But you are not awake.
Your home is here
But the abiding soul is no longer present
So I shall leave
And I may wait,
But I shall not forget, still,
The abiding soul.

Emily Field
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 8

May He Rest in Peace

My close love has gone away
Up to the heavens
I pray for him every day
That he will never have to see the saints
For he is a man of his word
Who deserves heaven's places

Elisabeth McLean
Cabrillo Middle School
Ventura, CA
Grade 7

Goodbye Summer

Goodbye summer
Hello fall
Goodbye to swimming
Hello to snow
Goodbye wearing bathing suits
Hello to hot milk
Goodbye sun
Hello to fall
Goodbye hot nights
Hello to cold
Goodbye summer break
Hello to a new grade
Goodbye summer
Hello to ice skating
Goodbye teachers
Hello to new teachers
Goodbye old friends
Hello to new friends
Goodbye eating ice-cream and sweets
Hello to hot soup
Goodbye summer

Michelle Mendoza
Jane Lathrop Stanford Middle School
Palo Alto, CA
Grade 8

Good-bye

Her hair,
A silk dress,
Her eyes,
Hazelnuts.
She is a lion on prowl,
Always looking out for her young.
A brilliant light shines around her
She glows like an angel.
I dread the day I have to leave her.
Suitcases,
Letter of acceptance.
I can't leave her,
Not until she knows,
How much I truly love her,
She could never know that amount.
I can't bring myself to say
"Good-bye."

Hannah Ulery
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Beach Paradise

Salty water, green and blue
Seashells in the sand,
A dry little spot
Without a flaw
Where seagulls will pick up and land
A bright, warm sun
Kids having fun
Where a breeze will always blow
Just one simple problem
I'm in New Mexico

Heather Goldberg
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Classmates

I sit here in class
trying to wipe my tears
see my classmates
waiting for the year to come to an end

Why do we have to leave?
why can't we be together,
like we always did?

Read the books,
write prose and poems
for all the teachers
and the classmates!

Kodi Jean Good Soldier
American Horse School
Allen, SD
Grade 8

How to Hit a Homerun

Step up to the plate
Check your stance
Loosen your grip on the bat
Tap home plate
Direct your eyes to the pitcher
Quickly stare the pitcher down
Loosen up, twirl the bat around
Watch the pitcher's wind-up
Twirl the bat, stop!
Watch the ball loom towards you
Here it comes, here it comes,
Step forward, begin your swing
Rotate your hips
Keep your head in
Drive the bat to the ball
Smack!
Follow through with your swing
Begin your run to first
Watch the ball soar past the fence
Round the bases
No sweat.

Blair Douglas
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

July

July darts in even warmer than before
Bringing happiness and warmth
But lurches right out
Leaving no trace at all.

Lyndon Wollman
Decker Colony School
Decker, MB
Grade 7

Soldier

The men they fight to repay losses
Taking orders from the bosses
Falling to sleep with panic's scream
Working together as a team
When it's over they pack their bags
Handing back their doggy-tags

Keefer Dondaneau
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

A Garden

Orange and white flowers,
Like a calico cat's fur,
Bloom on the brick wall.

James Rodriguez
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 8

Brown Sugar Child

A little child not but eight, left alone to travel.
Pain and tears through and through, only continued to unravel.
Dark but loving, full of joy, brown eyes specked with gold,
Everyone knows where this child went, her story was left untold.
For she was killed not because of beauty, but only for her colour.
Why would man do such a thing? But yet it seems to follow.
This follows us up to today, but not as strong as before.
Colours no longer forced to clean, or forced to wash the floor.
Humanity has changed, think of where this girl could have gone.
Me and her not only friends, but shared a special bond.
Through all those years we were friends, she never flinched when people stared.
Although she was very strong, inside I was scared.
I was white in the midst of it all, not man nor woman pulled us apart.
When I found her dead I knew, she had kept half of my heart.
"Brown sugar child" her mama always said, "You're as beautiful as a flower."
But man cared not about this, he had the gun, he knew no wrong, he was indeed in power.

Bethany Vaido
Trimble Middle School
Glouster, OH
Grade 8

The Guardian Angel

Before she left it was perfect. Everything was normal and just how it should be.
Everyone was happy. They couldn't have been happier. Every day they woke up with huge smiles on their faces.
Now, it's different. It seems like everything has gone wrong. She has left and is never coming back.
It was early that September day when this happened.
Not one person was thinking of her not one, for we were too busy with our own lives.

She was ill, with bone cancer. This terrible disease must have killed her.
We prayed for so long, but our prayers were not answered. We thought God would work a miracle, but He didn't.
It was horrible without her. There were empty gaps in our hearts.
She left, she's gone and she didn't even say good-bye.
If only she was here I would be so happy. I would give anything, anything just to see her.

Some nights, I just can't fall asleep because I am thinking of her.
I hope and hope that it was just a dream, but it's not.
My heart aches with envy. Why? Why me? Why so soon? These questions lie inside my head.
When I heard the news, I cried every last tear. I would have cried more but there was nothing left.
Now I know how it feels to lose a loved one, someone dear to you. But now I know she will be watching over me in heaven.

My Grandma, my guardian angel.

Danielle Knuppel
Selden Middle School
Centereach, NY
Grade 8

For My Mommy

I love you, mommy, no matter how bad things may be because no matter what happens you'll always be the perfect mother to me.
I love the way I can just talk to you about girls, school, or when I have a problem, what I should do?
Whenever you're sad I feel sad too, but I guess that's natural…since I'm half of you.
I wish I could take all your pain and put it in me, just so you can be happy like you deserve to be.
Things may not be the way you want them to be, but you're strong, you'll get through it, you'll see.

Hudson Saurel
Lauderhill Middle School
Lauderhill, FL
Grade 7

Loving Parents

I see my mother and father as my parents.
But they are just more than that.
My mother raised me and fed me all she had.
Throughout all my days and my life, she was there for me.
My mother has been more than just a mom.
She loved and took care of me until I grew.
My dad bought me all these gifts.
He let me get all I wanted.
Watching me grow up in front of their eyes.
When going to get married, see all their cries.
Loving both as friends and other.
Loving them as father and mother.
Taking care of me is all I ask.
Now they have finished their task.

Zubeen Mumtaz
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Dream Forest

Greens and browns cover the once flawless land
Trees of gold shine over the horizon
The occupants play in their own jazz band
It's a dream forest, where we are brazen
The sun can't make it through the canopy
Feel the wind brush right up and brush right by
Hear all of the birds sing in harmony
The insects pass before they say good-bye
Lying untouched, it is heaven on Earth
Its grace is only felt by its lovers
Green for summer, gray for winter's rebirth
When a tree falls, light shines through its covers
I long for this place, I long for its peace
This is my dream forest, it cannot cease.

Zac Yezzi
Middlesex Middle School
Darien, CT
Grade 7

Winter's Birch

Birch forests of brown-white trunks,
Weeping winds come in like ice,
Tinkling snow falls on the heavens' fields,
To calm those lovely winter dreams.
All this seems enchanting with arching winter trees,
And frozen brown birch leaves.
I walk in winter boots in a pathless dreamy wood,
To capture a sunny morning look.
I see and feel content,
Poised between all those birches wide and bent.

Leila Polzer
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

One Rose

One rose is all it takes.
One rose even if it is found by a lake.
One rose and you can fall in love.
One rose and you can see above.
One rose can relieve stress.
One rose can end up in the press,
But one rose cannot even express the way I feel for you.
So for the one rose who says it can do these things
I would just like to say you're missing some seams.

Danielle Enockson
Western Oaks Middle School
Bethany, OK
Grade 7

My Best Friend

My best friend lives up on high,
He died on the cross for you and I,
My best friend always has time for me,
He never leaves me hanging,
He always got my back,
Although sometimes I slack.

He's got a father named God,
He answers my prayers,
And he's with me wherever I go,
Even when it gets rough along the road.

I have a best friend, do you?
My best friend sticks closer to me than a brother or a sister,
He speaks to me and through me.

You can find him in the wind and sleet,
Most importantly, he's in me
I have a best friend who lives up on high
He's the son of God, he's Jesus Christ.

Arnita Sharneé Evans
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

The Smoky Mountains

Towering above me like giants,
I suddenly feel really small.
Thousands of feet above me,
They invade the clouds
I see and realize that I'm really small
In a huge and gigantic world

There is so much that I can't see
Just from the ground.
There is more up here, another world
That is more beautiful than the city world below

Emily Lang
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

I'm Always Running

I'm always running.
Never stopping.
Never quitting.
Never winning.
Against myself
Without a clue who's going to win.
I'm always running.
Never stopping.
To my opponent,
I'm myself.
To me,
He's a mirror image of myself
I'm always running.
Never stopping.
It's a game I cannot win.
Not now,
Not then,
Never.

Kevin Chau
Kazuo Masuda Middle School
Fountain Valley, CA
Grade 8

The First Sunrise

At the Grand Canyon,
just before dawn,
I sat there thinking:
I just let out a yawn.
And there it came:
the sunrise.
The sunrise looked
like the first in the world.
It quickly took my breath away.
It was like a rainbow:
It had green and yellow.
It was very beautiful.
Five minutes later,
there was too much for sight.
There were birds and snakes,
and all of the like.
I went away:
I almost stayed all day
at the Grand Canyon.

Beau LeBron
Blessed Sacrament School
Omaha, NE
Grade 8

Icicles

On a winter house
Some long, frosty icicles
Hang like Christmas lights.

Nick Rufer
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 7

The Diamond Studded Wonders of My Life

As I gaze upon the diamond studded wonder,
I seemingly wonder how there happens to be such a treasure.
I think of when I sought various things,
When I had that diamond studded wonder in the background.

I remember when my family constructed a scrawny little snowman,
With a nose of a berry, two eyes of grapes.
Frosty was missing a mouth and a forearm.
The diamond studded wonder.

I also remember when Darragh and I had found,
A secret passageway where we could explore the unknown beyond.
Our grand reward for our grave and dangerous venture
Was a piece of gum dropped in a diamond studded wonder.

There are a thousand more tales I wish to tell,
All which are true.
All my fond memories fly back to me joyfully,
As I gaze upon the diamond studded wonder.

Sonya Merwin
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

My Buddy George

My buddy George is the best,
He has eyes that are as round as a blue Easter egg,
And has a nose that is pointy like a pelican's beak,
But his ears are pointy as wolf's ears.

Plus his mouth is a salty kernel,
Because he eats too much popcorn.
When George looks at you in a way that makes you smile,
You would just fall in a bundle of leaves.

George always goes to Gill Gorge,
To go and swim for the weekend,
But with his wolf-like features make him look like a bad creature.

Whitney House
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Remembrance

I think people that are gone would want you to know.
That even when they're gone they are still with you though.
Maybe they're there and gone when you blink.
Maybe that is what they want you to think.
So that when you go on with your life they can see how you do.
And know that your life goes on. And doesn't revolve around you.
If you think you have it bad. Just take a moment and think.
Think about what I said. And don't forget to blink.

Chad Malvin
Discovery Middle School
Alexandria, MN
Grade 8

Summer Days of June

What a pretty month it is
With beautiful sunrises
I look at the white clouds pass
As I touch the soft green grass
When I go with friends and play
The hours fly fast through the day
I look at the trees with their beautiful breeze
And smell the flowers that make me sneeze
I look at the wasps and the bees
As they fly in the warm breeze
When I think of mosquitos at night
I get a chill because of their bite
Making smores by the fire
Is my only desire
Some may say
It only lasts for thirty days.

Ella Yenikeyev
Ephrata Middle School
Ephrata, PA
Grade 8

A Walk in Your Skin

Have you ever seen a man, sitting on the ground
With a scraggly, dirty beard, and a beer-belly so round
Have you ever looked at him, and thought you were above
He was like the crow, and you were like the dove
Do you even know this man, what his life is like
What rapids he has forged, what bumps were in his hike
Did you ever ask yourself, if maybe he is kind
With a jolly Santa laugh, if you peel away his rind
Maybe he tells stories, from very far away
Maybe he was a hero, back in his own day
Maybe he was a lawyer, he fought for what was right
Maybe a policeman, protecting in the night
Maybe he just likes, the state in which he's in
But you will never know, unless you walk within his skin.

Timothy Hartnett
Mexico High School
Mexico, NY
Grade 9

Lord

He was born to the virgin, Mary
He healed and taught God's word
They told him he would die
He had the Lord's Supper to tell all of his disciples
He was beaten and battered torn and shattered
Carrying his cross up the hill
They stabbed him with nails and swords
He was crucified for all the world to see
He was buried and resurrected on the third day
He gave his life for you and me so that we might be saved

Chelsea Bradley
Marshall Jr High School
Marshall, TX
Grade 9

The Key

The key to my heart is locked,
last one in my heart locked it, and took the key.
So until I see the one who took the key to my heart,
I will take my key back so another can get in.
I will have the key if someone is not the right one.
I have a key to someone's heart,
but I can't get in because the key is just not the right key.
I could find it, but I give up,
because I tried all keys, but not one fits.
My heart's been locked,
but now I am making a new lock for my key,
so the right one will come into my heart.

Whitney Lane
Lummi Tribal School
Bellingham, WA
Grade 7

To Be Two

Have you ever wondered what it feels like to be two?
To be held in your lover's arms like all couples do?
Have you ever envied the old, as they walk by holding hands?
Or ever when you walked by a couple kissing in the sand?
Did you ever wish you would never be alone?
To know someone's there waiting for you at home?
And when you go home your spouse is sitting in your chair,
And they're holding flowers to show how much they care.
Have you ever wanted to fill that space in your heart?
The place that's empty, and has been from the start.
The part that yells, how can this be true?
The piece that cries out, "I want to be two."

Christa Nimmerrichter
Margaret Brent Middle School
Helen, MD
Grade 8

Not Always Best Friends Forever

Together we had been for many years,
Since I was young you had been my best friend.
We helped each other through all laughs and tears,
Forever I knew our bond would not end.
As time progressed our acquaintances grew.
It was no longer just us two soul mates.
You met others; I clung only to you,
Without new friends, yours I began to hate.
One day I was at home companionless,
I realized I had started a bad trend.
I had gotten myself into a mess
Merely because you were my only friend.
Since everything is now all said and done,
I realize my friends must be more than one.

Hannah Lamke
Parkway West High School
Ballwin, MO
Grade 9

My Heart Is Free

Soaring higher than Redwood trees
Flowing with the gentle breeze
Rushing like a waterfall
My heart is free
Burning like a copper fire
Running like a free desire
Dancing with the falling leaves
My heart is free

Kayla Hurley
West Bainbridge Middle School
Bainbridge, GA
Grade 7

The Candle's Debut

I watch a show seen by many,
yet treasured by few.
Golden tendrils of pure light,
dancing, swaying, joining,
together on the wall.
Warm strings of bass and violin
silently play into the night,
bringing images of chocolate
and mahogany.
I sit and watch
a performance rare yet common,
The Candle's Debut.

Xiying Huang
Claire B Lilienthal Elementary School
San Francisco, CA
Grade 8

Softball

The feel of the dirt under your cleats,
Fans filing to their seats.
The cold metal of the bat,
If it's sunny, you might need a hat.
Attendance before the game,
Just to make sure everyone came.
Time to play catch,
Play ball? Let's!
To the field we go,
Hopefully it won't go by slow.
The ball is hit,
And thrown into the mit.
Three up, three down,
A new pitcher to the mound.
Up off the bench,
It's time to hit the ball over the fence.
The ball is flown,
Too late to be thrown.
Around the bases I go,
Next batter, don't break the flow.

Nikki Molenda
Regina High School
Cleveland, OH
Grade 9

I Am

I am a short boy who's full of imagination.
I wonder if we will ever have levitating technology.
I hear the cheering of the crowd at a game.
I see a person kicking a ball and deflecting off the moon.
I want to be the best I can be.
I am a short boy who's full of imagination.

I pretend being in a battle and slaying my opponent with a big sword.
I feel the wind blowing me back when I'm riding a flying horse to the skies.
I touch the wind of a dragon as we fly over an exploding volcano.
I worry that the human race will one day become extinct.
I cry at the thought of my parents or sister dying.
I am a short boy who's full of imagination.

I understand that no one's perfect.
I say that Christ is real.
I dream of the golden roads in Heaven.
I try not to sin.
I am a short boy who's full of imagination.

Lance Palmer
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Pretty Girl

P recious to her parents and the Lord above
R eally ethereal and full of so much love
E veryone likes her because she's so congenial
T o her companions, she's so incredible
T aking her time, making the most of her life
Y et in her family there is so much strife

G ood isn't what her parents were, abusing her beauty, making fun of her
I n one hour she'll lose her life to them drunk in the car
R eally, can you imagine what can really happen
L ife is all too short, please try to make it happen

Sheryl Means
Roosevelt Middle School
West Orange, NJ
Grade 8

Reality and Truth

Of the many things I have learned,
The most important are, reality can scorch, and the truth can burn.
Sometimes lies will mend, what the truth breaks.
And soothe reality's pains and aches.
But hiding the truth is never right,
You may need to lie, but you hold the truth tight.
Reality pains more so than all,
But when you ignore it you always fall.
With the many things I will learn,
The two most important are, reality scorches, and the truth burns.

Kayla Lee
Ohio County Middle School
Hartford, KY
Grade 7

Falling Life

Life is a giant sunflower
That grows strong and stocky
With bright golden petals bringing joy to passersby
Like a soldier it stands at attention
As the sun beats down

Time passes and its head begins to droop
It looks sorrowful and solemn
As the days pass its head drops lower
And lower…
It wilts away and its seeds fall

And when it has passed away
The place where it once stood
Strait and tall
Looks deserted and lonesome

And now it is springtime
And the sunflower is no longer there
But where it once stood new life has begun
Little sprouts peeking up
Through the ground
From the seeds that fell
Last fall

Rebecca Maxwell
Union High School
Union, OR
Grade 8

Trumpet

I appear on the stage,
The lights shining down on me.
A sea of eyes stares at me,
Waiting for my first move.
I bring my instrument to my lips,
And then I begin to play.

As I play, the music is created,
Each note flowing with infinite beauty.
I am nervous that I will make a mistake,
But I am also excited that I am playing so well.
Butterflies flutter inside of me,
My spine is tingling.

After the final note, I lower my instrument.
And the audience erupts with applause.
I escort myself off of the stage,
Feeling like a reigning champion.
As I walk out of the room, I think,
The trumpet is my true calling.

Alex Heidorn
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Love

As I lay awake at night, listening to my radio
I hear my favorite song, and my heart turns all around
I think of someone special that I see every day.
And I wonder what will happen the next day.
Then as I fall asleep I have a dream about that same person
that I follow around all the time.

Then I wake up and it's time for school,
as I walk in the door, I see that person that I really like
but someday he might like me, or not.
But I will just have to wait for that special person.

That day will come someday…

Nicolette Hensley
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Mother Oak

Mother, oh Mother, dear Mother Oak,
Being in your presence knocks me to my knees,
Like a tremendous, rumbling earthquake
That splits the ground beneath me.
My love for your never-ceasing kindness,
Your wisdom, and your strength
Is picking me up and carrying me
Beyond any measurable length.
How you went from one tiny, little acorn
To a tall, mighty, wonderful tree
Is a deep, deep thought
That has failed to puzzle me.
Many people are so mentally blind,
But to me, it's just so clear
That through your life you worked so hard
Which paid off and got you here.

Sarah Jones
Leesville Road Middle School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 7

Sister Sister

Like two people in a boxing match,
My parents as the referees.
We throw punches
Like fireworks exploding in the night sky.
Going at each other like we are true enemies.
From the bruises left on my legs,
And the scars left on her arms.
We both feel the pain and sorrow
Left by the marks on our body.
Now we recognize
What we truly mean to each other.

Ali DeChristopher
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Caring

I guess I forgot how someone's kindness and care can really lift your spirits
I'm not just talking about your mother's peck on the cheek good night
Or a meaningful hug from a friend
Neither the longing kiss from your date
I'm talking about the care you receive from someone halfway across the country
That care coming from someone you've never talked to before
The care of being able to feel the warmth of the smiles they put in their e-mail letter
I'm talking about a counselor who writes such touching, yet lifting e-mails to help you with your problem
I'm talking about the counselor I wrote to, to help my friend
I never thought such a thing could work
Only that I could try it
And what do you know?
That telling someone your problems can help you so, so much
So much that you cry at their meaningful words, just knowing how much someone halfway across the country
Someone you've never met
Someone who is just trying their hardest to help you cares

Katie Mersinger
Triad High School
Troy, IL
Grade 9

Nature's Boundaries

I see wondrous whales, shaking the seas,
Elephants raging through the vast barren plains,
Eagles in the skies searching for their luscious prey,
The stripped zebras running from the raging tigers,
The lions roar like thunder, and the cheetahs run with lightning speed,
Monkeys laugh and jump and boom!!
Gorillas, the jungle kings have come.
Down in the deep blue sea, I see rainbows of fish,
Billions of sharks come down like a hailstorm, hunting their very prey,
Slimy eels slither and slide like snakes and spark the seas with dark golden eyes,
Manta Rays are like fluttering mats over the fields of sea flowers.
I see vicious hawks in the skies with their wings accelerating them through the heavenly rays of sun,
Falcons I see, watching over the land with their dark sharp eyes,
Seagulls are fluttering through the infinite boundaries of sky, sea, and land.

Salvador Fernandez
Commack Middle School
Commack, NY
Grade 7

Graveyard Sorrow

As my feet position upon the soaked earth, I feel sorrow.
A tensed up sort of sorrow.
I feel sorrow for the wooden crosses arranged beside a grave by a family of Christian love.
Sorrow for the green molded tombstones that no one takes enough pride in to restore.
Sorrow for the newly planted veteran flag for someone who gave their life for me.
That someone who probably never even got a slight thank you.
Sorrow for the newborn child's grave mounted and encircled with toys.
Knowing a mother once stood and wept in this exact spot.
I feel bravery as I stand in this site drenched with death.
Bravery for I have always felt fear in graveyards, but now I have been brave.

Stephanie Henderson
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 9

Dream Home Run

I wish I were a Major League Baseball player like Barry Bonds.
I wish I would see what it feels like
to step up to the plate
and have a 100 mile per hour fast ball
coming at me
and crush it out of the park.
I bet that would be the funnest thing in the world
because I'd have thousands of fans watching me
hit it out of the park...

Zach Souder
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 8

A Day in the Sun

Early in the morning we run to the sand,
A shovel and my cousin I hold in my hands.
Running over the sand like it's hot coal,
Dive into the ocean where it is nice and cold.
Family sitting all around,
Laughter is the only sound.
Impressions of my feet I leave behind,
Then to be washed away by the tide.
Time is short, and we must go,
But what happens tomorrow is still unknown.
Last day on the sand, I must make this time last,
Whatever happens will be in the past.
As my car drives away I stare out the window
The sad emotions I feel, I shall not show.

Megan Flynn
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

A Poem

A poem can be as graceful as a gently flowing stream
or as loud as a nuclear blast.
It can be as
long as
the
tail of an
aging leopard
or as brief as a spring drizzle.
A poem can be
as warm as the just risen sun
or as cold as a winter breeze.
It can be as rich as just poured milk,
or as dry as a desert drought.
A poem can be
what you want it to be,
Just write what is
in your heart.

Amy Lutz
Atchison Catholic Elementary School
Atchison, KS
Grade 7

Stars

The stars open a door to the heavens
But these doors are unseen and cannot be unveiled
For death has not conquered us yet

However, until our souls dwell in human form
We can gaze upon the magnificent galaxies
And the majestic constellations

Tuning our telescopes towards the endless sky
We can see the beauty of super nova
Or with our eyes we can glimpse the everlasting space
And see a comet or shooting star pass by in a race

The stars open a door to the heavens
But for now I'll make myself comfortable
Under the full moon at night
Look straight at the stars
And believe to be in heaven itself tonight

Geetika Gupta
Newtown Jr High School
Newtown, PA
Grade 7

All the Memories

While we were friends we wouldn't fight,
So for all the times I would sit down and cry
For all the things I would do all for you,
So why can't we be friends like we were
Cause it seems so much fun than it truly will be
How our friendship touched my heart,
So that way we would cry when we were wrong
But our friendship turned with one big fight,
So how can we be friends if we disagree
But I want you to know that friends we will stand
Can our friendship last
Or can we be friends again
Does this mean we can be friends
And do all the things we did?

Kaitlyn Johns
Defiance Jr High School
Defiance, OH
Grade 8

Anger

Anger is dark gray.
It tastes like sour fruit.
It smells like rotten eggs.
And reminds me of firecrackers going off.
It sounds like explosions.
Anger makes me feel mad.

Justin Schmidt
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

Sunset on the Beach

As I walk on the soft sand,
The sound of the calm ocean breeze,
And swaying palm trees,
Fill my ears,
Like music.
I look around.
The painted golden-orange sky,
Beaming onto the waves,
Shining so bright.
With its radiance and elegance,
Filling the air,
As if there is not a worry in the world.

Andrea Del Bene
Commack Middle School
Commack, NY
Grade 7

Cigarettes

Who invented cigarettes
Why are they on this Earth

All they do is harm you
And put you in distress

What if the people you love smoke
Would you want to lose them over that

I know someone who smokes
He really doesn't care

But if it was someone you love
Wouldn't you want them to stop

I wish he would stop
But he doesn't listen

I want him there for me
So could he please listen

Haley Buss
Tripoli Middle/Senior High School
Tripoli, IA
Grade 7

Walk

I walk upon the path
Un-tread
By mortal man or best
To the place of rest
And play
Of immortal rivers and moons
Where the sun never
Sleeps

Ian Freeman
South Middle School
Eau Claire, WI
Grade 8

Things About You

You're sweet and kind and when we talked you blew my mind
Your personality and charm has me caught in your hand
You're comfortable to talk to
I can tell you anything and you'll understand
You're smooth which means you know how to talk to girls
And treat them good
You go with your first instinct and think about things
You're handsome and strong
Stay with me and I will do you no wrong
You're smart, which means you know more than just how to shoot hoops
But you keep your head in them books
You're adventurous and energetic where your model is
If there's a will there's a way
You're right because if you stay with me you won't go astray
You're lovable and that makes me love you too
That's why these are my things about you

Brianna Wallace
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

The Block

I took a walk through the field of thoughts in the back of my mind
I had a horrible writer's block, worse than any other kind
I knew that I needed to write good tales
Of the trouble of all of my writing that fails
But who knew of the struggle the time that it took?
With all of that time I could have written a book
But I needed an inspiration or maybe a thought
With all of that brainpower an idea was to be caught
But why was the struggle so bad all the time?
When all I had to do was write a line, then another that would rhyme
So I thought and I thought till I could think no more
I felt like collapsing on my writing room floor
Who knew of the battle between the good and the bad?
Some of the thoughts were happy, others were sad
Then I realized that the block was all gone I had an idea, a good one too
I could write how hard it was to write a poem for you
So I wrote and I wrote till I was done
This poem took a while and I hoped it was a good one

Meghan Pitsch
North Rockford Middle School
Rockford, MI
Grade 8

The Trojan War

Spears tossed everywhere, clashing through the enemies' skin.
A flower violet bruise created on the shin.
Helen of Troy the cause of this sin.
Soldiers throwing their lives out to be destroyed, just so their cities can discover a win.
A fake present to burn Troy to the ground, and make Sparta the best army around.
The Trojan War, a memorable sight, but most of all a malicious fight.

Jeran Nanthakumar
Aviara Oaks Middle School
Carlsbad, CA
Grade 7

Ode to Shakespeare

There once was a man in a place far, far away,
Who was a playwright, considered the best of his day.
He wrote plays thirty-seven and poems five,
Choosing actors and presenting them live.

There was Hamlet and Othello, and MacBeth too,
As news of his plays all over Europe blew.
Another, of Romeo and Juliet, two lovers who did flee.
Was Shakespeare's most famous tragedy.

He worked with a group, Lord Chamberlain's Men,
In a building that existed only then.
He wrote many famous plays and received much fame,
Soon everybody in London knew his name.

After his son passed away at age eleven.
His grief showed in his literature,
He died on April 23, 1637,
And gave his wife some furniture.

His life was a mystery,
Filled with both sadness and comedy.
He shall forever live in his poems and plays,
For many, many, years and days.

Tejasvi Srivangipuram
Canyon Vista Middle School
Austin, TX
Grade 8

You Cared So Much

I've failed you
I've betrayed you
I've shown you that I haven't cared
I promised you I'd stop
I can't
I won't it's who I am
I wanted to tell you my secrets
But I didn't trust you
I still can't
You only cared about me
That night I cried myself to sleep
You gave me something to think about
But I don't want to change
I want to be different
Unlike anyone else
I only took what you said and threw it all away
I can't say that I'm sorry or that I'll try harder
Because I won't
It hurts me so badly to know I've hurt you
Because it was only you who cared

MK Kennedy
St Patrick Elementary School
Cleveland, OH
Grade 8

Deep Within

Kids screaming and laughing all around
Happiness is all I see
Inside me is loneliness, fear and failure
I try so hard to be the best
But in the end I'm just like the rest
On the outside I look to be all right
Once you peel away the layers
Secrets are found, emotions are revealed
People don't know how hard it is
I look for someone to help guide me
All I find is no one to be around
How do I find hope when it's not there?
Something to grasp when it seems so far away
In a second my life could shatter
Who would be there to pick up the pieces?

Melissa Hempel
Mendon Middle/High School
Mendon, MI
Grade 9

I Believe

I believe that while there's life there's hope
I believe in faith
I believe that how much you give
Is how much you get returned
I believe the truth will set you free
I believe in honesty, love and kindness

I don't believe that the grass
Is greener on the other side
I believe we are what we eat
I believe we are not alone in this world
I believe in dedication to your work
I believe problems can be solved if you try hard enough
I believe in courage, faithfulness and peace

I believe that you have to pay the penalty for your mistakes.

Colleen Waldner
Decker Colony School
Decker, MB
Grade 8

Swoosh

The free-throw shot to win the game
Sweat slides steadily down his face
This shot can give him much fame
Will this be the case?

The crowd waits with much anticipation
He stops acknowledging all his fears
His hands flip as if in slow motion
The sound of "Swoosh" is barely audible through all the cheers.

Jordan Stastny
Lowell Scott Middle School
Boise, ID
Grade 7

Ithaca

You all know the story,
Of Homer and his Odyssey.
Ithaca was Odysseus' goal,
The place of his desire.
He strove to reach it with body and soul,
While challenging earth, wind, and fire.
So now let it be known to you,
What my Ithaca is, or who.
I long for...

Sheel Jagani
Notre Dame High School
Sherman Oaks, CA
Grade 9

Why Did I

Why did I leave you alone?
Why didn't I take you with me?
I need you now,
And I needed you then,
But now you're gone,
And I am here alone.

I made a mistake,
I shouldn't have had let you go,
But I did,
I know the mistake,
And I think I was wrong.

Why did I leave you alone?
Tell me now,
So I know and don't do it again,
I miss you now,
And made a mistake,
So come back to me,
And I won't let you go.

Lanie Veenkamp
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Pencil

You put the pencil down and let it write.
You sit there doing it all night.

Then, the pencil breaks.
Hurry, sharpen it for goodness sakes.

The ideas come like dreams.
Wonderful, it all seems.

You create a masterpiece once done.
Writing it was so much fun.

Jesse Whitley
Glen Edwards Middle School
Lincoln, CA
Grade 7

The Star of Bethlehem

I am a dazzling star, shining through the blackness, which pointed to Jesus' birthplace.
In the heavens, over Bethlehem, above a stable, I watched Mary cradle Jesus.
I was ecstatic to point the way to the Savior.
Angels sang joyfully with me announcing His birth.
On that miraculous, peaceful night, the shepherds followed me to the manger.
I guided wise men to Jesus' home.
God's voice shaped me on the fourth day of creation.
I am proud to be God's twinkling instrument.
I am a dazzling star.

Casey Freed
Freed's Home School
Lakeland, FL
Grade 9

Innocence of Life

Life begins when the sun comes up and your heart is in the air
And when you're born with innocence and no despair
The baby birds twittering in there trees
Causing no harm, and just flying through the breeze
When the sun chooses to go down
Life can stop without a sound

A star is born into the sky
Living in the night, on which it relies
It lives with no greed, it lives for night
Born with a will and the power to be free, this is the innocence of life

I come here with a burden in my heart
I just want to have a new start
I want to clear the darkness in my sight
I come in search of the innocence of life

Brandon Forman
Powell Middle School MicroSociety and Performing Arts Center
Brooksville, FL
Grade 8

Relations

I met him through her
We became close friends
One thing lead to another and before I knew it we were together
You could always see us together
She didn't like that
She struck me down like a bolt of lightning
He tried to heal our friendship
But it didn't work
So me and him split
I felt horrible
No friends
No relations
She became friends with me again
He said he still loves me
Now everything is like the beginning

Kayla Maunus
Deerfield Community School
Deerfield, WI
Grade 7

Determined

What path I take,
I choose.
What wrong turns I make,
I cannot lose.
Never looking behind,
but always ahead to see.
Using my past mistakes
as a way to guide me.
How high I go, how low I stay,
my angel will always be there to help guide the way.
I might be punished
for things that are not my fault.
But nothing can stop me
or bring me to a halt.

Amanda Cox
North Scott Jr High School
Eldridge, IA
Grade 8

Visualize Your Dream

Close your eyes and visualize your fantasy come a reality,
To those who said you can't do it,
Or you're not worth their time,
Lash back with a creative rhyme,

See poetry is the mind, body and soul,
It's what you feel,
It's how you told,
It's how your story goes,

The world as we know it is not the place to be,
Unless you live with peace,
Live in equal hand,
America the great,
America is on its fate,

The American Dream is worth fighting for,
But worth dying for?
As you can see you can be anything,
But dreams are what gets you there.

James Kral
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Mountain Dew

Mountain Dew is crystal clear
Shining like a diamond in the morning mist
Shrouded in shadow chased by sunlight
Warm and peaceful
Dewdrop waits for that one moment
When it finally plunges into the shining abyss

Devon Munkres
Lowell Scott Middle School
Boise, ID
Grade 7

Elvis

My life started in '35.
I made it, but my twin died.
My mother cried, but we survived.
Times made us strong and through love we were tied.

My dreams started with music.
I wanted to succeed.
What I couldn't see was that one day
I would do more than that, I would be king.

I thought life was complete.
Looks, fame, fortune, all tied up neat,
But a baby girl would blind my eyes like a man without sight.
She, my dreams would shock, but she was my rock.

On my journey through life I've learned about strife.
"Never criticize what you don't understand.
You [have] never walked in [these] shoes."
My blue suede shoes, they danced.

Singin', swingin', swivelin', swayin',
Were all words used to describe my exposés.
I will live on forever it is true,
Even though my rock-n-roll days are through.

Katelyn Rich
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Soul

Enjoy your days from first to last
'Cuz life goes by much too fast.
Go out, see the world, and smell the air.
Being cooped up isn't fair.
See things from a different point of view
Don't care what people think of you.
Throw a party, write a book.
Learn to be a teacher, become a cook.
Look from right to left, and left to right
See the world in different lights.
Look at grass, plant a tree
It's only you who has the key
To open doors and shed new light
Am I right, or am I right?
So go out and have lots of fun!
'Til you've used your last breath and are done.
Go outside and scream real loud
Let your soul be free and proud.
And set it free from the night black shroud.

Sophia Ir
Royal West Academy
Montreal, QC
Grade 7

The Pain Remains

It happened last year
In a curious summer
I can still remember walking on the beach
Within a faint memory in my mind
Not a memory of just any kind, but a moment that still conceals the pain inside me today
Many a day do I picture her smile and how she used to be
Her face shined in the sun as she would look at me
We were all each other had and that was all
This distinctive flash back played through my mind as it had many nights before
We would walk along in a peaceful and content silence, only to be broken by that of an intruder
The man gazed upon us with not a slight expression,
The cold heart that was his radiated with waves of anger and depression
I would see time grow slow in my mind
There was a gunshot and a scream
Before I whirled around to look, my mother's body lay on the sand
I looked up to catch the face of the cold hearted man but he ran off just like the man who had left us
Could this man who hath killed the only person I had in life be the one who contributed to my existence?
The scene switched to the hospital as I would look into my mother's eyes
And wish it all away and cry out for this terrible dream to go away
But it did not go away
And the pain remains as it always has…

Jon Stava
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Daddy*

Daddy went to heaven when I was 12
"I want him back!" I screamed to myself.

Everybody said it would be OK
They told me just to pray.

And now as I sit in my room thinking of all the good times we've had
I start crying because death is so bad.

So cherish every moment you have with family, and never lose it,
Because if you don't cherish the love, you will never remember the fun times you have had.

Kim Schmitz
Steffen Middle School
Mequon, WI
Grade 7
**In loving memory of Daddy, Tom Schmitz*

Am I Normal?*

1. What do you think normal is?
2. I don't fit in to any groups at school. I only have two really good friends, me and you. I like to dance and run and play and stuff. There's my definition, is that enough?
1. No. I want to know how I'm normal. I don't need to know your normal things. Just tell me how I'm normal, please.
2. Okay, Okay. I think you're normal by just being you. I think you're normal by all the nice things you do. There, I told you. Now just wait and see, you should be happy being you, because I'm happy being me!

Kaitlyn Bruce
St Joseph Elementary Jr High School
Calgary, AB
Grade 7
**A conversation between two people*

You Make Me Happy

Cute and sweet –
You make me happy.
Playing with your toys,
Everywhere,
Hopping, hopping, hopping,
Laughing –
You make me happy.
Beautiful as a buttercup –
You make me happy.
Splashing, splashing, splashing,
In the tub, like a frog –
You make me happy.
Riding your bike,
Back and forth, back and forth –
You make me happy.
Eyes as blue as the ocean,
Curly waves of the ocean for hair,
You're my niece –
You make me happy.

Felicia Pulliam
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

A Runner's Heart

You're pushing yourself.
You feel the burn in you thighs.
You feel the ache in your knees.
You feel the sting in every foot step.
But you feel the desire in your heart.
That's why you push yourself.

Tyler Duce
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Just You

Just your smile
Can make me melt
Just your smile
Can make me smile too

Just your eyes
Can open my heart
Just your eyes
Can make my knees go weak

Just your face
Can make me fall
More in love with you
Just your face
Can make my heart do flips

Alicia Cerny
Lucille Umbarger Elementary School
Burlington, WA
Grade 7

I Remember

I remember when I got my dog
When I went inside the house
I saw two cute puppies
One ignored us the whole time
The other one wouldn't leave us alone
When I looked outside I saw hundreds
Of dogs barking
In the end though out of hundred's
Of dogs we chose the puppy
That liked us from the start
Now his name is Rocky

Rick Stratman
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

An Angel in My Life

An Angel in my life is here
to save me from my horrible fear.
An Angel in my life to stay
to teach me guidance on my way.
An Angel in my life I see
to bring me to my home of free.
An Angel in my life today
will never ever go away.
An Angel in my life I care
I will never ever leave you bare.
An Angel in my life I love
is watching me from high above.
An Angel in my life with me
is here to keep me company.
An Angel in my life I share
I trust in her my love and care.

Ashley VanZilen
Holy Family Interparochial School
Norwood, NJ
Grade 7

Love, Life, Water

There look…
There is life
Coming up
Out of this bloodstained earth
A tiny pink bud
Going to open soon
I pour some of my water
So it may grow
Grow like my daughter
At the end of the day
I write to her of what I did
She writes back saying
"Thank you. I love you Mommy!"

Alexandria Kelly
Lafayette High School
Williamsburg, VA
Grade 9

Night and Day

Night
Sacred, starry
Spooky, cloudy, dangerous,
Darkness, shadow, brightness, twinkle
Speaking, playing, treating
Sparkle, glow,
Day

Heather Williams
Bethlehem Central Middle School
Delmar, NY
Grade 7

A Place of Untold Fantasy

Beauty beyond what we can see
Somewhere far, far away
To go and escape for a day
A Place of Untold Fantasy

I wish for such a place
A place to hide my face
To be alone and to be free
A Place of Untold Fantasy

Somewhere mystical and secret
A place where adversity is gone
Where despair has no name
A Place of Untold Fantasy

I hope to find such a place
Peaceful and quiet
To do whatever I please
A Place of Untold Fantasy

Stasia White
Chichester Middle School
Boothwyn, PA
Grade 8

Angel By My Side

I have an angel by my side
Grasping my hand to guide
When you feel someone's there
The wind, a movement of a nothingness
Be blessed

The world is a hard place
The angel is the leading grace
Everyone has an angel
For some, it's there more times
Or less
Sometimes you must decide
The angel will help you be wise
You have an angel by your side

Kelsey Anderson
Oelrichs Jr High School
Oelrichs, SD
Grade 7

Knowledge

Learning is fun
When out in the sun
Your thoughts are more clear to you.
But when in a school
You're not but a fool
Trying to learn what to do.
Some people say
That school is the way
To educate the kids
But you and I know
That it's not the way
To find out the didn'ts and dids.
When children in school
All think they are cool
The results are not like the rest.
But schooling at home
We can learn about Rome
In the way that we think is best.
So when you have kids
And don't know what to do
Just take my advice and Homeschool!

Miriam Hendrickson
Hendrickson Home School
East Leroy, MI
Grade 8

Poetically Korrect

So yer grammar
Ain't that great
And you ain't got no
Rhyme or meter
Punctuation is absent
And capitalization
Why it's sPoRadiC
Thoughts all a-jumble
And spelin is all rong
But you ain't got to be
Poetically korrect
To be a poet
Now due yah

Elyssa Everling
Whiteland Community High School
Whiteland, IN
Grade 9

Excitement

Excitement is blue
It tastes like cotton candy
It smells like flowers
And it reminds me of smiles
It sounds like birds chirping
It makes me feel like laughing

Leslie Szulhan
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

Window in the Morning

Outside my window in the crisp morning air
Is a world full of life.
Everything is surrounded with the golden glow of morning sunshine,
And it becomes entrancing, peaceful and calm.
Wanting to lie in my bed forever,
Wishing to gaze forever at the pink and blue flowers lifting their heads
To greet the sky and clouds above,
And to admire the dew drops on each blade of grass,
Creating their own morning scene.

Jessica Roos
Lowell Scott Middle School
Boise, ID
Grade 8

The War of Ants

I was running, running, running
Running for my life.
I was not very cunning, cunning, cunning
Cunning was my wife.
The black ants were coming, coming, coming
Coming after the red ones.
They always liked the shunning, shunning, shunning
Shunning of our fun.
Now they were charging, charging, charging
Charging after innocent lives.
Then they were killing, killing, killing
Killing our very close ties.
It was the end of our fighting, fighting, fighting
Fighting for our God given rights.
Now the black ants were surrendering, surrendering, surrendering
Surrendering in the shadow of our luminous light.

Lali Reddy
Catholic Central High School
Steubenville, OH
Grade 9

Bitterness

Something that I think is bitter,
Kids pushing around other kids
Or making fun of someone either because of their size
Oceans of words just fly out of their mouth
Acting like it won't hurt someone's feeling.

That just really gets me down in the dumps,
When kids push around other kids that are smaller than them also gets me mad,
Even though I'm taller than most kids
That doesn't mean I have the right to pick on them.

But it's not always the big kids that do the bullying,
It's kids of all certain types
They think they're better than everyone cause they can pick on someone.
Bullying is like a jail, it's all bad, but it needs to be fixed.

Zach Toerner
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Each Day

A day that means just so much to me,
A time to live up to all that I can be.

I smile and laugh, like the world has no end,
Pretending all the trouble in life has a mend.

This day, it holds me in a good humored state,
Like that's why I'm here, as though it's my fate.

Not in January, March, August or May,
This go-lucky time for me, is each day.

Eryn Zorn
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Standing Outside

Standing outside, I am looking in;
Sometimes I feel so left out and hastily forgotten,
Left out of the conversation.
I'm the odd man out,
Restraining all emotions,
Not knowing what I will do.
My anger possesses me;
How can I control it?

Standing outside,
The night sky seems too dark;
But somehow blinding,
I wish I could just get away from it all,
To start life over again.

Raul Alfred Gaytan
Southwest Middle School
Albert Lea, MN
Grade 7

Shut-Up

Don't silence me,
I have voices and opinions as you can see,
I have much more than one thought,
These cannot be sold or bought,
I have expression through words,
My mind is free just like the birds,
If I cannot speak,
I am utterly weak,
Just let me talk,
Or at least let me write with chalk,
I am a person with thoughts and beliefs,
To speak is my relief.

Bobbie Hangen
St Bonaventure School
West Seneca, NY
Grade 7

Becoming Older

The wind was whistling
The fire was sizzling
There she sat down to write
She blew out the fire which was a sight.

She writes about becoming older
"You will get to that point soon," her daddy told her.
She never thinks about it though
She really would like to grow.

"But wait," she said
And rubbed her head.
"I don't think I'm ready,"
She cried, "To give up teddy!"

But down Elizabeth lay
And she began to pray
"Oh, dear Lord please help me grow!"
"So I can learn more, you know."

"I would like to be as tall as a tree.
With many places I can see!"
"But see I'm not ready
To give away teddy."

Victoria Shelton
Dawkins Middle School
Moore, SC
Grade 7

South Carolina

South Carolina is my favorite place,
I go down there with a smiling face.
They have golf galore,
No one down there seems to be poor.
South Carolina is the place to go,
It is in the deep South so there is no snow.
When I go, I drive a golf cart,
It is so fast, it goes like a dart.
South Carolina is the place to be,
Go down there sometime and you will see.

Anthony J. DiMaulo III
Chichester Middle School
Boothwyn, PA
Grade 7

Craze

The agony becomes a whirlwind of craze,
I am all around in a daze,
Trying to find my space,
While everything is in my face,
I come out of my shell to something that's a haze,
Then comes an end to this big maze.

Sara Ismail
American Islamic Academy
Dearborn, MI
Grade 9

Stephanie

You were always right by my side.
You were always there for me.
Standing by you
Makes me feel so free.

Hours spent talking.
Boys and stupid fights.
No matter what happens,
We'll always be tight.

So many memories
Build up inside.
You make me feel happy
So I never have to hide.

Samantha Starr
Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Grade 8

Tears

Laughter
Pain
Happiness
Sadness

What would these have in common?
Feelings is the obvious choice

But the one they most are
Is that they are the causes for tears

Tears are strange
You can never know the cause

But the one thing they show
Is that people that shed these tears
Are able to feel
So be careful
About the tears you cause

William Hickey
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Soldiers

Soldiers marching out,
Knowing they will not all
Carry out their orders.
They feel as if they lost
A part in their heart
As they take the train of wind
To other places.

Glen Brown
Eagleview Middle School
Colorado Springs, CO
Grade 7

Summer Vacations

My body is sitting on a chair, writing
But
My mind is sitting on a camel in Egypt, discovering an ancient tomb.

My body is reclining on the grass, reading
But
My mind is reclining on the Caribbean coast, sipping lemonade.

My body is alone in my bedroom, dreaming
But
My mind is alone in a dense forest, struggling for survival.

Some kids may brag that their parents are taking them to Hawaii
But
I can go anywhere I want.

Just bring a book or a pen and paper along
And you can come, too.

Cathy Mardula
Hinsdale Central High School
Hinsdale, IL
Grade 9

A Dream Suspended

Far in the distant sea, so far that no one can see.
There is a place that is known only to me.
It is a place that I visit in my dream.
This place is as crazy as it may seem,
But there in the distance, there is a wonder yet unseen.
I set my eyes on 'er as she comes into sight.
Although...
This wonder is too beautiful to be right!
The thought dawned upon me when my mom turned on the light.
"Time for school."
Oh why are Mondays so CRUEL!

Troy Brinker
Stanley Clark School
South Bend, IN
Grade 8

Politics

Is there such a thing as peace
Will war actually cease

Is bloodshed the only way
Can we live with ourselves knowing that another life won't be with us today

To see people walking by
Knowing that millions of people die

We do stand up for some of our rights
But some come at a terrible price

Amanda Myers
Leonard Middle School
Fort Worth, TX
Grade 7

Prayer to Rose

The wind's frozen breath pierced the ebony skies
Climbing to bed as the transcendental chills die
I sit in front of the poster of the divine being
Uniting my trembling hands; praying but not seeing
Whispering my prayers to my injured friend and dog
Haunted by her picturesque hazel eyes lined with fog
Haunted by a chestnut coat and body so austere
I hear her cries and can't turn a deaf ear
I implored with all my heart for my friend to be freed
Begging she not lay in crimson sordid or bleed
I realize I had wronged my friend, Rose
I shouldn't have let her suffer under my nose
It's hard letting go; but her pain I will not prolong
In my heart, her bark will remain a delicious song
Myriads of salty tears collide with the onyx ground
Because I sense that her gentle heart no longer pounds

Becky Xu Hua Fu
Franklin High School
Elk Grove, CA
Grade 9

True Meaning of Christmas

The meaning of Christmas helps me decide,
The love for Jesus I have inside,
Jesus is the one who started this loving day,
So when you kneel down Christmas night to pray,
Thank Jesus for this wonderful day.

Tia McBride
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

A Good Friend

Some people don't realize what they're doing is mean
No one ever lets their emotions be heard or seen
My parents tell me to be the best I can be
In some situations it's hard to be the same me

Everyone knows I try to do everything at my best
Every day all my feelings and emotions are put to the test
I wish they'd realize what I'm doing is right
Somehow in the end it turns into the biggest fight

I guess it's just a thing they like to do for fun
This burden on my shoulders now weighs a ton
It's hard to keep my emotions from coming out
I guess I'm just going to sit here because all I can do is pout

You're one of my best friends and I'd do anything
Just tell me what to do
Hope you're not mad at me for keeping this secret from you
What would you do if you were in my shoes

Ashley Ryan
Glen Este High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 9

The Runaway

The night she ran so far away
she ran through night, she ran through day
she ran until her legs went numb
she couldn't breathe and felt so dumb
she felt a hole in her heart
for she and her parents were torn apart
the only thing she could do is cry
until she found the courage deep inside
to go back to the place where her parents reside
so she ran and as she ran she cried and cried
and the soul within her began to die
until she reached her empty house
covered in dust, quiet as a mouse
her parents had searched for many years
and given up hope to find their dear
so now they rest six feet down
her mother and father were no longer found
now their search was finally done
so she turned again and began to run.

Nicholas Gihorski
Upper Township Middle School
Petersburg, NJ
Grade 8

The Seed

A seed is dropped,
Into the soil.
The sun has risen,
It's waiting for the right time.

Raindrops sprinkle the home of the seed,
Into the rich earth.
A stem appears,
It is green, like the morning's fresh cut grass.

Days grow, nights fade,
The seed is no longer a baby.
For a plant has risen,
It's driven to succeed.

Transformed into beauty,
It breathes the air.
Do you see the radiance?
Do you see its glory?

A pale finger caresses its soul,
Stroking the petals with care.
Admiring its charm,
Entering the perfect world.

Tanis Wong
Burnaby South Secondary School
Burnaby, BC
Grade 9

When Time Stood Still

When time stood still, a battle never reached its final point,
A soldier was not wounded, a doctors hands stopped shaking,
The fierce cry of guns had stopped.
When time stood still, the gentle touch of a baby was put to an end,
A smile of a child was not turned to a frown, an elderly couple will never leave each other,
So everything will always be the same.
When time stood still, the laughter of children were suddenly quiet,
A bus driver will never again smile at you when you get on and off the bus,
Your mother's kiss will soon fade away, water will stay clear and pure.
When time stood still, the doors of opportunities will close,
But the doors of wisdom will be open,
Your thoughts will be precious, because they won't ever come again.
When time stood still, the earth was quiet,
But shall it ever make a peep again?

Jeni Spradlin
Minford Middle School
Minford, OH
Grade 8

Farewell

Farewell.
This I say to you whom have learned from me, and whom have taught me,
Together we traveled upon a road which we paved not only with our actions, but our thoughts as well.
It seems that we have come to a fork in the road, each of us taking our own path.
Some will return to the others almost immediately, some will not.
Some it may seem will never rejoin with the others, and that may be, but let us hope they do.
The years we have spent, learning, growing and prospering together,
Has created within us a bond which no road, no matter how long nor treacherous, can break.
Farewell is what I say to you.
Not good-bye, which is forever.
But farewell which is just long enough.
Farewell.

Ben Storer
Florence Meares Public School
Burlington, ON
Grade 8

Life

Life is dangerous
It can lead you to places where no one has ever gone.
Life is outgoing
It talks to you everywhere you go, either a good place or bad.
Life is curious
Try new things, go to different places, and discover the works.
Life is depressing
Trying to find a path, peers pressuring you, now where do you turn?
Life is strange
Wired machines are being discovered, things you've never seen before are appearing some way, some how.
Life is fun
You can experience different things like amusement parks and zoos anything that involves hanging out with other people.

Life is dangerous, outgoing, curious, mysterious, depressing, strange and fun, which one are you going to, choose from.

Jerlisa White
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

I Live for the Game

I love the game,
I play it smart,
My energy comes from the heart.
I love the game,
I play it for fun,
And when the time comes, I get the job done.

I love the game,
When I hit the ball, and run the bases,
I like to see the expression on the other teams' faces.
I love the game,
The thrill of the fight,
Standing on the mound it's now time to throw a strike.

I love the game,
From shortstop I go catcher throws to the bag,
And we get her on the tag.
I love the game,
At the state tournament we were all in a jitter,
Standing on the mound I pitched a no hitter.

I expect no fame,
I have no shame,
I live for softball, and love the game.

Kirstie Kennell
Horse Heaven Hills Middle School
Kennewick, WA
Grade 8

American Flag

The blue is the water we've been so gratefully given
The stripes red and white this emblem shows our freedom

The stars shine so brightly numbered one and on to fifty
The banner yet waves representing lives given to live freely

The shape does not curve nor bend, just stretches straight
To show we won't surrender keep fighting, that's our fate

Though looking at this flag so many words to say
No one had to fight for freedom but many did it anyway

You're not asked to do anything for your country
Why do so many become mad

The eagle still flies
One nation under God
Watches our gleaming
Ever waving flag

Ashley Gallimore
Hillsboro Middle School
Hillsboro, OH
Grade 7

A Million Words

A million words
As I sit here and think about you,
All these things come to mind,
Cute, sweet, nice, hot, and nice body
And a million more things
But a million words like these could never make you mine
All though I wish I could.

Kayla Boynton
Grand Manan Community School
Grand Manan, NB
Grade 8

End

Beeeeeeeeeeeep.
There goes the buzzer
Telling me that this class is over.
And it's time to move on into the glorious world.
Where God will be.

I have learned much in this world,
But I won't need it in the Kingdom of God.
I'll be happy enough just to see Him.
So I say to you
Goodnight and goodbye.

My last period has been dropped.

Ryan Graber
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Memories from a Winter Walk

Alabaster flakes curl down toward green
grass and empty sidewalks.
Each weightless speck wanders from chalky
skies, floating on air.
The silent blanket of crystals covers the earth,
making everything white statues.
Fresh footprints follow along in a straight line,
walking slowly to nowhere.
Dogs bark at the lone maker of footprints,
wounding silence, not thoughts.
Children play nearby, making white, cold balls
and arranging them into towers.
other children throw spheres of white sand,
while hiding behind walls of snow.
Shovels scrape the ice-covered cement,
salt getting rid of the stubborn residue.
Colorful lights slowly appear out of the darkness,
outlining imposing houses.
The footprints find their way to warmth and light
away from beautiful whiteness.

Benjamin Skeen
Indian Hills Middle School
Sandy, UT
Grade 9

Opposites Equal Me

I am two opposites
Like the sun and the moon
Most only see
One part of me

I can be rosy red
Full of energy, love, and warmth
Like the sun's rays
On a mid-summer day

The other part of me is navy blue
Divine, calm, and peaceful
Like the moon
Giving us our midnight view

The sun and the moon
Are the two parts you see
Those opposites equal me

Brandon Taylor
Union High School
Union, OR
Grade 8

Ladybug

The crystal clear skies
And the enormous oak tree
One lonely ladybug
Hangs there lazily.

Anna Williamson
Lowell Scott Middle School
Boise, ID
Grade 7

My House

My house isn't very old,
No indeed,
And yet it all feels old to me,
The floors all creak,
The windows all shake,
And the stairs sometimes break.

I lie in bed and overhead,
I hear all that is said,
So I plug my ears and shed some tears,
And try to go to sleep.

Our garden spot is all grown over,
Just infested with weeds,
So you dig and scrape on knees,
And maybe also plead,
So that the soil will turn,
And you can plant your seed.

Justin Anderson
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Lost at Sea

Lost at sea in waves a-crashing, tearing down the way
I cannot think or have my mind to make me want to say
I'm lost at sea, which has been here all day and through the night
But holy fear is just as queer as this unnerving plight
Unfortunate as seem, I'm really quite well and feel like dancing on the sea
Where being alone is not as bad as being close to me
The love I lost and miss today, I will not ever give
For he is gone, lost at sea, while I am here to live
Waiting, waiting for a sign, I see the land, no woe
Saved at last, forget my past, the future, I don't know
On my own once again, I find myself for good
Good-bye my love, for if it was I, you understood

Avry Schellenbach
Gasper De Portola Middle School
San Diego, CA
Grade 8

Beautiful Lake

The lake is very beautiful.
The light bounces off of it into the color-filled world.
The cars zoom past on the road, not even glancing at God's creation.
The reeds and other plants swish with the motion of the wind.
Three lonely crosses sit at the end of the lake, moss covering the wooden figures.
Swarms of birds fly overhead in the baby blue sky.
Light sparkled in the lake, like lovely new diamonds.
A speckled road ran around the hole of sparkling water.

Madison Ciardullo
St Joseph School
Winter Haven, FL
Grade 8

Love Conquers All

The warmness of your touch, the glow in your heart,
it made me believe that we'd never grow apart.
What would I do, what would I be,
without the touch of love that you have given to me.
Thanks for the love, and thanks for the care,
but now I'm alone living in this world of despair.
For you are gone, and I miss you so much,
oh how I would give anything just to feel your touch.
How could he do this for I prayed every night.
To help anyone in need and win any fight.
I know I lost you, and I still cry,
but why did you have to leave me? Why did you have to die?
Now I pray, and in my dreams I see you there,
opening the gates that lead me out of despair.
I lost you, but I still believe you're there,
keeping me in your tender loving care.
I know you're gone, but I feel it's true,
that even if I tried I could never stop loving you.
So when you're lonely remember this
that no one can take away the greatest gift and that love can conquer all.

Sunny Seaman
Newell High School
Newell, SD
Grade 9

Unorganized

I'm completely unorganized and I'm not lying
Walk into my room and you'll start crying
My bed is a black hole with no end
My electronics are all either lost or dead
You can't see the floor or the top of my desk
Every corner in my room is a terrible mess
Finding my lost things, oh good luck!
There is so much it could fill a truck
I'm losing my mind my head is so full
Going in my room is so cruel
I tried cleaning long ago but it's no use
My room is so terrible I might as well move!
I used to be clean when I was crazy
Not anymore…I'm just plain lazy

Laurie Jones
Chambersburg Area Middle School
Chambersburg, PA
Grade 7

Tears

The tears you cry will fall forever
No matter how hard you try to stop them,
You won't be able, no one will.
There will always be tears
No matter happy or sad,
They will always be…
forever, and always.

Danielle Gibson
Lowell Scott Middle School
Boise, ID
Grade 7

Past the Stars

When life leaves me, where will I be?
Past the stars I cannot see.
Will I pass through the gates of good?
Or will my life be left misunderstood?

Does the life up there compare to down here?
Or will the life above seem so much more clear?
Will people judge me for who I'm not?
Or will they judge me for what I've got?

Is life really endless for you and me?
Past the stars I cannot see.
Does life continue in the sky?
Or does it really end when you pass on or die?

Is heaven existing you might think.
To life, it's just another link.
But to me, life goes on and on.
And our souls and spirits will never be gone.

Haven Labbe
JW Walker Public School
Fort Frances, ON
Grade 7

The Season of Remembrance

The sun shone on an autumn's day
While the vanilla clouds floated away
My brother sat on a swaying swing
When the sea of green grass began to sing

They sang of riches and wealth
Of many that lived in good health
Of the members that were gone
And of how they couldn't go on

For the lives of every member
Was so much a burden to remember
The over powering grief,
That death was the only relief

But they couldn't leave for then others would receive
The sadness, the awareness, that one person with kindness
Is much more then that could see
When they leave that's when they would take there heed

And know what they meant to you
But it would be too late to say "I love you too"
So open you hearts, open your mind
And never let go of precious time

Beth Blythe
Garnet Valley Middle School
Glen Mills, PA
Grade 8

The Pureness of One Can Amount to Many

In this special world you are different,
You are not rough, you don't think you're strong.
Who really cares if you're not all that tough,
It is the best thing about being what you are, pure.

You don't make your way through people,
You do nothing wrong.
You are one of a kind, one of every one million born,
Your type is hard to come by because not many people care.

They don't get along, they fight all the time,
For their hearts are not pure like yours is.
That is something you need to hold onto and never let go,
Your heart is different, it is not a black hole.

If you ever let go of something so rare,
I can't see how you'll live.
Your pureness of one is one out of very few pennies,
For your pureness of one can amount to many.

Justin Stephens
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 8

You

You were my smile…
the twinkle in my eye.
You were my savior…
the one that saved my life.
You were my hope…
the one who gave me faith.
You were my life…
the reason for my being.
But life has its turns…
and it has turned on me.
God decided he wanted you…
and from me he took you away.
Why did this happen…
is something I do not know.
If I love you so much…
why do I have to let you go?
I guess that is how God wanted it to be.
I'll wait to go to Heaven…
so once again together we will be.

Ashley Renner
St Mary Magdalen Elementary School
St Louis, MO
Grade 8

Friendship

F riends forever
R esponsible for each other's actions
I mportant for you and me
E very day has a smile
N o anger at all
D ancing with joy
S eparating but getting back together
H onoring each other's choices
I nsane when friends are not around
P olite to everyone

Paul Schwab
Southwestern Middle School
Windsor, NC
Grade 8

The Pain

It's growing bigger
The pain I feel inside
It won't go away
No matter how hard I try
I don't know why it's here
And I don't know how to get rid of it
All I know is I can't stop thinking of you
But the more I think
The more it hurts
I want the pain to go away
But I want you to stay

Emily Husick
Sayre Area High School
Sayre, PA
Grade 8

Beaches

The sound of the ocean waves smacking against each other,
like wind chimes on a windy day.

The seagulls drop in to say hello when you are eating your sandwich,
the sun reflects the water.

Sandcastles fill the crispy hot sand that sizzles your toes,
as if you just got burned by boiling water.

Every bit of the beach sends chills of glamour up my spine,
as I image the wonders of the world.

Christina Walsh
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

End

The end is near, I can almost see the finish line.
When the last snowflake has fallen and then melted away.
As the light burns out, darkness falls.
The last seconds of the game tick away, the final whistle blows.
When friends say goodbye to each other for the last time.
When the last inch of ink reaches the paper from the pen.
A door being slammed after an angry night.
As the beeps of the heart monitor slowly fade to silence.
A flower's petal wilts away.
The last drop of rain falls from the sky after a storm.
When the school kids pack their bags and ride the bus for the final time.
The book has all been read.
The play has ended and the curtain falls.

Patrick Rumpler
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

My Dad

He likes to go hunting most of all he likes Nascar.
He likes to joke and laughs most of all.
He likes to go fishing.
He likes country music.

He loves me to death.
I love him back.
We both wear glasses.
And we both like to play football.

He is like a bear,
Because he snores in his sleep.
He is like a pretty flower,
Because he likes to be happy all the time and good to get a long with like a flower.
He is like a sword,
Because when he gets mad he is like sword jabbing inside of you.

Steven Lambert
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 8

Glass Jar

They flew in through the house to the window.
They sat there ever so still.
I trapped four of them in a glass jar,
instead of going in for the kill.

There the wasps stayed for days and days,
outside on the deck in the sun.
What is there to do with a jar full of wasps?
I could really have some fun.

No more of their friends came to bother us.
The jar was a sign of hostility.
After days went by, three of them died,
the one resting on the bottom set free.

Why was one spared on that hot spring day?
When all others were left there to die?
I trapped four of them in a glass jar.
Days later, one was set free to fly.

Dana Sugar
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Corners of My Mind

Corners of my mind
It's where I love to be.
It's the only place of mine
Where I can be free.

Fairies and demons are free to roam
Warlocks and witches fight.
Innate powers thunder with greatness
And both good and evil are right.

Spells and potions are memorized,
In a dark and quiet place.
And keeping them in my mind,
I know none will be erased.

Mystical things float around
Telekinesis, clairvoyance, astral projection.
Powers and books are remembered
Telepathy and deflection.

Where I can be free,
It's the only place of mine,
It's where I love to be,
Corners of my mind.

Connor Vetter
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 7

Understand

Word from word
I can't understand
It's like my ear is full of sand

The words that are coming out of their mouths are all the same,
But I don't know why

I try to understand
Why they are less demanding
But you haven't opened up my understanding

The things I do
I'm not trying to confuse you
But for you to understand
What I'm going through

Erica Swilley
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

Long Lost Friends

She sits awake all night long,
Thinking of friends who treated her wrong.
Innocent tears flow down her face,
To fall on a pillow so delicate like lace.
At school she acts happy,
Putting on a mask.
Her friends all think she's fine,
None know the truth,
About the girl she becomes at night.
And she waits all alone,
For someone to treat her right.
She knows that one day they will come.
Her hope keeps her alive all night and day long.
She sits awake until the night is past,
Thinking of friends whose love didn't last.

Celina Jacobi
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Death!!!

Death is a wake up call
Death is peace for all eternity
Death is life turned upside down
Death is what some people wait for
Death is the end of "life" as you know it
Death is what people think of when there are wars
Death is the end of all things
Death is the one pulling the knife out of your back
Death is the grim reaper
Death comes for you unexpectedly

Daniel Wootten
Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Grade 7

Crying Out

Why?
All the things I go through, why are they all bad?
All the mistakes I make are worse than everyone else's
Can anyone answer my questions? My guess probably NOT!
I wish someone would help me!

I cry out in so many ways and no one ever hears me. Everyone is deaf to me, why won't anyone hear me? Can someone help me? Just listen, try to hear my cries, give me some good advice, to just push me on the right path, show me the right direction, and put a stop to my madness. Please tell me what is right and what is wrong. I probably won't listen but try to keep telling until I listen. Make me listen, R-E-S-P-E-C-T is all I want from my family, and for myself, give a little get a little but I want the R-E-S-P-E-C-T first, not last.

Just please help and hear my cries!

Teanna L. Krellwitz
Tremper Sr High School
Kenosha, WI
Grade 9

The Church of the Potato

I was standing there, staring at that picture of that hot, beautiful potato. That was what I wanted for lunch. I could not stand the sight of that crispy bacon. sizzling and popping softly on the pan. I could not bear the sight of that greasy cheese, melting from a cold hard block to a hot, melted splatter. The Spanish man at the oven took that oval-shaped piece of heaven and let me touch it's soft, round sides. I smelled all of its greasy glory and carried it like a baby to its crib onto the table. I voted with my fork and shouted to myself, "This is what I want for my future!" although I knew very well I did not want to become fat and greasy like this beautiful potato. Suddenly, my mind overtook my fork as it sunk its teeth into the puffy, hot splendor. Crunchy bacon with the soft, smoothness of the cloud-like potato. A perfect amount of salty bits of bacon, melted cheddar cheese, and the fluffy hot insides of the potato. The fork clasped this joy and brought slowly to my watering mouth, the strings of the cheese still attached to the rest of my lunch. Eating, more and more shoveling into the mouth as my stomach began to grow. But now I was addicted. My potato was shrinking!...NNNNNOOOOOO!!!!!

But by the end, my stomach was more than content. I was in a state at which I had never been before. I had seen the light.

Christina Apostolopoulos
Archer School for Girls
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 7

Just You And Me

Do you remember when it was just you and me? Laughing, giggling, smiling. Singing, dancing just you and me,
You leant on me and I cared for you. Remember it being just us two?
But when the boys came around, I became invisible. It was just you and him, you made me feel miserable.
You say that you love him, but how could this be true? Whatever happened to just me and you?
But aren't we still friends? I want to care for you again!
Isn't that what friends are for, or do you want him more?
Whatever you choose, I cannot change, in the end I will just lose! Well I've got some news.
Guys will come, and guys will go, in the end you two will be foes.
You will come to me and you will cry, but I will just step aside.
For he replaced me. And you can't take that back!
So here it is plain to see, do you want him or me?
If you pick him, I will again be invisible. But in the end you will be miserable!
You will want me back, but I won't take it. For I was tossed aside, do you know how much I cried,
All the lies, the hurt, the pain. Did you notice? No, because you were in vain. You drove me insane.
When I am gone, will you remember me? Or is it plain to see,
That I was never really there, even though I really cared.

Kimberly Tamas
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

One Window

One window is all I need
To see the person I'll become
To start my life over again
To take back all the biting comments I've made
To prevent the tears and pain I've caused in the past
To fulfill my hopes and dreams…I've longed for

Arriel Kinghorn
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

Pain*

The pain I felt was so strong
Life seemed to stop for everyone.
My mom with all that pain.
I just hope.
I just hope that the pain will go away
Life may never be the same.
There's always going to be pain
No matter what.
I'm still just waiting for you to come HOME.
But when you get the worst news like that
You can't help but cry.
I just hope that the pain will go away
Life may never be the same.
There will always be pain
No matter what…

Rebecca James
Brandon High School
Brandon, MS
Grade 9
**In loving memory of my dad*

The Sea

The sea… it makes me feel like I'm flying
when the wind is blowing in my face
I have the sensation of liberty…
I can see this marvelous picture
of the waves sparkling with the bright sun
like diamonds everywhere…
I love that fantastic and unique smell
of the water on a sunny day of summer
or a cold day of winter…
I can remember the sound of the beautiful birds
singing and flying everywhere and the noises
of the fishes splashing and swimming
in that wonderful thing called "water"…
I love when you put your feet in the water and feel
a shiver coming up from your toes to your head
and going through your body…
I think that the sea is the most beautiful
and wonderful thing in the world…

Laurence-Émilie L'Anglais
Collège Jésus-Marie de Sillery
Sillery, QC
Grade 8

The Fallen

We are the fallen and cannot speak
Must listen while you lie
We are the fallen and so you weep
And pray that no more die
We are the fallen and so you say
Our numbers grow from day to day
We are the fallen and yet you send us more

We are the fallen and cannot feel
But you can sense our pain
We are the fallen, our wounds won't heal
And so you share the blame
We are the fallen, we were naive
We never thought we'd be deceived
We are the fallen and you have lied to us

We are the fallen and cannot hear
The misery of war
We are the fallen and so we fear
The deaths of many more
We are the fallen and hope to show
Mistakes were made not long ago
We are the fallen and wish there need not be.

Jennifer L. Baer
Gloucester High School
Gloucester, ON
Grade 9

To My Dear Friend

My dear friend
these words I express
could be no less
of what I feel for someone as important as you
without you what would I do
you are the one I tell my deepest secrets to
our bond needs no glue
just the trust and happiness
that is already there
we are there for each other at all times
through good and bad
whether we are happy or sad
even when we are mad
it is easy to forgive
without you friend
how would I live
our rules shall never bend
because you are the greatest friend
the one I would never lend
you will be my best friend 'til the end

Aziza Ismail
Stetson Hills Elementary School
Glendale, AZ
Grade 7

Seasons Turning

The sun was blazing over the hill;
This sight to me was a great thrill;

When I hear the birds sing;
It always makes me think of spring;

Seasons turn as my age goes by;
It makes me wonder why?

When fall comes it's all over;
It makes me feel like a lover;

All the seasons keep turning and turning;
Every year it keeps me learning;

Then it goes all over again;
When I wonder where did it begin;

Then I see what it means;
When the sun hits me and it beams.

Jennifer Manchak
St John Evangelist School
Saint John, IN
Grade 7

Colorful Swimmers

Like waving flowers
Fish move in the blue ocean
All day and all night.

David Cox
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 8

Just Because

Just because I'm a Hutterite
I don't think I'm better than you
I don't think, I'm perfect
Doesn't mean I'll laugh at you

Just because I'm a Hutterite
I don't look down on you
I'm not spoiled
Doesn't mean I can't have fun

Just because I'm a Hutterite
Doesn't mean I don't like you
Doesn't mean I'm not like you
Don't think I'm weird

Just because I'm a Hutterite
I am who I want to be.

Karis Waldner
Decker Colony School
Decker, MB
Grade 7

The Dancer

Performance night, nervous as can be,
Hours of practice prepare for this one moment.
She slips into her shimmering dress: floating ribbons of pink and gold,
Radiant as a butterfly stretching its newfound wings.
Stomach fluttering, as she leaps onto the stage,
All lights upon her, all faces turned towards her.
Gracefully she dances, poised on the air,
So fragile and feminine, from her painted lips to pale pink shoes.
Majesty at its best, she sweeps the audience away,
To another time, another place.
Once the music stops, she timidly bows,
At this first of performances, that will change the world.

Jackie Roeing
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Roses

A rose is something that people say is sweet.
People think roses are all full of dazzles.
They let them represent love, friendship, and beauty.
The petals of a rose are elegant, perfect for such praise.
But nobody ever looks below the green leaves and the red petals.
No one bothers to look at what's hidden beneath its grace.
No one looks at the thorns.
Thorns that pierce, stab, and cause pain.
Thorns that cut into life, death, and dreams.
When people feel like crying they put out their petals,
Hoping no one will notice their pain.
Even when their thorns are growing sharper by the second,
The smile on their face begs to differ.
The wound in their heart grows deeper,
While the smile on their face grows wider.
There must be something wrong with showing your pain.

Josephine Johnson
Hollis Brookline Middle School
Hollis, NH
Grade 7

I Am...

I am the musty smell of old books.
I am the lap that always welcomes a cat.
I am two eyes, always watching.
I am the golden light at the end of the day.
I am the whispers of emerald trees.
I am the sapphire, and the turquoise, and the amethyst of the crashing sea.
I am the red dawn rising.
I am the calm before the storm.
I am the lightning that strikes and the thunder that roars.
I am the rush and the wind in your face.
I am the girl who runs, the girl who sings, the girl who cries.
I am the girl who lives.

Maggie Smith
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 7

It

It came by night.
It came by day.
It came upon me
in every way.
It crept up by me.
It took me by surprise.
It crept up by me before
my very eyes.
It stood regardless.
It stood with pride.
It stood by me for
the whole ride.

Kristina Crompton
St Juliana School
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 7

On Angel's Wings

On the wings
of an angel

I feel like
I am flying

But please,
put me down.

Megan Tommet
Whitewater Middle School
Whitewater, WI
Grade 8

Friends

Friends are important
Friends are fun
Boys and girls
We play and run

We care for each other
We talk and joke
And when it's time to go home
We speak on the phone

I like my friends and respect them
And I'll be there for them
When they need me
Because I know they're there for me

We share secrets
We share jokes
We read comics books
And laugh the most

Adam Nasreddine
Alta Vista Public School
Ottawa, ON
Grade 7

The Feelings Inside

The inside
The feelings inside
All comes down to what you say
The way you play
How you live
Every single day
They lie deep
Underneath
The earth
The crust
The mantle
The core
All these things I've said before
It's called life
Don't live in strife
Start living it and live it right

Sarah Arabi-Katbi
Dar-ul-Arqam School
Houston, TX
Grade 8

Freezing Trees

Tall, green, frosted trees
Stand like cold, scattered people
On the mountains slope.

Alex Zamora
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 7

Birthday

Another birthday has come,
As you can see.
And you have reached,
The big 43!
As we all gather together,
We remember your last one,
That we celebrated,
And had so much fun.
After dinner we enjoy,
That wonderful cake,
I regret that
I did not bake.
As we near the end,
We hope that you won't feel,
Too old,
And over the hill.

Happy Birthday Dad,
Love,
Austin and Melissa

Melissa Grajek
Zion Lutheran School
Fallbrook, CA
Grade 8

Sunset

I stand on the dock and watch you,
Silently slipping away.
Is anyone else watching you leave?
So swift, so quietly, you slip away.
Suddenly a blinding flash.
A final memory to live with until dawn.

Avery Cox
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Only You

"It was love at first sight,"
is what some people say.
But I knew it was true
when I saw you that day.

When you smiled at me
and I smiled back,
that smile was forever,
and that was a fact.

At that point in time,
I knew you'd be mine.
Soon you'll figure out
it would just take time.

Every time you look at me,
I know it just feels right.
That special feeling inside.
I want you to hold me tight.

Sariah Maday
Center Place Restoration School
Independence, MO
Grade 8

Pansies

Potted purple pansies,
Planted past the street,
Blossom in the springtime,
Under all the heat.

There are many shades of pansies,
Yellow, pink and red,
But in the park you will see
Purple ones instead.

A lady walks by,
And smiles when she sees;
A dozen purple pansies,
Leaning in the breeze.

Rachel Lanning
Alta Vista Public School
Ottawa, ON
Grade 7

Heartache

She looks at me sadly
Eyes filled with sorrow
Begging for the forgiveness
Which I will not bestow

The cut in my heart
Is long and deep
The pain I have suffered
Will not so easily be forgotten

Suddenly her eyes
Cross paths with mine
Again I turn away
Not ready to be consoled

Heart beating rapidly,
I face her one last time
Savoring the image
Of what should have been mine

Hayley Goldenthal
Bloomfield Hills Middle School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 7

Winter Mountain Snow

Like a comforter
White blankets the bare mountains
In the chill winter.

Courtney Chastain
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 7

Playoffs

Overseeing
The arena,
Gliding
On the smooth ice,
Listening
To the scraping of the hockey sticks,
Wondering
How you got this far,
Remembering
All you gave up for this,
Hoping
That it won't end now,
And wishing
It will go on and on,
Seeing
That you've earned your spot,
And thinking
It is time to earn your title.

Robert Hansen
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Raider's Basketball

I feel the hard tile floor under my feet;
I smell the hot dogs from the concession stand;
I hear my coach giving out the game plan;
I hear the roar of the crowd as we walk onto the court;
I feel my heartbeat as we line up for the tip-off;
I see a blue of colors as the players rush down the court;
I feel the rough surface of the ball as it gets passed to me;
I hear the squeaking of sneakers and thumping of the ball as it rushes to the basket.
I hear the swish of the net mixed in with a loud victorious buzzer.
This is a Raider basketball game!

Daniel Keeney
St Rose of Lima School
De Soto, MO
Grade 7

You

Together we were one. But apart we are two.
We were meant for each other, but no longer are we meant to be.
You left me to think. But to think about what.
Only to see you leave me for another.
And whenever I'm alone with you.
You make me feel like I am free again.
But no matter what I will always love you.
Even if I am far away from you.
And if you ever need me I am here for you no matter what.
It's been too long since we've been apart.
And you are always on my mind.
I hope you feel the same as I to you.

Skarlett Bojorge
Miami Lakes Middle School
Miami Lakes, FL
Grade 7

My Grandma

My grandma was a sweet woman,
And had a beautiful smile.
Her hair was black and curly.

She had a great husband named Ivo Dugan,
Two wonderful daughters,
And five caring grandchildren.

Every week she loved to go out and play bingo.
On special holidays, she loved to cook for the family,
And her favorite thing to do with her grandchildren was playing cards.

My grandma always had time for me —
She taught me how to make popcorn balls.
She helped me to become a very polite and special young lady.

Grandma always made me feel happy —
And she will always be missed.

Vannica Clay
Quincy Jr High School
Quincy, IL
Grade 8

Why Do You

I didn't think you'd be the one to make me cry
Even if I didn't want to try
My tears just keep falling out
I'm speechless, I want to shout
You try to make yourself feel really good
But that's something I would do if I could
Why do you keep looking at me?
When you don't want us to be
Why do you tease me like you do?
When you don't see me, like I see you
You think this is fun
I always feel rain, when there's sun
Never a day goes by when you're not in my mind
I always find myself thinking about you all the time
You're in my diary and almost everywhere
But only if you were there, you'd see how much I care
Will you be there as a friend?
A friendship that will last till the very end
So why do you do this stuff, why do you?

Kimberley Brown
John Rennie High School
Pointe Claire, QC
Grade 8

Original Prayers of Jim Morrison

You know me,
Yet you are clueless to who I am.
You love me,
But your love is only of my surface.
Your eyes are lost.

If you knew me not through the music
Would you have named me The Electric Shawman?
Americans know what they choose to know.
I, The Lizard King, choose to know everything, and not to judge.

On the many stages of life,
I sing for love and freedom – you don't understand.
On the pages of numerous journals,
I write for freedom of my soul.

I, myself a comet – I am like a shooting star.
You catch a glimpse, and then I'm gone before your eyes.
You know I'm original, unrepeatable, and unmistakable.
I won't be forgotten – I choose not to be,

I lay in my path, stopped, not breathing,
No way of waking, just need for escaping.
People will never know me other than through my voices.

Jessi Rae Herring
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Write What You Feel

Just follow your heart
from deep down inside
Write anything you want
don't pick a favorite
Think of all of your pieces as your best.
Writing class is freedom.

Samantha Puckett
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 7

First Kiss on This Beach

There's something about this beach.
It can't be replaced.
For the day we met
occurred at this place.
I remember lying down
on the golden brown sand
then you calmly approached me
and you took my hand.
We conversed for a while
and quickly fell in love.
I remember the sight of your eyes
glittering in the sun.
But there's still something about this beach
I just can't resist.
For it was on this same beach
where we had our first kiss.

Christina Wynn
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

I Miss You

We'll go our separate ways
But I hope we'll find each other again some day.
I call you but you're not home.
Please, oh please pick up your phone
Don't leave me all alone
I miss you
You're gone but I'm still here
Waiting for you to reappear
After all this time I have learned to ignore the pain
But I still feel you in the rain
I miss you
I feel my head spinning
I feel I'm never winning
'Cuz I'm all by myself
Looking at your picture up on my self
Just then I start to cry
I still remember the day you said good-bye
I miss you.

Marie Campbell
Edythe J. Hayes Middle School
Lexington, KY
Grade 8

What Happened to the Love?

What happened to the love that was like a flying dove high in the sky that made us want to fly?
What happened to the love we used to share, the love that made us care for one another?
What happened to the love that made us one big family?
What happened to the love?
Love is what the world needs now!

Tesin Gnalian
Ingomar Middle School
Pittsburgh, PA
Grade 7

Holocaust

Screaming, crying, innocent people dying,
No clue what their morbid fate would be,
Hitler sighs with relief,
People back the morbid, sick ideas, only a twisted mind could think,
No one stops him before it's too late.

Every person dead had dreams, beliefs, more things to teach.
It makes me mad God didn't help them.
Help them believe, give them fate to stay alive, make sure no one faded away with their dreams unaccomplished.

No desire to live,
No desire to suffer,
No reason to give fate,
Regret of the religion they were given
Resentment and hate
Longing to knock on God's golden gate.
I, a girl who would trade lives with one of them
So one less person would have to suffer
So one more person would live to fulfill dreams, be spontaneous, and live a normal hurt free life,
I, one girl in the world who cries for the fate, the forces who could've been stopped, but all was lost when Hitler became boss.

Raquel Else
Superior Middle School
Superior, WI
Grade 8

We Remember

We remember the crash that happened that day.
We remember all the trash people spoke
And people were laughing – this wasn't a joke.
Families were crying.
People were dying.
We remember it all,
How the towers would fall.
The people that risked their lives to save others that day are called the great heroes of all.
Mothers and fathers would talk to their young.
Priests were preaching and choirs sung.
There were moments of silence in schools all around.
There wasn't a sound.
We remember the faces of people that saw the towers fall.
The people that talked to their family on the phone – the last time they would call.
We remember. We remember it all!!

Samantha Pierson
Kelvin Grove Jr High School
Lockport, IL
Grade 7

Fear

Fear is a multicolor band of dull hues.
It sounds like a high-pitched scream.
It tastes like bitter green tea.
It smells like draining blood.
It looks like a dark, scary corner with no way out.
It makes you feel empty inside.

Tiffany Lemon
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Judgment

Is it me, is it him,
Who am I looking at that is so grim?
What is their name, what could be wrong?
Why is that frown of theirs so very long?
Could it be school? Could it be the pressure?
Could it be a friend in need of a lecture?
No, it's only me I see. Covered in make-up and in full disguise,
My personality shall be unknown due to all of the lies.
Trying to fit in, trying to feel needed,
"Just let me fit in," I always pleaded!
But soon it'll be too late to realize what was wrong,
And the values and friends that we had all along.
So maybe it was me that really needed a lecture,
Not of my values, but of my peer pressure.

Gordana Rasic
South Middle School
Arlington Heights, IL
Grade 8

Just Because

Just because I am a girl
Doesn't mean I'm not smart
Doesn't mean I can't play sports
Doesn't mean I can't have fun

Just because I am a girl
Doesn't mean I am scared
Doesn't mean I'm an idiot
Doesn't mean I'm weak

Just because I am a girl
Doesn't mean I'm a freak
Doesn't mean I can do everything I want
Doesn't mean I'm never bad

Just because I am a girl
Doesn't mean I can't be me
Doesn't mean I can't drive a tractor
Doesn't mean I want to be someone else
Just because I am a girl — you don't have to change me.

Kara Waldner
Decker Colony School
Decker, MB
Grade 9

Day of Dread

They turn to you
Eyes wide, heavy in uneasiness
But you don't get the clue
Nor the shock, the horror, the queasiness
Until after they show you the sign
And on top of it is written – SOLD
All authored up in its bold design
Then you grip your hand in a tight hold
You scream, kick, snicker, and pout
It's all a joke
They purse their lips and go about
And then you finally woke
It's reality, it's actuality
You beg, you plead
But they only give you their morality
Between them, it's already agreed
And when the truck finally pulls away
Your face is streaked in tears
You wish there was some way to delay
This anxious fear
Of moving

Nikita Mulaikal
Francis Granger Middle School
Aurora, IL
Grade 8

The Last Note

There is a cluster of sound as the instruments are warming up.
Then there is silence. Just plain silence.
The concert begins.
I join my fellow audience members
as the conductor walks on stage.
The orchestra has already tuned
and they are ready to play.
I sink back in my chair,
listening to the wonderful and joyous music as it surrounds me.
My mind travels to a new place,
a place where I can paint my own picture.
The different sounds are my colors,
and the instruments are my tools.
My mind travels to a new place,
a place where I can paint my own picture.
The tempos are my scenes
and the paper is my drawing board.
The music is my picture.
The music begins to calm down, as the piece is almost over.
And as the last note is played I finish my picture,
and enter back into the world of reality.

Karyn Smith
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Love to Give

You're everything I've hoped for
You're everything I've dreamed
Now you're here in front of me
But I don't know what to do
I don't know what to say
But when I'm with you
I just know
I won't pull myself away
You have my heart
You have my all
You will forever have my love
So love me good
And love me strong
And forever we will have our love to give

Kirsti Groulx
Hill McCloy High School
Montrose, MI
Grade 9

School Subjects

Math,
Amazing, intriguing,
Counting, adding, subtracting,
Money, shapes, novel, essay,
Describing, telling, amusing,
Long, complex
Writing.

Patrick Cole
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The Baseball Game

I'm here at the baseball game,
Sitting in the stands.
There are so many people,
Waving their foam hands.

In many different ways,
I cheer for my team.
One way is to chant,
And the other is to SCREAM!

Jumping up and down,
While I wear my Yankee hat.
3 strikes! You're out!
Now it's Jeter's turn to bat!

He gives a mighty swing,
As he chews his "Big Red" gum.
The ball is going far,
It's a home run!

Alexa Calicchio
Thorne Middle School
Middletown, NJ
Grade 7

The End...

The last leaf falls from the tree, as the sun sets for the last time.
The final drop of rain falls, the puddle ripples for the last time.
The puddle dries up...
The man takes his last breath, as the final shot is fired form the gun.
The war is over...
The last dance is done, the final song ends.
The days are numbered...
A final note is played, the last word is sung,
The concert crowd now recedes...
The last stone is placed, the final nail is hammered.
The building is finished...
The tide rises one last time, under the dimming moon's light.
The branches wither, while the leaves blow away.
The flowers close up...
The last page has been read, this book will be forgotten, tossed aside in the dark.
The End...
It's time to move on...

Kasey Nease
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

To My Brother

I look up to you as my brother.
I would call on no other, if ever I need help.
You and the guys are my best friends.
Not one childhood memory do I have that doesn't have you in it.
As I grow older, and start losing all of you,
I think to myself, I'll always have a brother and I can follow you.
Life is growing difficult, all of a sudden, you going off to college.
Losing my protector.
Not being able to say, hey will you beat him up for me?
You told me a while back, Kati you're my little sister,
If you ever need anything call me.
You're leaving for college next fall.
I have to make more memories before they all float away.
I can feel them drifting already.
Wait come back, I need to keep you.
Well, there they go, all gone, my childhood erased.
But oh well, I still have my big brother.

Kati Woodward
Lincoln Middle School
Cottage Grove, OR
Grade 7

Winter

Winter is here, you can tell by the crisp, frigid air.
It tickles your nose as the stiff breeze creeps by.
Frost lingering near, lets you know that Jack Frost has been by.
Children's laughter coming atop a hill, lets you know that winter is here.
The first snow leaves a heartwarming memory to children all over the world.
The joy of winter is finally here!

Amber Mann
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Is There a Shark in Our Midst?

I scream
I shout
A shark is here!
I must get out

Its ventrally positioned mouth is baring twelve-inch teeth
I look around for signs of help, but this is down beneath
The surface of the water is way above my head
My heart is beating fast, a sign of incessant dread.
Sharply pointed, placid scales
Are glinting like a box of nails
Its muscular tail fin and slightly pointed nose
Allow it to expend no energy as it fights its many foes.
And its short, powerful jaws
Are more deadly than an eagle's claws
My heart beats even faster; my pulse begins to throb
The shark is coming nearer, and I begin to sob.

Hold on one second, what's that you say?
It is just a fish that wants to play?
Well then, goodbye, I'm on my way!

Jasmine Azizi
Norwood Fontbonne Academy
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 7

The Lonely Princess*

A dazzling princess was born in a castle
The maids admired her beauty, though she was a hassle
She had golden hair which blew gently in the wind
It glimmered in the light and seemed to have no end
She had lengthy eyelashes and shimmering blue eyes
The fluttering of them resembled colorful butterflies
She wore a white gown with delicate roses placed atop her hair
Subjects thought she was an angelic heir
But she wasn't what she seemed
She was vicious and violent inside the stone palace
The Princess would always whine and demand her chalice
She burst into a flood of tears when her silk robe was stained
She was destructive and always complained
Forcefully shoving away her maid, she cried a cascade
Suddenly, a wise spirit emerged from the icy water
"Your glamorous look will disappear
You will be forever petrified with fear
Wandering endlessly, alone
Never being heir to the throne
Beauty only comes from the inside, my dear…"

Lauren North
Richland Middle School
Richland Hills, TX
Grade 8
**Your looks don't always reflect your attitude.*

Black

It comes in many different sizes and forms,
Like a book or a chair,
It also comes out at night,
Past all the stars, noises, and air,
It may not look good to everybody,
It may be the greatest color of all,
All I know is that I like,
Just black, big or small.

Jerry Rude
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

For You

The tender kiss of another's lips,
The feel of them on your fingertips,
The coolness of their hand in yours,
The warmth of a gaze that truly adores.
I would not know how these things feel,
To kiss a man with a lover's zeal.
For now I have only a glimpse of what I'm missing,
But I know that there's more to love than just kissing.
When I meet my true love I will know,
In happiness or hardship his embrace is where I'll go.
True love is full of tender understanding,
A love that is cherished and never demanding.
I've not yet met my someone, true,
Because I'm still waiting, sweetheart, for you.

Arwen Cundick
Orem Jr. High School
Orem, UT
Grade 9

Pirates

Spend most of their time looting,
Pillaging and shooting
Fighting duels on the deck but never lose their footing
Commandeering ships
As the wave rolls and dips
Climbing all the ratlines up he never falls or slips
Downing all the rum
Not a little, not just some
Getting just as drunk as he can then really havin' fun
When the rum is done
Mutiny's begun
The captain then is overthrown and left in the hot sun
They spot a ship, a merchant
And they decide to search it
For any liquor it may hold take the rum, then ditch it
Far across the sea
You hear them belt their theme
Yo ho, yo ho a pirate's life for me!

Jenny Barth
South Middle School
Eau Claire, WI
Grade 8

Extended Metaphor

A poem is like a rushing stream of colors, never ending.
Poems swallow up the paper, like water swallows up the land.
The words pour out on the paper, like a stream overflows its banks when there is too much rain.
Poems are everywhere you look, you just need to find them.

Jenny Carroll
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Life

There will always be the good and the bad, everything this Earth ever had,
We can change things if we try, but saying it will happen is a lie,
By-and-by the time passes, more and more kids going to classes,
Thinking that this world is a bad place, listening to some criminal case,
Hearing things about other places, about other people and other races,
Like seeing little kids who are taught to shoot a gun, no time for any of them to have some fun,
Because they think that it's right, to kill, hurt, and fight,
In this world there will always be terrorists, and people who hate, who think that their life is just their fate,
Killing the innocent, hurting the weak, taking things from those who are meek,
Thinking that they made the right choices, not listening to people and their voices,
Time will pass and the world will grow, and people will learn things that they need to know,
But there will always be the good and the bad, everything this Earth ever had,
We can change things if we try, but saying it will happen is a lie.

Aubrey Kortze
Nazareth Area Middle School
Nazareth, PA
Grade 8

Victoria

There she lies so peaceful and free from guilt,
She should not be lying there, only nine years old.
Her glistening blond hair gracefully forming her face flowing down her shoulder,
Her eyes closed and never to open again.
You can see the shadows of pain like the stages to her death.

She loved to tumble like a bee loves honey,
She always made people laugh.
She always put a smile on your face if you were sad and down.
She gave me a hug that fateful day, if only I could have held on to it forever.
She was really looking forward to our first meet like little kids looking forward to their birthday,
Even though she couldn't physically make it there,
I could feel her lifting me up when I was tumbling.
When she left the world it seemed like it stopped turning.

She brings tears to everyone's eyes when someone mentions her name,
If only she could have seen how many people were there because they cared and loved her.
She has a spot in my heart and will never leave,
She was someone you could never get mad at,
I was glad that I met her and I was sad when I had to say good-bye.

She will be missed because everybody here loves her,
Who's going to be there to hold her hand when she wonders the street of heaven?

Stephanie Seymour
South Middle School
Eau Claire, WI
Grade 8

Penta-Thingy

I wear a symbol 'round my neck, a Pentagram
Most people think it's evil, but hey, it's who I am
It's not a devil symbol, no matter what you say
Everybody says it, so just make them go away!
Last year there was this girl at school
She was a redhead, and was 'cool'
She's the daughter of evangelists
You know she just could not resist
She grabbed the symbol 'round my neck
And said that I'd go straight to hell
Well, since then a year has passed
the changes that have been are vast
So here is one, and blessed be
The girl who I once fought with
Is now defending me!

Aurora O'Neill
T.E.C.
Cheney, WA
Grade 9

Impeccable Art

Impeccable art is lithe and unbalanced,
Twisted and churned like the rise of a bank.
It can be anything: deceiving or chanced,
Attracting and spectacular, or quiet and lank.

It's seen at all angles,
From one's innermost eye.
And persuades all attention
From the crowds passing by.

But it takes an eternity to create,
To grow, to dazzle, and soar.
And as soon as you think you've finished,
You realize it yearns for so much more.

For impeccable art is
What you will make it,
And with the years you'll watch it lengthen beautifully,
Bit by perfect bit.

Emily Moon
Cedar Park Middle School
Portland, OR
Grade 8

The Mountain

I see the glittering white surface,
I smell the thin air on the top,
I hear the sounds of the wind hitting the trees,
I feel the coldest of the air,
I taste the cold water of the snowflakes hitting my tongue,
I think the day is going to be magical.

J.D. Macleary
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Soccer Game

The ball
soared through the air.
I ran and ran like I was on a track team.
Everyone cheers out loud.
He goes to shoot a daring shot
The Keeper blocked the shot and
saved the team from a losing streak.
The referee blows the whistle,
raises his hand, and yells out loud, "Yellow Card."
Someone was lying on the ground.
The boy got up.
Everyone started to clap.
The referee blows to continue the play.
5 seconds later it was the end of the game.
The Grizzlies had one and we had lost.
The coach had told us we had played a great game.
We might win next time he says.
My legs were so tired including my feet.
We had just experienced our first defeat.

Todd Hanggeli
Galloway Township Middle School
Galloway, NJ
Grade 7

You

Everywhere I seem to go
I always see you
You put people's lives in danger
And yet you save them so thank you

You seem to be describing
Describing me and others I know
You say what we are
Either friends or foe

You are found in books,
Magazines, newspapers, and many more
You are heard all over the world
From Los Angeles to Ireland to Singapore

Everybody and everyone just seem to know you
Whether they are just a baby or a full-grown bird
It must be a trend
To see you
To hear you
To write you down
The amazing and yet indescribable
Words

Angela Arunarsirakul
Alfred Bernhard Nobel Middle School
Northridge, CA
Grade 8

The Angel

He stood upon golden wings,
Standing proud and filled with might,
Like the glory of all our kings,
Shining like a gallant knight.

Standing proud and filled with might,
He shone an everlasting light,
Shining like a gallant knight,
It was so beautiful and bright.

He shone an everlasting light,
The gleaming angel in the sky,
It was so beautiful and bright,
Soaring and floating up so high.

The gleaming angel in the sky,
He stood upon golden wings,
Soaring and floating up so high,
Like the glory of all our kings.

Lisa Kapp
Perkiomen Valley Middle School
Collegeville, PA
Grade 8

Spring

Spring is a happy time
Flowers start to blossom,
Birds sing all day long
Easter time is awesome!
We search for eggs and eat candy
They are very yummy.
Everyone eats a lot
And gives them a big round tummy.
Spring has sprung
And people play outside,
Get out your bike
Let's go for a ride!

Stephanie Mormino
St Mary's Elementary School
Alton, IL
Grade 7

Christmas

C hrist's birthday
H aving a good time
R eindeer above
I t is cold outside
S anta's coming
T ime to open presents
M erry Christmas
A ngels above
S now

Mollie Naill
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Giving Up on Loving You…

I'm giving up on loving you,
Just to let you know,

I thought we were the perfect couple and we were meant to be,
But come to find out you weren't even loving me,
My best friend said it wouldn't last,

And it would be just like the past,
But I told her just wait and see,

And she'll see how it would be,
You broke my heart and made me cry and cry,
But coming back using all these tired and broke lines, saying, "Baby just let me try,"

All my best friend could say is that "I told you so,"
And that I should have listened all along,

So then all I could do was be strong,
And stand along,

I should have listened to my best friend in the first place since she's always right,
And tries to make everything tight,

So just to let you know I'm giving up on loving you,
'Cause you putting me on your list like I'm number two,

You broke my heart and made me cry and cry,
So don't even come back and try,

Sorry but I'm giving up on loving you…

Keisha Horton
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

Nature's Wonders

When I take a nature walk, it's like candy on Halloween.
It's like French fries from McDonald's or a shake from Dairy Queen.
It's filled with pleasures you can't measure, and can't help but enjoy.
It's so peaceful and right, like a child playing with toys.
With the flowers, the trees,
The birds and the bees,
The animals waking up from their magnificent dreams,
And the sun shining on the lake making a gleam.
The fish flipping their fins with sand rubbing against their scales
And starfish looking rather pale.
The cool and refreshing sprinkles of rain.
It covers up the sadness and washes away the pain.
The sunset is warm and brings a smile
Which sweeps away the darkness and makes everything worthwhile.
Nature is something you just can't change.
It is very quiet, like home on the range.

Sarah Michele Link
Albany Middle School
Albany, LA
Grade 7

He Who Lived to Die

He was born in a stable, up in Bethlehem.
This baby boy came as the greatest gem.

He lived a life both righteous and true,
He came to die for me and for you.

Because He loved us, He paid the price,
His life was the ultimate sacrifice.

His life was sinless, and He was perfect,
Nothing could pay, not one object.

Undeserving of this great gift,
God's mercy and love makes our sins lift.

All we need to do, to receive this gift,
All we have to do, is ask His forgiveness.

The name of He who lived to die,
Is Jesus Christ, in whom I abide.

Sarah Reehle
Boyertown Area Jr High School East
Gilbertsville, PA
Grade 7

My Way

The walk through life is long and rough,
I never know whether to take the highroad,
Or the back street, the detour or hit the traffic head on.
The open road is for me, my liberty, my freedom.

They try to tell me where to go,
The way to get there,
What time I need to be there,
And how I need to look.

All the details matter to them, the laws, the rules.
But not to me.
They give me the green light to go,
The yellow to slow down, mellow out,
And the red to stop.

I won't heed to their choices, their regulations.
I will not stop, they will not put me down.
My walk,
My life,
My rules,
My way!

Julie Frenette
Notre Dame Des Grands Lacs School
Sault Ste Marie, ON
Grade 9

Star-Crossed Lovers

Romeo and Juliet met in curiosity.
Their families considered it an atrocity.

Their love grew and grew.
As their families' feud continued to stew.

They could not foresee the outcome of their passion.
In the end, it would cause them the worst kind of action.

As the families continued to fight.
Their relationship was brought into light.

They once had the perfect affection.
But it turned out to be a short-lived connection.

Chris Muegge
Eastern Hancock High School
Charlottesville, IN
Grade 9

Dreams

You experience them nocturnally,
Or sometimes in the day when things are dull,
Sometimes they can be shown colorfully
And at others are a black and white cul.
They lead to ideas and new inventions,
But also lead to frights, fears and concerns.
And just when you think you have retention,
They are lost, and you hope for a return.
They can start with an idea or a thought,
And colorful fantasies enhance them.
In their twined and twisted web you are caught,
Then hold on to the good ones like a gem.
Dreams possess a power of vitality
That blends fiction and reality.

Matt Woodrome
Parkway West High School
Ballwin, MO
Grade 9

The Land of Beauty

Everywhere you look there is beauty,
Everything you see is beauty,
The land, the sea is beautiful,
This place is called America.

Everything around you is beauty,
The mountains, the lakes, the shining rivers are wonderful.
The redwood trees, the soft green grass
The wonders in this place called America.

As you can see the place that I call beauty
Is America the Beautiful!

Chauntel LaMunyon
Liberty School
Morris, OK
Grade 7

Misunderstood

My soul is black as ebony,
My mind is full of dismal thoughts
On the outside I am quiet, and gentle,
Inside I am insecure, I feel forgotten,
Useless, and unwanted
When I cry, I cry in isolation
This is when my thoughts come out,
And my grey shows through.
My mind is troubled,
I am neglected, and abandoned.
Just like a rainy day,
I am black and grey

Mackenzie Reisner
Union High School
Union, OR
Grade 8

Where Is the Circus?

I was walking the Boardwalk one night
Looking at poles near and far
Covered with ads, as they always are
Then one sign caught my eye
A picture of a clown
Then I know the circus is in town
Then I let out a sigh
The sign did not say where the circus lay
I walked the boardwalk some more
Asking people where to go
No one would know
I walked and asked more
Still no one knew
Then I saw the view
And to my surprise, there it was
Clowns. Tents, lions napping
I couldn't be happier
My ears went a buzz
At the carny sounding
And then I stopped wondering
Where is the carnival?

Harrison Hess
Thomas A Edison High School
Portland, OR
Grade 9

Happiness

Happiness is sky blue
It smells like fresh air
It tastes like chocolate chip cookies
It sounds like your favorite song
It feels like hugging someone you love
It looks like a desirable hot sunny day
Happiness is enjoying your life!!

Xavier Ross
Whittier Middle School
Sioux Falls, SD
Grade 7

Heaven

I do not know what heaven is like,
From what I am taught
It is that you will be happy and carefree with no worries.
It sounds like a peaceful place that I will want to go, but not quite yet.
It hurts when you lose someone and they go to heaven but your pain does go away.
It sounds so good but why does it hurt the people you leave behind so bad?
Someday everyone will be reunited in heaven peaceful and humble,
Watching all the people below that you left behind.

Abby Spaeth
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Do They…

People standing where disaster once struck
Do they hope, do they cry, do they show emotion, do they take pictures
Glass crashing down everywhere on to concrete graveyard ground
Scared people, crying souls, and innocent people dying
Dust and ash filling the once bright blue sky
Do they hope, do they cry, do they show emotion, do they take pictures
Remember that tragic day
Remember that tragic day

To be where lives suffered
Do they hope, do they cry, do they show emotion, do they take pictures
Panicking people frantically search for lives in the graveyard ground
Sad people, dead bodies, and blood everywhere
People looking through dust and ask
Do they hope, do they cry, do they show emotion, do they take pictures
Remember that tragic day
Remember that tragic day

Alyssa Priest
Glenn Jr High School
San Angelo, TX
Grade 9

Of Bush and Kerry

It looks like the race for president in 2004,
Will feature two middle-aged white men, like many times before.
Both come from prominent families, and went to college at Yale,
But since, their paths' in life couldn't be more different.
And while the story of presidential candidates is no fairy tale,
Their race for the presidency is very fierce and persistent.
George W. Bush is running for the Republicans,
The Democratic candidate is John Kerry.
For their party to win the election,
The most electoral votes the candidate must carry.
Now the campaign is swinging into high gear,
In politics at least it will make the year 2004 a very exciting year.
The November general election marks the end of the campaign,
But no rest for the weary, in four years he must do it all over again.

Jonah Mandel
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Earthquakes of Life

Earthquakes all around me,
I feel like I am drowning.
There's no moment of peace,
There's only grief.
I feel like everyone has turned on me.
And I can hardly breathe.
Knocked off my feet,
Down to where the pain lives.
Someone's always trying to tell me how to feel.
I just keep falling and calling.
Someone help me now,
I can't find solid ground.
The ground is shaking like crazy
But I keep on waiting.
For you to catch me!

Eric Williams
Hot Springs Sr High School
Hot Springs, AR
Grade 9

Holds Me

He holds me in His hands; never lets me go,
even when I do something incredibly low
He's always caring and watches over me
His love is so strong even if the world can't see
He's everlasting, there until the end
My Lord, my Saviour, my best friend
He knows me better than I know myself
He's everything I need, even when I don't have wealth
I thought I had the answer to every question in my mind
But the Lord is so much smarter and a million times more kind
He filled the emptiness in my heart
Love so strong, nothing can pull it apart
Day after day I'll walk with Him in the sand
He never lets me go, holds me in His hand

Sabrina Shaheen
Florence Meares Public School
Burlington, ON
Grade 8

End of the Year

It's finally time to leave
I empty my desk and toss aside books
Reading through old notebooks and papers
Gathering what's left of another school year

Sifting through memories of the year before
Picking up pieces of friends and laughter
Taking them with you
To live forever in your heart and mind
Someday putting them back together
And living the memory again

Alicia Gallina
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

My Solution

As I lay here in bed
And stare at the wall,
I've nothing to do,
No nothing at all.
With nothing to do,
I'm bored out of my mind.
Now something to do,
Is something to find.
I think for a moment,
I think for a long time.
I think about phrases
And words that rhyme.
Then I say to myself,
Wouldn't it be grand,
To write about stars, the trees, or the land.
And so I begin to write and write.
I've thought of a solution,
That's to my delight.
I'll write about everything that happens to me.
I'll write about birds,
Or maybe the sea.

Natasha Hanna
Silver Trail Middle School
Pembroke Pines, FL
Grade 7

Stream of Sapphire

The tears from my eyes are sapphire,
reaching into the sky is a spire,
doused like a fire.
Emptiness and loneliness,
describes what is near and what we hold dear.
Succumb by the pain,
take a soak and rinse away the memories in rain.
All without feeling,
harder the rain is pelting.
Floating down a gentle echoing stream,
in a painless endless dream.
Lavender floating through the sky,
collecting the tears of those who cry.
All alone without a friend,
a helping hand no one would lend.
By yourself in a corner,
treated like a complete foreigner.
Without hope none shall prevail,
just accept the beating from storm and hail.
Oneself is a silhouette,
engulfed by the shadows he'll let.

William Au
Glashan Public School
Ottawa, ON
Grade 7

The Feeling

Put your foot in the stirrup, hoist yourself high, be prepared for the feeling, you're going to fly
Land your bum in the saddle weathered and smooth, hold yourself steady and get set to move
One hand on the horn, nervous and sweaty, holding the reins, upright and ready
With a soft jerk, you start the ride, this horse is a beauty with a soft, comfortable stride
Slowly picking up speed, you gallop into a field, going faster, it seems, you don't want to yield
The speed is wonderful, with a throb and a bounce, you kick her sides gently, and she speeds up with a flounce
Trees passing quicker than ever before, faster and faster, you're dying for more
Bodies in motion, one four-legged, one two, mane and hair whipping in the wind passing through
Nothing can stop you, unless you choose so, it's now or never, so you might as well go
On and on through grass and through tree, going so fast the sights you cannot see
You can feel her slowing, you're tiring too, all you're energy drained from that one vigorous do
You head back now, to corral and stall, hold out some hay and let your hand fall
Watch your mare chew it thoughtfully, content and at ease, you sit on the fence, you're weak in the knees
All that adrenaline still coursing through, but not stopping you from what you have to do
You slide off the fence and look into her eyes, it's easy to see that she's ready and wise
Put your foot in the stirrup, hoist yourself high, be prepared for the feeling, you're going to fly…

Cassandra Miller
William G Davis Senior Public School
Cambridge, ON
Grade 7

Molly

You are gone, but you used to be there.
I miss coming home and calling your name.
Every morning you greeted me with what looked like a smile.
But the only time I ever see your smile anymore, are in the pictures in my room.
I don't hear your claws scraping across the floor or your barking at the crack of dawn.
You were sick and I didn't want to say it, but I knew in my heart it was time for you to move on.
Now you are gone and you're never coming back.
But I know in my heart that you are safe and are not in pain anymore.
And I guess I'm OK with that but I miss you, that's all.
Please show me a sign that you are OK, so I don't worry anymore.
And so I know that I made the right decision by letting you go.
That day the tears never ended and when I looked in your eyes I knew that you knew you were leaving.
I still have the horrible memory of you taking your last breath and it will never leave.
It was the hardest thing I had to do, letting you go.
I love you so much more than you will ever know.
Thank you so much for making my life so sweet and dear, and filling every day of both your life and mine, with joy.

Jessica Parker
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The Choice Is Yours

Life is but a nightmare that never ends and a dream that never begins, or is it.
I warned you so don't be surprised if you're wrong, what if it's all a dream just a dream.
What if we are in our afterlife already, but what if there is no afterlife.
What if when we die it's over.
What if it's over already, yet what if it's just the beginning or maybe it's the end.
But what if life is just a game or maybe we are just puppets
there are a lot of things you may believe and the choice is yours and yours alone,
but I want you to choose what you believe the most.

Kenneth Coppock
Chuckey Dook Middle School
Afton, TN
Grade 8

Courage*

If you're reading this
Then that must mean,
I've worked up the courage
That was unseen.

I would walk the deserts,
And cross the seas,
I would let nothing
Come between you and me.

I would sacrifice myself
To be with you,
I would do anything
You want me to.

If we would ever
End up apart,
You will still
Forever be in my heart.

Bradley Harless
West Grand High School
Kremmling, CO
Grade 9
**Dedicated to Jordan*

Jim

Good humor, firm decisions
Powerful, protective
Easy to grow on, easily grown on
Like a mountain, won't budge
Even when the snow and rain come

Weston MacRae
Glen Edwards Middle School
Lincoln, CA
Grade 7

Noon

Green field covered with dew,
Splotches of yellow coming through.
It is the dandelions that I see,
And in the foreground the odd tree.

Willow, spruce, poplar, and pine,
In their shade I recline.
Autumn leaves still cover the ground,
Buds on trees can now be found.

Off in the distance a house on a hill,
Accompanied by an old windmill.
Soaring birds whistle a tune,
It is approaching twelve o'clock noon.

Dan McBride
Sturgeon Creek Alternative Program
Stratton, ON
Grade 8

Spring

A silent trickle
over the cold wet rocks.
A calming breeze
in the warm shine
Little green sprouts
wiggling free from the old ground
A fresh new garden
with bright new faces.
Giggling laughter
carried by the wind.
Birds chirping
a musical not in my ear
Trees, old and new,
escaping from the winter's crust
Clouds disappearing,
revealing magnificent sky
What more could this be,
than springtime

Keri Skjei
Prescott Mile High Middle School
Prescott, AZ
Grade 7

Reflection

I see a girl
I do not know,
Although I recognize
Her soul.
So many things
Seem to fit
As she copies me
Bit by bit.
All she is
Is just a face
Ended off
With a row of lace.
The rest of her
Does not exist
And her face clouds over
In a sea of mist.

Kara Wamsley
Chester Academy
Chester, NH
Grade 8

Cried

She cries
Her last moment
She falls to the floor
Her baby girl is now gone
Rest little one

Kim Hernandez
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

April

A beautiful day.
P eople walking in the park.
R iding through the woods.
I nside watching TV.
L eaves turning green.

Shawn Miller
Licking Valley Middle School
Newark, OH
Grade 8

The Worst Chore

Vacuuming is the worst chore,
I'd rather be at the store.
Neatly vacuuming every hall,
I wish I were shopping at the mall.
When I don't vacuum I get caught,
I tell them, "I just cannot!"
This may sound funny,
But I'll vacuum for money!
Then I'd spend some at the mall,
And pay Raphaelle to vacuum the hall!
For if I see another vacuum, I fear
I may just, really disappear!

Gabrielle Del Mese
St Raphael School
Santa Barbara, CA
Grade 8

Emotional Reactions

The way you look at me,
It's hard to explain.
My heart comes to a screeching stop,
Just like a train.

When you look at me,
I cannot speak.
When you talk to me,
You make my knees weak.

Let's say for some reason
I were to die,
Would you forget about me
Or break down and cry?

During my funeral,
Would you go run and play,
Or would you come to my casket
And look up and pray?

But because of our great attractions
We have too many emotional reactions.

Eric Clark
West Jr High School
Columbia, MO
Grade 8

The Loving Child

A child lay
in pain and pale.
Until the wind of death the gale
took her that day.

A child's garden lay dry and bare
without rose or thorn or weed.
Represented the love we need,
the love she wished to share.

Kristen Albert
Trinity Academy
Waterbury, CT
Grade 7

My Favorite Book

Up from my big warm wooden bed
To the small door of my room
Through the small doorway
Down the long twisting stairs
Out the intricately detailed front door
Across the quiet street
Beyond the blooming meadow
Around the inviting playground
Over a small red bridge
Under a big wooden bridge
Upon the grassy field
Up an old oak tree
Into the hidden trap door
Past the knotty branch
Onto the plywood platform
On the small table
My favorite book

Derrick Rohl
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Somebody Cares

You think you're all alone…
That you're not wanted,
You're not noticed,
But guess what…?
Somebody cares…
It could be a relative,
Or a neighbour,
Or someone that you don't notice,
That you might not even know is there…
They might love you more than ever,
And you might not believe me…
I'm not saying you will,
But believe it or not…
Somebody cares…

Tori Neigel
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Trapped

We work so hard to try and cover up our problems
Wouldn't it be easy if we could be honest with each other and solve 'em?
Why do we try so hard to fit in?
When we're meant to stand out, be who we've always been.
I hate trying to be something I'm not.
I feel like I'm being controlled, like a robot.
If people knew the real me, would they still like me?
I like to think of the way things could, and should be.
But in the end we're just playing a big game.
So we have nobody but ourselves to blame.

Amy Wilcox
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 7

9/11

Millions of Americans became insecure after the 9/11 attack.
I wonder why people are so cruel and why they wanted to do that.
I pray God will forgive their souls and teach them right from wrong.
For world peace is what we've really wanted all along.

Coming together to sing a joyful song is what this nation should do.
We should hope that all the fighting will finally be through.
State the Pledge of Allegiance with a large amount of pride.
Keep the soldiers in and firefighters in your hearts and do not push them aside.
For America is the land of the free from sea to shining sea.
God will protect everyone, including you and me.

Ashana Casara
James Hart School
Homewood, IL
Grade 8

Where Is…

I lie on my bed in a pool of sorrow and remorse.
Soft tears flow from my wet eyes.
A hot tear strikes my weak hand, I flinch and ask myself,
Where is the happiness?
I run up the stairs as my parents shout,
yelling at the innocent one.
I launch myself through my door, falling on my knees,
I start to pray, thinking,
Where is the fairness?
I walk into my schoolroom of dread, amidst shouts of laughter and pointing fingers.
They laugh, and they mimic, as I wallow in pain.
I ask myself,
Where is the friendship?
Throughout the rest of the mimicking laughter, the rest of the unfairness,
and the rest of the unhappiness,
I look up to the clouds, knowing someday, I'll be up there.
But for now, I ask pitifully with my face in my hands,
Where is the love?

Tyler Hamlin
Kankakee Jr High School
Kankakee, IL
Grade 8

Let's Be Honest

A hidden truth,
That hides in our words, thriving on the lies we say.
The children are not taught this truth,
Residing in America's roots.
We're not the best.
Let's put these lies to rest.
We're the most racist country ever created.
We made those foul words that are repeatedly stated.
We use them against virgin hearts,
Scarring them from the start.
Discrimination,
A word we know very well,
Too bad we don't recognize the smell.
Torturing because the color of skin.
Or religion.
Arrogant,
A word we will not recognize, but to our surprise,
He lives in our minds and lies.
I love America, so let's make her worthwhile,
Change her ways and her arrogant style.
Let's make her the best, most of all let's be honest.

Kelly Fleming
West Islip High School
West Islip, NY
Grade 9

Emotions

Choices, decisions, one way or another.
Like tug-of-war,
One end pulls one way,
The other in the opposite direction.
Caught up in the middle.
What to do?
Go right into what I believe in?
Or left into what others see as "right?"
Confused. Irritated.
Swaying from side to side.
Which choice to make?
What will overcome me?
Will I get caught up?
Do I do what I believe in?
What to think, where to be, what to do.
Frustrated, should I give up?
Do I keep on fighting a war, that never ends?
Should I follow everyone else or do my own thing?
Baffled. Angry?
Do I know what exactly to feel?
Choices, decisions, one way or another.

Brittany Dombek
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 7

Moving Wars

Pack your boxes, pack your things, it's time to move on.
Just like that, my old town is gone.
Friends say good-bye with a frown.
Now it is time to find a new town.

Unwittingly I take my leave.
Now I can't help but to feel deceived.
I am here at my new home.
Soon I start to feel alone.

Dustin Schneider
Beechwood Elementary School
Fort Mitchell, KY
Grade 7

White Water Rafting

I went white water rafting
Down the great Colorado River,
And experienced something I never imagined.
The boat began to pull us
Towards the white capped, whooshing water.
I felt the spray on my cheek.
My arms pumped as I pushed the oar forward and back.
The sun beat down on me,
I heard the pounding beat of the waves
Crashing against the rocky walls.
A bird flew over the clear blue sky,
Singing so sweetly.

Natalie Turza
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

If I Could Dream the Perfect Dream

If I could dream the perfect dream,
and if it were to come true,
I'd stay with you forever,
until my life was through.

If I could dream the perfect dream,
I'd dream we'd never part,
we'd stand side by side together,
I'd love you with all my heart.

If I could dream the perfect dream,
this love would never end,
illness wouldn't last so long,
for which our love would mend.

If I could dream the perfect dream,
I'd never stop loving you.
But sometimes dreams aren't only dreams,
for mine have all come true.

Tisha Stubbs
North Laurel Middle School
London, KY
Grade 7

In the Glass

Distorted reflection.
Colors of a dull hue.
This isn't me.
It surely isn't you.
Looking deep.
Wanting more.
The image in the glass,
It is so poor.
Drifting away, falling apart.
The image in the glass isn't me.
It was my mother,
And she'd forsaken me.

Rebecca Thurman
Northwest High School
Cedar Hill, MO
Grade 9

Streams

Running
Dancing
Falling
Majestic
Streams
Flowing
In all directions
Feeding plants
And animals
Everywhere

Tumbling
Gurgling
Flying
Water spirits
Soaring
Over all the lands
And making peace
Anywhere and everywhere
Streams go

Sydney Paulsen
Walt Clark Middle School
Loveland, CO
Grade 7

My Friends

I enjoy being with my friends,
Always helpful and caring.
Lending hands when needed,
Always kind and sharing.
Someone to grow up with,
To look up to every day.
A friend is there to help you,
In every single way.

Arminda Kellogg
Seymour Middle School
Seymour, CT
Grade 7

Love Games

How can you not feel that?
Why are you playing with my emotions?
Can't you see that I'm not playing?
You won't give me a chance and yet you always catch my attention.
Enough!
Enough with your little mind games.
You don't want me and yet you won't let my love fade.
Why must you torture me day after day?
Why won't you just let me go?

Katherine Simpson
Bayshore High School
Bradenton, FL
Grade 9

Where Is My Dad

My dad is my dad and my best friend.
Yea sometimes we will get into fights but he's always there until the end.
No matter how many times he decides to ground me.
He will always be around me.
If it's a good thing or maybe it's bad.
He will always be there when I'M feeling sad.
He is always there when I am feeling blue.
He is always there to confront me too.
So when he is around I'm never sad.
Just because I love my dad.

Jacinto Rodriquez
Nazareth Area Middle School
Nazareth, PA
Grade 8

how can i

how can i tell you
that i will miss you
that i will cry myself to sleep thinking of never seeing you ever again
that i will yet again lose a best friend
i need you but i will be strong and say nothing at all
i will live our last days together to the fullest
i will remember everything so i know we did everything

how can i tell you
that i need you
and that i will miss you
best friends forever no matter what
yeah right
by this time next year you will not remember my name
but i will yours
you were also there for me and i will be for you but you are leaving
not by choice but by force
i will miss you
how do i tell you without crying.

Samantha Alexander
American High School
Fremont, CA
Grade 9

Me, Myself, and I

Just the two of us so happy so true
Just the two of us but there's really nothing to do
Just the two of us but there's really no one there
Just the two of us all we do is stare
Just the two of us and it's not really much fun
Just the two of us but there's really just one

Chris Davis
Hawthorn Center
Northville, MI
Grade 9

Girl on a Small Wall*

Perched like a cat on a moss-stained wall,
An attractive brunette ponders her troubles.
Her soiled silk dress suggests her hardships.
The wall stands sturdily soothing the dear girl.

The coral flowers swerve near her wall,
Comforting the child with their fragrance.
Trees climb to the god she prays to, for help.
Her sapphire gown ripples in the passing wind.

"Despair will soon come to pass,"
Whisper the few delicately laced clouds.
Bumpy as the wall, and the journey of life may be,
All things will smooth like silk in time.

Mallory Fausz
Campbell County High School
Alexandria, KY
Grade 9
**Inspired by Suzanne Valadon's "Girl on a Small Wall," 1930.*

The Death of a Dream

There is no worse death
than the death of a dream
the death of a childhood fancy
the death of illusion so gladly received
taken from life with a jolt

The life of a dream
so fragile, so frail,
shatters in the blink of an eye
the dream that you dreamed gone forever —
never returning again

The dream, gone
illusion, dead
the fancy, ne'er returning
the death of a dream
so long ago past,
cannot stop your soul from dreaming.

Sabina Safsten
Sacajawea Jr High School
Lewiston, ID
Grade 9

All Gone

This is too painful
This is too sad
It is all gone, the life I once had
The friends I grew up with
The stories we shared
The school I went to
The people who cared
The times in the school yard
The tests that were hard
The jokes we played
And still never scarred
And now, in the palm of my hands
I have lost my plans
My plans for the future
For my wonderful life
Sometimes I wonder
If I will make it to be a wife
Will I find someone
Anyone at all
Or will I continue living my life
Feeling so small

Jessica Lo Basso
John Paul I High School
Saint-Leonard, QC
Grade 7

Bucking Bull

My boots are tied my jacket zipped.
As the sweat drips down my head, I already feel whipped.
I kneel down to say my prayers,
And pray to the big guy way upstairs.
My heart is thumping and it feels like it is about to jump out;
The crowd starts to scream and yell as I walk out.
As I approach the gate and look into that bull's eyes,
I see power and fury which lies inside.
I hop on that ferocious bull and tie in my hand.
And I pray to God that after this I will be able to stand.
I can hear the crowd yell as the announcer talks,
And the eyes of the crowd watching me like a hawk.
I get my seat and get ready for some fun.
They opened the gate and the bull began to run.
He bucked and he jumped and began to spin.
After 5 seconds I started to wear that bull in.
Only 2 seconds left to go, but that darn bull still said "NO;"
He gave one big buck and I flew all the way off.
The bell rang as I got up and began to brush off.
As I looked forward and looked into that bull's eyes.
I could see that he was saying, "Nice try."

Courtney Praski
New Lothrop High School
New Lothrop, MI
Grade 9

You've Seen

You've seen the way the storm surrounds
The way the lightning strikes
You've seen the men that go to war
Their wives that cry all night
You've seen a baby being born
You've seen an old man die
You've seen a poor man make it through
You've seen a rich man cry
You've watched an oak tree get cut down
And watched a new one grow
You've lived to tell a tale of fear
There's nothing you don't know
You know all things are possible
Below and up above
And yet you still insist
That there's no such thing as love

Charley Hall
Habira Middle School
Habira, GA
Grade 8

Banging on the Drum

What I feel I drum
Since childhood in my system
Deep from heart it comes

Gabe Zambello
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

You Are My Friend

You are my Lord and my Father,
my strength and my friend.
We will be together,
together til the end.
My friend and my God,
the Creator of all things,
let us raise our hands in praise,
let our voices ring.
We will go to You
our hearts You will mend.
You died on the cross,
then You rose again.
Until You come for me
I'll tell everyone I know,
of the message that You preached
of the streets of gold.
You are my life and my shield,
my life and my King.
I will go to Heaven,
in Heaven I'll sing.

Courtney Kennedy
Hobart Middle School
Hobart, IN
Grade 7

Glass Heart

My heart fell
And broke
The shards cut me like glass
As I put it all back together
No matter how hard I try
I feel like a child
Who can't find the last piece
Of their favorite puzzle
My mind still remembers
But my heart chooses to forget

Jessie Morgan
Bellbrook Jr High School
Bellbrook, OH
Grade 7

Why Did You Make Me Cry?

Why did you make me cry?
Why did you have to cheat and lie.

You filled my heart with hurt and pain
Me being so in love with you
I fell for your game

I thought we would always be together
Because our love was so strong
I thought it would last forever

But instead you did a stupid thing
To make me cry
And at some point
I wanted to break down and die

So I have to be strong on the inside
Because at the end of this poem
You'll be the one who cries

Quintika Cotton
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

Dead Butterfly

As my name is announced,
My butterfly arrives,
My palms get sweaty.
When I reach the podium,
I start my speech.
My butterfly flutters and stills,
It sits soundly watching me.
I speak with confidence and pride.
As I finish my speech,
My butterfly dies.

Justine Nelson
Tamanawis Secondary School
Surrey, BC
Grade 8

Untitled

Curled up in my corner.
Curled up at the start.
I'm comfortable where I am.
Curled up in my heart.

So what if they gape.
So what if they stare.
I don't want to risk it.
So what if they care.

How 'bout giving me room.
How 'bout letting me be.
I'm desperate for some air.
How 'bout setting me free.

Maybe when it's bare.
Maybe when I think.
I can get somewhere.
Maybe when I sink.

Where is my life's turning point?
Where will my hero interfere?
I'm done being delirious.
Where do I go from here?

Lysa Nguyen
Leuzinger High School
Lawndale, CA
Grade 9

If I Was Your Tears

If I was your tears
I could fall out your eyes,
run down your cheeks,
and touch your lips
I would be there when,
you're sad, mad, happy, or scared,
tears of sorrow or tomorrow
no matter when, how, what, or why
I would always be closest to your eyes,
and forever in your heart,
and never apart,
if I was your tears.

Nesha Lynn Kelle
Home School Service
Lynnville, IN
Grade 9

Tears

Flowing softly down
Hurtful words ruining glory
Dampening my soul

Arielle Medina
Lowell Scott Middle School
Boise, ID
Grade 7

The Wolf's Curse

A pond clear and yellow,
An isle burned black,
The branches of pine,
Waving windward and back.
There before you stands sweet irony,
So proud and yet silent,
A wise ruler felled only by man,
King of tyrants.
The melody is fear, no other song heard,
And the white fragile future,
Is taunted and lured.
Wolf and vampire cursed,
Through rivals in lore,
Both bear the same fate,
Despised ever more.
The bright glimpse of truth is covered in fear,
Yet with your only light extinguished,
The dark's freezing breath draws near.
So open your heart to melodies new and old,
Only when our own curse is broken,
Will the wolf's story unfold.

Megan Mikhail
Duke Middle School
Durham, NC
Grade 7

The Final Day

The rain came down with no relent
Like marbles from a shattered jar
Gloomier than death itself
He stood there, frozen time
Staring into the rain cast day
Surrounded by life
In this one moment, alone
Waiting for the bus
Like a statue made of stone
To take him away
To the war that awaits him
The rain, like tears of an angel
Falling distant and wide
For those who have died
Behind him, innocent child life
Ahead of him, war and horror
As the bus pulled up
Tears streamed down
Like a never ending river
On that final day, one man stands alone
Waiting for what cannot be changed or stopped

Calvin Healy
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Rain Forest

I see trees with wild animals in them,
I see beautiful creatures flying above my face,
I see colorful waters in the ground,
I see a rainforest
As I run through the trees,
I feel a bright cool, calm and collected breeze
Even though it's a beautiful hot summer day,
I feel them anyway!
I glance at the sky, so bright and blue
What else can I do?
Who knew nature could be so wonderful and beautiful?
I know now, wow!!
I see a rain forest.

Sheyda Arayesh
Don Valley Jr High School
North York, ON
Grade 7

What Is a Friend?

What is a friend?
A friend is a person who can keep a secret
What is a friend?
A person who will never let you down
What is a friend?
A friend is a person who will always have your back
What is a friend?
A friend is a friend who will always keep his or her promise
What is a friend?
A friend is a person who will never give lame excuses
What is my friend like?
My friend is like all these reasons!!!

Kendrick Caldwell
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

A Word of Mystery?

Life is a mysterious word,
And no one knows its meaning.
It's different to others,
And can be made any way you choose.
Make it a part of speech you desire.
Choose to put some action in your life,
And it's a verb.
Life can be blue and sad,
Or maybe bright and exciting,
Either way you can call life an adjective.
Life is a wonderful thing,
And you can choose to live it however you want,
The choice is yours.
So live this noun to the fullest,
And try not to regret the way you've chosen to live your life.

Kyle O'Brien
Union High School
Union, OR
Grade 8

Riding Towards the Horizon

The wind blows across my face while I ride towards the horizon,
I balance on the leather saddle that rests on your strong back,
Your pace is a smooth trot that picks up speed every striding step,
The stirrups hang rather steadily under the flat part of my riding boots
As I post at the rhythm of the movement of your hoof,
Your coat shines from the early morning sun that brings out your shade of bay,
You only rest of tiredness and exhaustion, but your pride keeps you going on,
Your smooth, untangled mane leaps up into the sky from the cool breeze and the pace that you travel,
Our journey is coming to an end, but some day the wind shall blow across my face while both of us follow the horizon.

Vicka Gadbois
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Endless Grasp

Not 'til the moon in all her glory might shine the light of heaven's majestic gates upon God's graceful creations. Such is my life's center, this and my mother's. This and her mother's God rest her soul. And so on this pattern flows. Flows through the eyes and into the water so dear to them. Stronger flows the faith, stronger than life, deeper than life. Nightingales dive effortlessly into the night. Doves into the day. Stretching their banner wide, so all without fools eyes may see the message. The message whispered by all living creatures, softly in the wind so no man can hear, and yet for all to hear. For all who aren't dreary, for all who are wise. Two pints of my blood are black in such respect. The mere thought weakens my heart. Eyes shut, head towards the unseen sky. Ears closed, faced towards the unheard calls. Those calls that died on the way home. Through the hills, between valleys, just short of the sea. The strong faiths have yet to fall. Commit this to memory sons of our father, forget it not. It shan't fall 'til the orchid might murder the rose. Not until the day of faith. Until the sun should rise from the west. Until the trees speak. 'Til it has been redeemed in the souls of the masses, the souls of kin.

Fadi Elkhatib
Overland High School
Aurora, CO
Grade 9

The Sky High Above

The sky high above us looming high and proud
The sky high above is Caribbean blue
It is like a child when it is blue and bright
As a child is happy and lively
It is like an adult when it is black and dull
As an adult is angered sometimes
The sky high above is like a person with many personalities
When the person is mad, there is thunder
When the person is happy, there is a light breeze
When the person is sad, there is a heavy downpour of rain
When the person is scared, there is snow
When the person is feeling renewed, there is a refreshing sun shower
A thunderstorm is as if the gods are bowling
A rain shower is as if the gods are bathing
A day of warmth is as if the gods are overjoyed
A snowstorm is as if the gods are confused
A windy day is as if the gods are sick and coughing
A light breeze is as if the gods are relieved of something and exhaling
It is feminine in the spring and summer with its light breeze gay and its sun showers light and refreshing
It is masculine in the winter and autumn with its thunderstorms fierce and its snowstorms blow hard and cold
The sky high above us is an endless circle of light, love, and hope

Rebecca Lamorte
Commack Middle School
Commack, NY
Grade 7

Responsibility

Bulldozing you with immense power and ability
Overwhelming you with unstoppable madness,
It sneaks into your system, driving you insane.
Slowly but surely it deteriorates your mind.
You said you could overcome it.
You said you could prevail over the mayhem,
And look at you now.
Weakened, rendered helpless, you lie there.
I pity you.
Don't say I didn't warn you.
It tore you apart.
It attacks in waves,
Subjects if you will.
Unstoppable. Unpredictable. Unbearable.
You lazy thing
You should have done it while you had the chance.
You had the opportunity to fulfill your destiny,
And you rejected it. Dead. Dying. Gone.

You should have done your homework.

Constantine Stoumbos
New Providence Middle School
New Providence, NJ
Grade 8

I Love You

I miss you when you're gone because you seem so far away
I think about you all the time each and every day
Each night I spend without you seems longer then the last
But when I look back in the past I see it was nothing but a blast
So all I have to say
Is I wish you were here today
Right by my side
To help me through bad times
I love you so much you just don't understand
But someday you will and I am willing to wait
So for now just love me too
And don't forget I will always only love you

Michelle Powell
Optional Education School
Louisville, IL
Grade 9

Change

People tend to be afraid of change.
They fear a simple plan when rearranged.
Just because they aren't sure what's coming next,
They suddenly feel as though they are hexed.
But these people don't realize the good that can come,
If they only took the time to settle down some.
And most people just can't tell apart,
The difference between change and a brand new start.

Judy Marcovici
Farmington High School
Farmington, CT
Grade 9

Why?

Does anybody know why the birds sing
or why the grass is green?
There are many questions that go unanswered
such as how does time work and one day will we all have to die

I wonder why you couldn't just tell me
how you felt or what you thought
Why did I have to get a call like that?
Why must I get hurt?

I can feel the tears slowly roll down my face
as I sit quietly in my room
This has opened my eyes to so much more
as my mind races to understand why

But now I see you were just as scared as I was
and there was no reason to hide
just tell me the truth and tell me…why?

Tiffany Bailey
Butler Traditional High School
Louisville, KY
Grade 9

Invitation

Come see what I see,
Come hear what I hear,
Jump into my mind,
Take the wheel and steer.

Go on a tour of my life,
Through good times and bad,
Meet my family and friends,
And all that I've had.

Get wrapped in a basketball game,
One on one,
Soar like a bird,
Through laughter and fun.

Look back at when you were little,
Remember who you are now,
No one will ever be exactly like you,
Not even if you show them how.

Take a walk down the beach,
And watch the seasons go by,
Cherish each moment that comes and goes,
Live life to the fullest, don't be shy.

Kelly Hoerst
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Sad One

When my fears are within,
My heart and soul can not win,

When you are all alone,
You have nothing to withhold,

As a tear drop falls,
Waiting for someone to call,

You say to yourself "Does anyone care,
If they do why aren't they here?"

Bonnie Osburn
Leeton Middle and High School
Leeton, MO
Grade 7

Hey Mister

Hey mister can you help me please?
I need to find my mom.
I haven't seen her in five years!
Wherever did she go?
I need her really badly sir,
She helps me when I sob.
When we brown cookies,
She likes to help me stir.
So please sir help me,
I need to find my mom.

Heather McCunney
Poquessing Middle School
Feasterville Trevo, PA
Grade 7

What Is Love

Love is enduring
Gentle and tough
Love can be sweet
Bitter and rough

It's a constant river
Always flowing
A garden of flowers
Forever growing

Sometimes it's there
Though you don't know
Love can conquer anything
Even the darkest foe

Love is a remedy
Which comes from within
Love is something
That will never end

Faren Ange
Ange Christian School
Durham, NC
Grade 9

I Play the Game of Survival Every Day...

I am a grasshopper
I am an alert grasshopper
I hop from leaf to leaf searching for food
I meander through the wide open grassland cautiously turning every corner
I stay under leaves when it rains
I feast on the greenest leaves and live under the largest trees
I have two strong legs which help me dart from hungry enemies
I play the game of survival every day
I am an alert grasshopper

Zac Wiskerchen
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Water-Skiing

Waiting, waiting, waiting in the water
Waiting for the rope to come my way
I grab onto it with all my might
And the boat speeds away
I feel the coldness caress my body
I'm gliding, gliding, gliding on top of the water
Like an eagle glides in the sky
I drop a ski by the dock
And continue to ski 'round and 'round and 'round the lake like a clock

Wendy Nelson
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

My Tear Good-Bye

You and me were once the melody of a song
but now it's just a piece of paper all alone,
our love was once like a bird flying free
but now it's like a bird with no wings,
if our love was a firework we wouldn't even spark
love was never meant for our hearts,
we were once the flower and the rain in the sky
they need each other to grow and survive,
but now we are like fire and water there's no chemistry between us
we were once light but now darkness can't find you to lean on,
if our love was an ocean
that was once beautiful paradise
it would be turned into a hurricane,
see we had our good times
but we got to let the fire burn it's time to say our last good-byes
you go live your own life and I'll live mine,
we cry two separate tears that were never meant for one another
but leaving you is killing me inside,
want to tell you I love you we got to separate
I just want to shed you a tear good-bye.

Jessica Rodriguez
Central High School
Greeley, CO
Grade 9

In My Dreams

In my dreams I am a queen
Regal and beautiful
Sitting upon my gilded throne

In my dreams I command a country
Powerful and strong
I carry the burden of my people

In my dreams
I am no longer small and helpless
But a woman with hope and spirit
Who works to help the world

In my dreams
I am no longer the girl who sits alone
But a heroine who leads the faith of her people

I only dream to be the queen
For I know it cannot be

But then I wake to find
I am the queen inside.

Janis Yee
Hillsborough School
Anaheim, CA
Grade 7

The Blind Girl

The blind girl sits,
With no sense of loss for
The world of torture, and
The world of pain
That has forsaken her
Countless number of times
For if her eyes shall open again
The truth shall reveal itself to her
If she sees it
She may never be happy
So the days she will let pass
In the corner
Screams she shall hear
Screams of torture and pain
Screams of lying and cheating
If her eyes ever open
There would fall a tear
A tear of regret
A tear of pain
A tear of death

Tori Hornbostel
Lake Zurich Middle School North Campus
Hawthorn Woods, IL
Grade 8

Conceal

I sit with many words floating in my mind
An answer to my situation I try to find
This fear I try to hide only brings tears to my eyes
I don't know if what I want is to be by your side
Don't know if what I feel is truly real
It's hard when you're confused and everything feels so unreal
Because of that my love for you I will always conceal

Alicia Fernandez
Huntington Park Sr High School
Huntington Park, CA
Grade 8

My Family

You smiled when I was happy
Would laugh when I was acting silly
You defended me even though I was acting like a dork
You have me all the answers to my homework.
You wiped my tears
And fought my most terrifying fears
You are the one who pulled me through all these years
When I look back
On those happy golden days
You were there
In every single way
Now I thank the Lord
For such great friends
That not even the richest man could afford
I will do my best to comfort you
For you always comforted me
I will always be there, by your side
And I promise to be the best friend that I can be.

Andrea Soliz
Grantham Academy
Houston, TX
Grade 7

By Your Side

The days grow longer,
My patience grows shorter.
I wait and wait,
Till the day fate reunites us.
I wait for the day that I can lay eyes on you again,
And be able to be in your arms,
Resting my head upon your chest,
Listening to the sound of our hearts beating together as one.
I dream of the way life used to be,
Full of love, joy, and happiness.
Now life is just sad and dull,
Knowing that I'm not by your side.
When Saint Peter opens those golden gates for me to enter,
I will be filled with love, joy, and happiness once again.
Because then I will know that I will be by your side once more.

Jessica Willett
Weaver High School
Weaver, AL
Grade 7

The Ring

The telephone rings,
My mom picks it up,
And starts to cry,
Her heart sinks low,
Out of the sky.
She cannot breathe,
Instead she weeps,
All because
The telephone rings.
She hangs it up,
And grabs me close,
I start to cry,
Even though I don't know why.
She mutters it out,
But I could not hear why,
She started to cry.
She said it a little louder,
Now I know why,
She started to cry.
Because my father had died!

Brandy Hall
Los Lunas Middle School
Los Lunas, NM
Grade 8

Complications

In the mirror, I am confident
Sure of what I want and need
Ready to make things happen
So eager to start my day

But on the inside, I am frightened
Not sure of who or what I am
So much work, not much time
I need to find a better way
To live each and every day

Megan Brophy
Brophy Home School
Wray, CO
Grade 8

In Memory of Daddy*

They say he is; but he's not dead.
He's simply gotten some steps ahead.
He's out of reach; but not out of touch
for we still feel him just as much.

They say he is; but he's not dead.
He's simply changed his form instead.
He's shed his body for an easier flight
and we let him go in love and light.

Tara DeLon
Jim Satterfield Middle School
Hartsville, TN
Grade 7
**In memory of Lynn*

Our Last Good-byes

I see your face through the broken window,
Tears running down it,
I think to myself,
We'll meet again another time,
For it's a small world,
And no one falls into the depths of the earth without being noticed.

With tears of joy,
A smile from the sun,
You brighten up the darkness within.

I wave my bitter hand,
Blow a kiss your way,
Smile,
And turn my head,
I must go now,
But I'll be back,
Your crying complexion will always remain,
In the same old tattered windowsill.

Meredith Shea
Susan B Anthony Middle School
Manhattan, KS
Grade 8

Unbelievable

Britney was silent on the phone.
Unbelievable.
She was silent on the beach with the sun setting.
Unbelievable.
It was like some force had made it true.
It was made unbelievable.

Everywhere to go.
But this is what she wanted to see.
Unbelievable.
The sun and its golden red rays of light shining with all its might.
The sky taken over with something's beauty.
The battler between light and night.

I felt the warmth.
As she felt it too.
I watched the sun set.
The sun set into the night.
Un-desirable.
Not with words or pictures.
But only by first sight.
What a sight.
Unbelievable.

Daniel Lee
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Daze

One morning I wake up and;
The sun is like butter melting over me;
The wind is like a butterfly,
Slowly, but softly soothing my skin;
It's as if time stands still;
A lonely little lost boy,
Looks up with beautiful baby blue eyes;
The low buzz of bees beyond the horizon;
And I ask myself…could life be any better?

Rachel Loftin
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

Green

Green reminds me
Of the grassy fields in rows
As far as the horizon
Stretching for miles, farther than the ocean.
Do you remember that night
We escaped our bottled life
And we wept as millions of lights
Plastered the ceiling.
We could hear the little chirps
Our own chorus
And pictures running wild across the screen
Just for us.
For you and me.

Marketa Novakova
Indian Springs School
Indian Springs, AL
Grade 8

Memories

Summer days of laughter and fun,
In water and sand under the sun.
Crackling campfires and buzzing bees,
Red-gold sunsets and climbing trees.
But as the days roll on by,
I look up into the bright blue sky.
I miss the delicate snowflakes drifting onto my face,
The thought of fresh powder makes my heart race.
Days, weeks, months pass,
The weather is colder and the daylight won't last.
The fresh calm smell of a new snowfall arrives,
Winter has come, a wonderful surprise.
Crystallized days and blizzarding nights,
Steaming hot chocolate and snowball fights.
Then gazing up into the endless white,
I suddenly miss the piercing blue.
I long for the summer's bright colours and hues,
For the smiles and the warmth and the memories too.

Shelby Suhan
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Rumors

Everyone's talking about us,
Just like we're dust,
Not acknowledging until something remarkable is discovered,

But I don't want to hear something
I knew about me over and over again,

When will the talking stop, don't you hear me!
The talking, the noise, spreads around like wild fire,
Hot details, cold but mysterious,
Just to know, does this really exist?
Rumors spread around like this,

My ears are bleeding, because of the noise,
The talking becomes screaming, then laughter,

Do you HEAR ME, let the talking cease and desist!
Like I said, rumors spread around like this…

Shaniqua Lee
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

The Boy from the Pier

Their hearts beat their final words
Her call echoes her worst fears
His look so somber, his thoughts no need to purge
She awakes from troubled sleep with wistful tears

Her love blossoms with every waking moment spent
His emotions express his deepest wishes
Yet their love ceases to carefully tend
What they could not wash away with simple kisses

They were those who chastised and forbid
But those young hearts yearned for more
The joy and peace instilled
But those doubting emotions only tore

The feelings shared and shown
The tragedy that took place
His love, tormented and overthrown
Her heart, dismissed and replaced

The memories never cease
The laughter, the tears
The pain that causes a crease
For she so loved the boy from the pier

Melissa Koshy
Grace Fellowship School
Broken Arrow, OK
Grade 9

My Aunt Charlotte and Me

My Aunt Charlotte, she means so much to me. She's as sweet as can be.
She's been with me since day one of my life, I couldn't imagine growing up with out her, and it sure wouldn't have been as nice.
She used to dress me up in my pretty little clothes. She made sure I was perfect, from my head to my toes.
Everywhere we went she was proud of her sweet little niece, and of course that was me.
She's always showered me with kisses and hugs, and together, growing up has been so much fun.
We've shared lots of things like broccoli and cheese, pumpkin pie, and especially green beans.
I know I'm not all grown up but, when I finally am, I bet I'll be just like her, 'cause I'm her biggest fan.

Kristen Bow
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

Rain on My Mind

It's raining here today, the once blue skies now turn gray.
The beauty fades like sand in the wind.
I don't know where to end, or where to begin.
The days are slow, I suppose you know how I feel.
The clock blinks 4:30 as I step outside.
The rain comes down, all around me, the sound of thunder so astounding.
I'm drowning here, in this place, so far away from a familiar face.
I miss the days that used to be, I miss the sound of you missing me.
I'm alone here, nowhere to go, no one I know.
The floor I can't fall below, is folding under my feet.
The clock still moves so slow, and the music still sounds so sweet.
My only refuge in this lonely place, is the calming of the storm, and the melody of undefeat.
The words and the rhyme, ring in my ears.
The joy of the song, brings me to tears.
Though the days fade slowly, the music is still strong.
That's all I have of you now, that's what helps me carry on.

Mary Horne
Ringgold High School
Ringgold, GA
Grade 9

The Rabbits' Haunting

The meadow was a sea of clover, still sultry from the daylight sun.
The mass of grass was moreover, swaying with the singing breeze.
'Twas the rabbits' hour of frolic before dusk could settle upon.

A midsummer's night dream not to be rushed on.
However the sun can be doomed to dusk seeping within
The simple pleasures of life damaged with a devastating draft
'Twas the rabbits sensing danger — a craft of the weaker race.

Nothing can overcome a hunter, one set on his deed
Even in this sacred place, away from the everyday pace.
The shot sounds out the rabbits take heed, but one writhing will never proceed.

But the scream lingers, floats and soars
Still the meadow will be a sea, the breeze WILL blow, all rabbits will frolic high and low
But the scream of the rabbit shall be evermore,
Haunting all those that attempt to disturb serenity of the weaker.

Chelsey Keeler
Haverling Jr/Sr High School
Bath, NY
Grade 9

The Sun

The bright smile of yellow,
Never sad at all,
Has come to brighten another day,
After 8 o'clock's nightfall.

The rays of light,
Like petals of a flower,
Shine with fragrant colors,
To prevent a noon rain shower.

It is a necessity,
For all plants to grow,
For if there were no sun,
There would be no annual garden show!

Greg Lagan
St Augustin School
Des Moines, IA
Grade 8

Nana

107. Old wrinkled hands,
yet smart inner soul.
There's one name
that comes to my mind
when I say these words,
Nana.
Nana, who tells me she's 48.
Nana who tells me stories of her life.
Nana who is mine.
I hope she never dies
because if she does
I am only left with memories.
Memories of us.

Emily Freeman
Grand Avenue Middle School
Bellmore, NY
Grade 7

My Feelings

We long for each other's kiss,
the moment you walk in it is pure bliss.
If you only knew the way I feel,
you would know my love for you is real.
My love for you has taken up my heart,
I will die the day we part.
When I feel your soft lips,
my heart does over one hundred flips.
I can't see my life without you,
when we met my life started anew.
I love you with all my heart and soul,
our love will never be dull.

Charity Williams
Nixa High School
Nixa, MO
Grade 9

Monterey Beach

My sister and I
into the ice cold water
made our toes shiver
(footprints)
crashing among rocks
waves
jumping over them
horses in a race
hurdlers over hurdles

Kelsey Fagan
Glen Edwards Middle School
Lincoln, CA
Grade 7

The Snow!!!

The first snow of the season,
To me is the reason,
That I love winter so dear.
Yes I love to run in the sun,
But snow is so much fun!!
Winter is here only once a year
So be sure you know,
Spring snatches winter away so
When you hear yourself say go…
Go play in the snow!

Emily Springer
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Everywhere

You're in the sun,
Smiling down at me
You're in the clouds,
I float upon
You're in the sky,
Hugging me tight
You're in the wind,
Lifting me high
You're in the stars,
I wish upon
You're in the moon,
That lights my way
You're in the earth,
Keeping me grounded
You're in the water,
Keeping me true
You're in the trees,
Giving me wisdom
You're in the heavens,
Keeping me pure.

Ashley Andreano
Millwood School
Midlothian, VA
Grade 9

Senses of War

Hear a deafening shriek
The screaming terror of a child
Smell the burn of a building
See the bodies in piles

Feel the pain of the innocent
The immoral death of a pure
See a corrupt land in need
And wonder, was this their cure?

Feel the burn of the ardor
Sense the blood on your face
Taste the dirt in your mouth
Watch the shame and disgrace

Can you hear it and see it?
See the land evil tore
The things people go through
What are you waiting for?

You know what is there
Guilt burns in your core
You can taste it and feel it
The senses of war.

Noelle Jumaili
Jackson Middle School
Falls Church, VA
Grade 7

Rose

Every Spring,
A seed sprouts.
A new stem begins,
Reaching toward the sky.
Waiting like the moon.
Rising like the sun.
The rose is born.
Like a baby growing.
Happiness in the air.
Shiny red petals bloom.
Wet leaves clinging to the stem.
Hurtful thorns peeking from within.
So beautiful, so gorgeous.
Like a sunset.
Soft smooth petals,
Tumble down the kneeling stem.
Falling like leaves in Autumn.
Fading like writings on walls.
Withering like us.
Waiting for a new life,
To sprout again.

Naiya Patel
Searles Middle School
Great Barrington, MA
Grade 8

Spellbound in Ecstasy

As I lie in the sun.
Tsssssss,
roasting away.
As I lie down by the ocean,
never ending,
it was.
As I lie down by the beach.
I think to myself
how relaxing this is.
The blue skies and waters that lie.
Could this be over?

Amanda Hannawa
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Moving On

A road paved with gold
Stretches out before me
As the sun casts its glow
The rays outstretch
The road unfolds
As I drive into the unknown

What strange obstacles unwind
On the road paved with gold
Reflecting the light of the sun
A new world lies
Many fears I shall find
As I drive into the unknown

Christine Roselli
Our Lady of Victories School
Sayreville, NJ
Grade 8

Love

Boys
Crushes
Glancing at each other
Trust
Late night talks
Love at first sight
Flirting
Dating
Fights and laughs
Being stupid together
Meeting the person
Who drives you mad
And turns your life upside down
Can't live with them
Can't live without them
Boys

Emily Ortman
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Memories of Our Lives

Memories are our past, present, and future lives
Which shall not be forgotten yet cherished.
Over the next years of your life
You may travel the world and its seven seas.
But everyone is looking for something,
And that's a memory to keep.
Someone, something, somewhere, and somehow,
Are questions in some minds that will always be answered,
And to my eyes it brought a tear.

Like darkness without light, you could not find your way.
Like a sunshine that's so bright, you could not see the day.
Like oceans without water, we'd have no place to swim.
Like a face without a smile, the world would look so grim.
Like reaching for a hand, and finding only air.
Like screaming out for help, and knowing no one's there.
Like reaching for the stars, and finding you're too small.
Like looking for a needle, when you're standing ten feet tall.

Without the rain and sunshine the world would never thrive.
Are these memories my rain and sunshine, how am I going to survive?
The past years are hard to see go by, yet in the end we all say good-bye
And we all survive!

Jessica Selph
Klein High School
Klein, TX
Grade 9

Smiley

You always greet me with a warm smile
And a friendly hello, even with a wave

You always invite me to your house to
Ride bikes, go on walks, or just hang out

You spoil me like a mother does her child with kind words, candy
You share all your knowledge about school and occasionally boys

We get into trouble together
Scaring people, evil schemes

I can tell you anything; you'll listen
I know you won't tell because it's important to me

Even though we get into arguments over silly things
We can't stay mad at each other no matter how hard we tried

Because you are the one and only Smiley

Taja Richardson
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

Fearing What Is There

The sands of time take you away from me
And I'm left here in the dark.
Memories of us flash through my mind,
Tormenting me until I fall silent from my soft weeping.
The sun finally arrives bringing a new day,
But my heart sinks knowing my fears.
You are my hope,
Bringing light to my life.
But you are my fear.
The fear of losing another chance,
The fear of wasting precious moments,
The unbearable result of failure in what I could have controlled.
You are my greatest loss,
But not my greatest fear…
That would be me.
Having a fear in myself,
Fearing what I can and cannot do.
But…
Maybe we all fear what is there.

Anthony Soave
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Grandpa

You and Grandmother were meant to be.
Your souls were set to be free.
Shall you meet with your one true love,
in the Heavens up above.

Your love is like a fire, in a red heart,
from the end to the start.
I hope you and Grandmother are happy where you are,
and looking down from near and far.

You all were the ones that I loved,
and now the ones up above.

You all helped me with my ups and downs,
from my cries to my frowns,
from my frowns to my smiles,
from my smiles to your love.
I love you both Grandmother and Grandfather.

I'm sorry that I didn't pray.
But I know for sure, your love won't fade away.
I hope you meet at that special door.
And take it to the golden floor.

May Jones
Buffalo Middle School
Buffalo, MO
Grade 8

Fishing

Huge fish, little fish,
It doesn't matter to me,
As long as there is fish for me.

Long rod, short rod, ultralight, heavy rod.
I like all of them.

18 foot, 16 foot, wide, thin, blue, purple,
I love the ones that are fast.

Fish are as tasty as a juicy steak.
I cook them with Shorelunch to make them crispy.

Splish, splash,
Fish jumping high, like humans
Because they travel in crowds.

Ashton Pedersen
Southwest Middle School
Albert Lea, MN
Grade 7

Thoughts of a Teen

Turn the radio down, so I can hear my own thoughts.
About the drama and travesties of life,
That have me feeling distraught.

If you've ever seen jealousy
In the eyes of your own blood
Then you know it can spring tears
Enough to flood the gates of hell
Where I envision myself if I don't find a way to help.

I ask and pray dear Lord about it
And do you know what He says?
He says forgive
Because life is too short
And this life is the only one you'll live.

Deandrea Dickerson
Stone Mountain High School
Stone Mountain, GA
Grade 9

Lost Days

I'm here to say I still miss you,
and that I can't stop thinking of you,
When I found out about that day,
When you wrecked and passed away,
From drinking and driving,
You have wasted your days,
Now I don't know what to think,
Until I found out a way to say,
I will always love you even though you're away!

Jessica Hampson
Grain Valley Middle School
Grain Valley, MO
Grade 8

Mom

Mom is someone who will always care, Mom is someone who is always there
Mom is someone who will lend a hand, Mom is someone who will understand
Mom is brave, courageous, and strong, Mom is someone who will do nothing wrong
Mom is someone who will do the best for her child, Mom is someone who is simply beguiled
Mom is someone who is truly smart, Mom is someone who has a big heart
Mom is my life, my whole reason to live, Mom is my best friend who is always willing to give
You can see it in my eyes, in loving hugs and long good-byes,
That I love you so much with a love that only moms and daughters can touch
Mom you are great and I really do mean it, and I hope one day we will never split
Thank you so much for all that you've done, and I know that a stronger friendship has begun
Mom you are my hero, the very best, and you are someone who isn't like the rest

Maliha Ahmed
Tevis Jr High School
Bakersfield, CA
Grade 7

My Vision

My vision for a peaceful world is of acceptance for who you are and forgiveness for things that you have done wrong.
Loving and caring hearts.
Open arms to embrace one another with when times are bad.

My vision is of modesty instead of vanity.
Hugs instead of abuse.
Shelters and food for the homeless people who roam our streets at night.

My vision has respect for all, but mostly for our elders who have so much to share with us.
Kind words to replace harsh words.
Giving instead of always wanting to receive.

My vision is for crime and fighting to be replaced with help and support.
For groups of kids to become a working team of one instead of gangs who harm and kill.
Guns to be replaced with books, paper, and pens.

My vision has friendships, encouragement, and motivation instead of bullying, envy, and laziness.
It also has structure, obedience, and knowledge instead of disagreement, resistance, and disorder.

My vision for a peaceful world will take strength, hard work, and togetherness, but I believe it can happen one day.

Jake Young
Lakewood Middle School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 7

12-hour Eyeliner and Waterproof Mascara*

12-hour eyeliner, and waterproof mascara.
Leaving trails of old memories down my cheek,
Not putting up, to what they were said to be.
But when you knew those bitter, vacant, hallways as well as the back of your own hand,
The sounds of the monitor on the side of her bed quietly chirping were as familiar as your own voice,
40 somehow narrowed down to 15,
And the cold, bare, walls seemed to be the only ones who knew all your thoughts…
I don't really think there would be much that could.

Annie Thurber
Brimhall Jr High School
Mesa, AZ
Grade 8

**Dedicated to my Grandmother Shirley, whom I'd lived with my entire life, that died last year due to lung cancer.*

Ticket To…

A smile on your face, good thoughts in your head,
A prayer of thanks when you go to bed.

Helping and sharing with family and friends,
An invitation for friendship extends.

Kind words to neighbors, helping those in need,
Showing love and peace. Be a flower– not a weed!

Bringing comfort and joy to all who you meet,
Thoughtful and friendly to everyone you greet.

Show understanding. Have an open mind.
It's the key to friendship you will surely find.

If you do these things, I must confess,
That is your ticket to…
Happiness!!!

Ashley LaBonte
Collins Middle School
Salem, MA
Grade 7

Who Is the Girl Next Door?

Is she mean?
Is she nice?
Is she happy?
Is she sad?
Is she popular?
Is she smart?
Is she in love?
She is nice, happy, and ever so sad.
Most of all,
She is in love.
She has been for a long time.
The guy she has been in love with
Has broken her heart.
So she is very, very lonely.
Why do I know this?
I am the girl next door.

Cindy Marie Parker
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 8

The Wind and the Willows

The tree's arm low in defense,
Using its bark for armor,
Luring its enemy closer.
Its feet stand fast planted in the ground,
Clutching its tiny green daggers ready to attack.
The tree looms over its enemy panting from the battle.

John Laude
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Boise, ID
Grade 8

The Language of the Flower

There is a language not widely known
Except by those who hear her power.
Many a bird has heard her and flown,
To hear the angelic language of the flower.

Hers is a language all her own,
Not communicated by common tongue.
Love, peace, and joy are sown,
Hope and happiness is won!

To hear the language of the flower,
One must give and listen.
Giving a flower gives one the power
To make a sad heart truly glisten.

Listen to the joy it brings
When given to a friend.
The beautiful flower always sings
Of hope and love to its very end.

Laura Schreiber
Trinity Christian School
Montville, NJ
Grade 9

Precious Memories

"Precious memories, how they linger,
How they ever touch my soul."
Song runs through my head,
Grandpa's guitar,
Sweet and deep.

Tapping our feet,
Singing out loud and clear,
Competing for the loudest voice.

Grandpa scolded, hurting our pride,
But only temporarily.
Now he is respected.

Four-wheeler rides, me in front of Grandpa,
Yelling "duck" when a branch hung too low.
Pretending I was grown up,
Like Grandpa.

Precious memories –
Hoping for more to come.
Memories,
Sweet and deep!

Sarah Gross
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Forever Love

Love so strong,
So full and unchanging.
Forgiveness so true,
So right and loving.
Not from me,
But from Him, my Father.
Thank the Lord,
For He forever loves me.

Kyrsten Pennells
Lisle, ON
Grade 9

Move on the Inside

Everything changes
Time rearranges
The steps to life.
To the left, to the right
Move up, move down
Sway to the rhythm
Move to the beat.
Bring me with you
I'll follow your feet
Some will lead
Some will follow
Inside forever hollow.

Barbara Harris
New Braunfels High School
New Braunfels, TX
Grade 9

Mother's Day Poetry

My mom is really wonderful
She is nice to me.
She helps me with my problems
And has always been with me.
Whenever she does,
She does it with thought.
When I ask her to help
She does.
I know she gets angry with me
When I don't do a job right
She goes to the sink
Then, later on, she comes back finished
She always bothers me
To play with my sister
She doesn't quite get it
We always play TWISTER
My mom gets really mad
Just like a mom
But that doesn't get to me
Because I still love her

Caitlyn Eichholz
St Mary School
Lorain, OH
Grade 7

Grandma

Together forever I thought we'd be, I'd stand by you and you'd stand by me
O Grandma how I need you now
Please take me by the hand, you can take your time to understand
You've been here through the rough,
O how I don't want you to take your last puff
You have had it all, good or bad or sad and mad
You taught me how to be courageous
O Grandma how could you be so strong
You've seen them go and you've seen them come
Now I want you to stay and see all the wonderful things there are going to be
O how many more things I have to show you, can't you just stay for some more
You have fought so hard
Please don't let this one bring you down
O Grandma you're the biggest hero in the town
This is your moment now, your soul grew stronger
It's going to make you last longer
O how it would make us so happy
If you weren't here it would be so different
You make the family come together, you stop all the fights and the glare
O Grandma our family would be so bare
I'll make you stay, I won't let you leave

Brittany Jones
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Why Me

You use me and abuse me it's as if you don't care.
Reject me or not,
it doesn't matter, just as long as you are still on top.

I feel like a backboard,
the person you lean on when you have no one else.
Sometimes you say you don't need me,
but that is ok you can find someone else.

Sometimes I wake up and wonder why I am still here.
What is my purpose?
As I sit here down my eye rolls a tear.
You don't realize when I am crying, even when you are trying.
If I left this world today, what would you do or say?
Would things still be the same?

But then I realize that I have someone else,
someone who will be there no matter what their case.
He is here through thick and thin.
I just depend on Him and He gets me through all the trying days.
Thanks GOD, here is where You have always been.

Brittney Sibley
Marion High School
Marion, LA
Grade 9

Downpour

I sit alone —
 out in the cold rain.
No one lets me in.
No one comes and stops this downpour.
Cold and wet,
 I think will it end…
 it would be nice.
I'm homeless and friendless,
 stuck in the cold,
 cold rain.
I turned from her
 and away from you…
 I went the other way.
Here I stay in the ice-cold rain…
 no one to let me in,
 but I wouldn't trust them anyway.
Here I stay in the rain.
I don't cry.
I don't move.
I just sit in the cold, cold rain.

Travis W. Keesee
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 8

Darkness of the Night

There is something evil in the dark,
Its eyes glowing here, then there,
Could be anywhere.
Do I hear a scratching at my feet?
Behind the door,
Or skittering across the floor,
It feels as if it will pounce at any moment.
The darkness shall surround me, engulf me,
Consume me forevermore.
This great demon in the dark,
Whose evil transcends all realms,
Of reality and nightmares.
It's my greatest fear in all the world,
This timeless evil.
Appears only at night,
And slumbers in the light of day.
Its chaotic twirling dance of destruction,
Lays waste to all.
This is the reason I fear all the darkness of the night
My little fluffy kitten…

Her name is TAZ.

Mitchell E. Barnaby
Pueblo County High School
Pueblo, CO
Grade 9

Is Good Always Right?

I want to know, Is being good always right?
In the eyes of our parents, being good means listening,
Doing what they want. What if what they wanted
Was for us to take something from my friend?
Or if they asked you to lie because it could
Hurt the family honor because they did something wrong?
And what about friendship? You could do
Good for one person but hurt another.
We make fun of our peers everyday just to fit in –
And everyone always said it is good to fit in.
What a joke. If good is bad and mean is right,
No wonder our world is so messed up.
I hate you, you hate me, so let's get together
And blow stuff up! So no wonder our society
Is crumbling into the ground, and people are anxious
For war, because living in today's world, no one –
I can't, you can't, no one can – can ever tell the difference
Between right and wrong. For to be good is to be right,
Yet to be good, you must be wrong.

Jordan Wolfe
East Grand Forks Sr High School
East Grand Forks, MN
Grade 9

If Only

If only,
You could understand how I feel,
Or help me as I heal,
From this broken heart,
I cannot part,
Away from you I feel so confused,
Completely as though I have been used,
If only,
We had a chance,
But you won't give me just one glance,
To you I am nothing but an invisible wind,
It feels like I am being left behind,
I am so crazy about you, I can't even say,
I just wish things wouldn't end this way.

Sky Glenn
Karns Middle School
Knoxville, TN
Grade 8

Feeling of the Night

The moon lighting up the dark sky like a candle in a dark room. The wind brushing my cheeks. The smell of the wet bark filling my nose. The clouds making the stars disappear like a blanket over the sky. The flowers glowing in the darkness. The chill of the wind making my fingers stiff. These things make it all worthwhile.

Brittany Donna Sexton
Alpine Elementary School
Alpine, AZ
Grade 7

Angel from Above

The angel from above
was April 21 1998.

The angel from above
is a goddess from the heart

The angel from above
has two lives, hers and mine
The angel from above
has the greatest gift of all
a new life
The angel from above
has touched everybody's heart
The angel from above
is Monét Audrye Rose

Jordan Rose
Wilkinsburg High School
Wilkinsburg, PA
Grade 9

Moonlight Dancing

Moonlight dancing
The light caresses her face
Pushing away the shadows
Dressing her in lace.

Moonlight dancing
Tall grass tickles her feet
Reminding her that very soon
With fairies she shall meet.

Moonlight dancing
The breeze smoothes her hair
Pulling away from her
Life's every care.

Moonlight dancing
The fairies are near
Their memory forever replaced
The foreboding fear.

Jennifer Abbate
Palisades Middle School
Kintnersville, PA
Grade 8

Spring

Spring is a time for sunshine.
Spring is a time for playing.
Spring is a time for running.
Spring is a time for irises
Spring is a time for new life.
Spring is a time for growing.

A. J. Baker
St Patrick Elementary School
North Little Rock, AR
Grade 7

The Calling

As I step into the cool salt water I think of you.
I recall those times we would laugh at jokes that only we understood,
The times when we felt that there was no one but us in the world,
And those times when one of us was full of sorrow and the other would comfort.

The water brushes my waist when I think of that moment.
The moment when you whispered in my ear that you would never leave,
But you did.
You left me all alone, without a soul to care for me
And not a soul for me to care for.

With the water creeping up to my neck I think of where you are.
I know that you couldn't change what happened,
The circumstance you were trapped in that forced your departure,
But I still need you to be with me.

So now I go to meet you, wherever you have gone,
I follow the trail you have left behind,
Created by the simple essence of your outstretched love,
Reaching out to me and calling me to come.

Chelsea Keaton
Ronald Reagan High School
San Antonio, TX
Grade 9

Wouldn't Have Made It This Far

Thank you Jesus Christ for protecting me
Through this life long war
I'm so proud of my self
And the way you brought me up to be
I feel like an eagle ready to soar
As smooth as the rolling sea
As high as the heavenly place where I want to be.
Before this point of life where I am now
You and I both know that my life was filled with drama
Life without meaning, like sleeping without breathing,
As if walking without feet, surviving without eating,
Or even worse, taking action without thinking.
Cleansed with your blood
Which makes me rejoice in the thought of your name
When my peers tell me that I have messed up life
I say to them with a defensive voice…
Is it because I tell the truth because it is right,
Or that I read the bible to get my life right?
Or perhaps because I claim Jesus Christ as my best friend and the one I love?
Then I say I will always put Jesus before yo uno matter who you are
Because without Jesus I wouldn't have made it this far.

Chelsea Ellison
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

I Stand Alone

I stand alone in the cold
darkness, waiting for the
world to end…
or maybe I just wish to be alone.
For some reason, I'm not
afraid, and I don't feel alone.
I remember a time long ago when
I knew nothing but love and hope.
It's no longer dark, and I can finally see the light
that I was unable to reach.

Marhyia Blair
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 8

Memory Lost

I used to remember what I could do as a child:
I still can feel the wind blowing in my face and at my back;
That's only a memory lost in white and black.
I still remember life through the eyes of a child.
I smell the roses in the open field.
My memory lost me a long time ago, it's gone forever.
I don't know where to go.
Thoughts are going right through me,
Where I can go to find the lost part of me.

Emilie Paris
Bellbrook Jr High School
Bellbrook, OH
Grade 7

Finding Summer's Grace

Life is like the cold, harsh winter.
You've lost all hope and love seems so far away.
But you can hear distant calling
Summer beckons you to come, but you can't find Him.
Can't see His loving face.
You long for Him to hold you forever in His warm embrace.
You must find Him. Somehow. Somehow.

Days are growing warmer,
For the winter is fading fast;
Signs of spring are blooming.
Hear the birds singing in the trees
Keep looking, follow His voice.
You're almost there. Almost. Almost.

You've found your way to Summer's grace
Feel His strong arms about you
His warm breath kisses your fears away
Hope and love have been renewed
As Summer wipes your tears, and says,
"You're home now. Forever. Forever."

Chanté Campbell
Sionita School
Bates City, MO
Grade 7

White Beaches

As I stand watching
The frothy waves
Lick the sugary white sand,
And feel the cold salty water dance
Around my ankles,
I realize how wonderful
God's creation is.

I wonder how He could make
Every shell so individual,
Every animal living
In these shells
So unique.

God made every speck of sand,
Every exploding sunrise.
Unbelievable.
He also made you and me,
Just as individual as the shells,
Just as unique as the animals in the shells.

As I stand watching
The frothy waves,
I realize how much God loves you and me.

Crissie Johnson
Southwest Middle School
Albert Lea, MN
Grade 7

A Birthday Wish

I have grown so much these past years.
From childish games and childish tears,
From small diapers every night
And wishing on stars so far and so bright.
I fell in the dirt,
Got cut and bruised.
Ruined good clothes,
Brand new and used.
Broke many vases,
Colored the walls.
Stained the carpets,
All down the halls.
Through all the time
My family was there.
Always to forgive
And always to care.
So my birthday wish will be
Life and love in my big family!

Reegan Santori
Kamiak High School
Mukilteo, WA
Grade 9

A Compliment

A compliment is a shower of fresh, clear water poured by a gardener
Over a limp, dying flower that has lost sight of hope.
The flower's soil soaks in every last drop gratefully
And soon the flower begins to grow taller
And its leaves fan out to receive the sun.
As time passes, the sun relaxes her rays and the flower slowly loses posture
So the gardener sprinkles more healing water over the plant
To watch it stand taller and more confident,
Which pleases not only the needy flower, but also the gracious gardener.

Or perhaps the flower isn't to perish.
A joyful, nourished flower it might be,
Which contributes to the gardener's failure to see the need to feed it more.
I can only pray that the great gardener shall come to know that appearances are quite deceiving,
And he can never be sure just exactly how tall the flower can grow
And how much of a difference an extra droplet of water can actually make.

Emily Swan
Abingdon High School
Abingdon, VA
Grade 9

My Prince Charming

I thought you were the one. You were my prince charming. When I left, you stayed behind and waited for me and you were loyal to me. When I told you that I loved you, you said it back, but it must not have meant anything because you went and hurt me like this. Apparently I meant nothing to you and was just another face in the crowd to you. Just another chick that you can say that you went out with. Now I'm sitting here crying over you, but just so you know, I will never hate you. I'm just really sad over you and of course, like everything else, it will take me some time to get over you.

Jasmine Mora
Connolly Middle School
Tempe, AZ
Grade 8

Griffon

It was a while back that I met Griffon.
I think it was down by Lunaria lake near a public dock.
He was skippin' rocks or somethin'.
It was funny.
He stood about ten inches taller then me and I didn't even know 'im,
but somehow,
I got it into my mind to push him in.
I remember the look on his face when he looked back up at me, wiping water out of his eyes.
He wasn't mad, just, surprised.
All of a sudden I got the giggles
which immediately ceased as he pulled himself out, pushing me in in the process.
I have never seen him since, but I will always remember him.
For isn't it such people we wish to always remember
for they walk into our lives changing us forever then walk out again without even a goodbye?
You may be asking how Griffon changed my life that day.
By leaving me with this lifelong lesson?
No.
You see,
that was the day I learned to swim.

Kristen Watson
Savannah Middle School
Savannah, MO
Grade 7

Hate

Why do you hate me?
What could your reason be?
Tell me to my face
you treat me like I'm a disgrace
Like I don't deserve to breathe the same air as you
Do you forget I'm human too?
And you think others don't see
what you do to me
They all see you cringe at my sight
Do you hate the poems I write?
Is it what I do
and how I look too?
The sports I play?
Or what I do day to day?
That I have friends
and I'm there for them till the end?
Or are you just jealous?

K.B. Malewich
Dominican Academy
New York, NY
Grade 9

Because of You

My life has been one worth living.
Because of you,
I can take my dreams and make them reality,
It's because of you that I am loved,
you were the only one who cared to love me,
when no one else would.
I just want to thank you for taking my broken heart,
and making it whole so my life,
could be so much better.

Laura Olivia Young
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 8

Still Thinking of You

Another day passes by
with you still on my mind,
but I can't help it; I'm in love with you,
and my biggest wish is that you would love me too.
Although some wishes just don't come true,
my wish is all up to you.
Our relationship is in God's hands,
and I pray every night that He will take it where He plans,
but until you see that I'm the one for you,
I wish you the best in life, and I love you.

Morgan Browning
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

always hurting

don't you wish you could close your eyes
no more pain no more cries
dream it all away
wake up to a new day
happiness awaits with tons of smiles
a friend in every corner for miles and miles
well my eyes are open and there's no one around
no shoulder to cry on, no one to be found
can't take reality, so i'll continue dreaming
go to a place where there is actually meaning
wake up once again tomorrow
to be drained by the world's sorrow
no matter how bad…my head will be high
my chin will be up and i'll always try
i'll put my pain aside and help you to smile
because when you're happy my day is worthwhile

Natasha Willis
Belle Chasse High School
Belle Chasse, LA
Grade 9

Friends

He was sitting on a bench by the ocean,
A stranger at first glance.
Then a second look, and I was surprised
To see that he was an old friend.
I continued walking in his direction,
Thinking of what I could say
When I reached where he was
I was happy to see
That he had moved over a bit,
Leaving a seat there for me.
All at once we both started talking,
Our words flowing off of our tongues
Like the water of the ocean at our backs.
I was glad to see that words came so easily,
So many years had now passed.
Our friendship however was still there
It would be there up to the last.

Julia Messina
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Encountering the World

You don't know anything, you don't
understand, you are a stranger to the world,
a cry, a laugh, a song don't mean anything
you are a stranger, an alien, an outsider,
you're experimenting the unknown,
but guess what, you know something we don't,
even that, the world will never know

Lavetta Rochelle Dixon
Phillips High School Academy
Chicago, IL
Grade 9

Holiday Spirit

H ome for the holidays
O verexcited children
L ounging after Christmas dinner
I ce and snow falling
D ad and Mom shopping
A great time for family
Y akking people all around me

S pecial time of year
P resents
I cicles hanging
R eindeer on the roof
I ncreasing faith
***T** ime for great food*

Tyler Wilson
Flinthills Middle School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Summer/Winter

Summer
Hot, sunny
Blazing, burning, swimming
Shade, grass, trees, kids
Freezing, shivering, snowing
Cold, icy
Winter

Jack Devlin
Washingtonville Middle School
Washingtonville, NY
Grade 8

To a Bee

Little buzzing thing
Always fluttering your wing,
Do not show your sting!

Fly not to your nest!
On my fingers take a rest,
You will not be missed.

Take the time to land!
Bead of amber in my hand,
Cautiously you stand.

Stripes of black are bold
On an abdomen of gold,
Fuzzy-warm to hold.

Now it's time to fly
Far away from sight of eye,
Bright speck in the sky.

Daniela Ricci-Tam
Clovis High School
Clovis, CA
Grade 9

My Imagination and Me!

I was lying in my soft warm bed, trying hard to get to sleep,
Mom just left after saying goodnight, that's when I heard a soft creep!
I immediately ran to flick on the light,
Wanting to know what caused me that fright,
I cautiously peered, around my big room,
And gave a sigh of relief, to see nothing there loomed,
I turned off the light, and crawled back into bed,
As images of sheep, jumped through my head,
I was nearly asleep when I heard it again,
But a louder CREEP-CREEP, this time it said,
I thought of the monster, just lurking around,
I ducked under the covers, and then heard not a sound,
When suddenly, it pounced on my back,
So I wound up to give it a smack,
When luck of all luck, I surprisingly missed,
As it only go agitated, and clawed and then hissed,
Screaming and crying, I was afraid this was the end,
When someone suddenly entered, with a helping hand to lend,
When I glanced up, I was quite shocked to see,
My mother there holding, our feline Frisbee!

Tatjana Milojevic
Laurelwood Public School
Waterloo, ON
Grade 7

Sister

Mom wakes me and says, "It's time!"
I threw on my crumbled sweatpants,
And threw up my hair sloppily in pig tails
Then jumped into the car and we were off to the hospital.
Once we got there my grandparents were there in no time,
When the doctor walks in she said,
"It's time let's get this baby out of there"
The doctor pushed my mom out of the room,
With my dad following her,
As soon as everyone left we went into the lobby to wait
Grabbing a bite to eat, anxiously waiting,
I requested to go downstairs into the gift shop,
To get my little sister a balloon,
On our way up we saw my dad and he said,
We decided to name her Jennifer Hope,
We cheered he told us to go back to the room on the left,
I darted down to the room,
Once I walked into the room I saw my mom holding her,
She was so beautiful; I went up and picked her up,
Holding her for minutes, even though they only felt like seconds,
Then handing her off for the rest of my family to enjoy her…

Amanda Graber
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Racing

Racing, what a rush!
Speeding is just a touch.
MPH, what's that mean?
People say to me, I love this rush.
There's no such thing, being on four wheels,
Nineteen foot long cars, what a deal.
300 MPH in a quarter of a mile,
Speeding so fast is just so desirable,
Throwing fire, burning fuel,
Heat on your face is just so cool,
Drag strips are the only place,
To face exciting sound and pace.

Kelli Fleming
East Middle School
Butte, MT
Grade 8

The Girl

Once there was a young girl.
She lived in a wonderful world.
So great was her life, no poverty or strife.
She was happy in her little world.

She wanted to be like the rest.
she wanted to be among the best.
She did her hair right, though it took her all night,
And she wouldn't settle for anything less.

When she finally got there.
Though she had the right hair,
Those girls were so mean, they were really obscene.
They didn't know how to care.

The girl found it hard to find.
The place she had left behind.
So she just turned around, built bridges burned down.
And found just where she belonged.

Kate Gerbich
St Anne Elementary School
Barrington, IL
Grade 8

Daydream

Daydream
No one knows it
I sit and stare all day
The teacher talks but I don't look
I am caught in my really endless thoughts
Thinking about nothing but my thoughts
Writing my deepest thoughts
On white paper
Daydream

Kassie Crawford
Pequea Valley Intermediate School
Kinzers, PA
Grade 7

Silhouette Boy

Eyes as gray as a cloudy sky.
Ears as sweet as apple pie.
His freckled nose is a spotted dice.
His stare is a chilling look of ice.

His lips are babies' skin.
His long dark hair waves to me in the wind.
A stoke that sends shivers down my spine.
A heart that is forever mine.

Lauren Koedyker
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Picture Perfect

Sitting here in my room alone,
Having no strength to even pick up the phone.
Thinking of all the times we've spent together,
Rain or shine, in any weather.
Seeing you smile and hearing me laugh,
While looking at an old photograph.
You know…the one from way back when,
When we were only just about ten.
Now we're older and all grown up,
Drinking out of more than just an old sippy cup.
Going to parties and dancing till we drop,
People say we flirt with each other, nonstop.
All my friends say that we're two of a kind,
I guess it's just me…I must be blind.
Like salt and pepper, we go hand in hand,
But there's something I just don't understand.
Why was I the last one to see,
That we're picture perfect, you and me?

Keriann Lopez
Sewanhaka High School
Floral Park, NY
Grade 8

Zip, Zap, Zoom

Zip, zap, zoom.
The glide.
The sprint.
The stretch and struggle, attempting to push ahead.
The wind whirling by.
The feeling of flying.
The sudden STOP, finish, wait, you realize,

YOU'VE WON!

Matthew Dodt
Mountain Sky Middle School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 8

Fear

Fear is a black, scary night.
It sounds like a loud nonstop heartbeat.
It tastes like a salty teardrop
And smells like filthy cold air.
Fear looks like a shivering bat.
It makes you feel frightened.

Bipte Modi
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Arms of Sleep

My blankets hold me tight
Like a mother's gentle love.
My pillow holds me in
Like a father with his child.
The darkness sweeps me under
And cradles me to sleep.
While the wind at the window
Is a soothing lullaby.
My dreams will come sure enough
And leave me when I wake.
It will all be gone until I lay back
Once again into the arms of sleep.

Trisha Witmer
Tulpehocken Jr/Sr High School
Bernville, PA
Grade 8

Color

Go back to when
Skies were still blue
Replay our lives, me and you.

The damage high, the water deep,
The turning point that took me.

No longer the smiles,
With that, the trust
And I still can't tell
What color it was.

What color. What reason?
What motive for treason?

Forgive me please
There was no retreat
Not knowing enough
To concede.

I could not tell what color it was
So I couldn't see your sadness.

Andrew Lu
Hollis Brookline Middle School
Hollis, NH
Grade 7

It Was Then

Wrapped in a tornado, blanketed by the rain
Drowning in your eyes, drinking in your soul
In the midst of a thick fog, clearing away the haze
Healing all the wounds, picking myself up off the ground
I take in the sight before me of a war long forgotten
The town still in upheaval, souls drifting in and passing through
You took mine long ago with a dagger and three words
"I love you"
Locked in a prison, the key held tight by your hands
And mine chained to the wall, limp and lifeless
Drowning in the moon's light, reflecting over the battles
Somewhere I lost my mind and I never found it again
An arrow pierced my wing and it was then you caught me
It was then you grounded me, dragged me down
Until I was sunken to your level and it was then our eyes met
And I drowned in them
I drank in your soul in thirst and hunger, and it was then you claimed me
It was then you tied me up, bound me to you; it was then I felt myself drifting
Losing myself inside my body, losing myself in your dark portals
The ones you call eyes
It was then I fell in love with you, but it's now I climbed back out

Michelle Williams
Monroe Traditional Middle School
Columbus, OH
Grade 8

Innocence

Every week, I hear about it, a bomb just gone off.
In a land unknown to some, in a land some call home.
The noise has stopped, but the image remains,
A suicide bomber just walked on a bus, and put his name to shame.
Twenty-five innocent lives gone forever,
Because of one person who thought that terrorism was better.
The busy street in Jerusalem was the attack site,
Across the street from where the children used to fly their kites.
The children's voices are quiet, like a bird without its song,
Every day people walk in fear, hoping change will not take long.
There are bodies everywhere — a cemetery above ground.
The silence is like a prison, not even one sound.
Suddenly, I hear sirens, coming to help with what is already deceased,
I cannot bear to watch, I can only hope that the terrorism will cease.
Maybe it was their time, maybe God stole them away,
I surely do not know; all I can do is pray.
Pray for a new beginning as Martin Luther King or Gandhi did,
A new beginning for the Jews in Israel, so I can show the land to my kids.
Now I turn off the television, feeling bitter about the events that just took place,
And then moments later, a tear begins to roll down my face.

Andrew Samson
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Tied

Tears fall from my eyes,
flowing in a river of sorrow.
Ever since you said good-bye,
when my solid heart became hollow.

Even when love was a stranger,
I had never been so blind.
I knew all of love's dangers
but, my heart was to be Bind.

I tried to play a different game
but ended up losing it all.
You tried to do the same
but, all you did was fall.

My ways once thought clever were false.
Your ways once thought great were lies.
Now I guess we're split,
with nothing to keep us tied.

Andrew Farnsworth
McKemy Middle School
Tempe, AZ
Grade 8

Basketball

Basketball is cool
It's my favorite sport to play
You can play in a gym
Or outside on nice days
My jersey number is two
My sneakers are red, white, and blue
I love the game for the three point shot
I score the point and beat the clock

Julian Postell
Holy Innocents School
Neptune, NJ
Grade 8

Ocean

I remember
my mouth would always
taste like salt
my feet would be
covered with
sand
squish your feet
something soft
the ocean sparkled
when the sun touched it
3 dolphins
magnificent

Ashley Gilleland
Glen Edwards Middle School
Lincoln, CA
Grade 7

Ride on the Roller Coaster

I was on the roller coaster
when I saw a man in front of me
doing some odd things.
He played tennis and baseball
while sunbathing on the roller coaster.
I kept getting hit by the balls
so I had to duck all the time.
I was on the roller coaster
when I heard a duck quacking.
It was in the row behind me,
wearing sunglasses,
eating an ice cream.
I was on the roller coaster
with really weird people
and animals.
I don't know if I as dreaming
or if it was real.
But if it was real,
I hope I'll be able to see them again
on the ride
on the roller coaster.

Kyoko Nakahama
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

The Beach

I wandered the tranquil beach.
It was dawn.
The beach was deserted.
I looked around.
Took in the serenity,
and I finally saw
what the beach really was —
a sanctuary.
I looked around.
Saw the waves crash.
Saw the trail of footprints in the sand.
The lone trail I left,
and I quietly pondered
why no one else came here,
and wandered.

Brittany Flory
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Tall Mountains

Like a monument
The huge, snowy mountains stand,
High winter towers.

Amy Munoz
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 8

Driving with Larry

From one side of the car
To the other,
My body was getting jerked around
As Larry drove to Cocoa Beach.
He sped along,
Nearly 10 miles per hour over
The speed limit.
Larry turned up the music,
Sang along,
And tapped the dashboard,
Using it as a drum.
I held onto
The bottom of my seat
As if there was no tomorrow.
Larry sped by an old couple,
Grandma gave us a rude
Hand gesture.
I sunk low into my seat.
Only twelve more hours,
I told myself,
Only twelve more hours…

Emily Cox
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Dying Love

As I read the letter,
I have so many thoughts,
Of how you made me better,
Of how you loved me lots.

Our love was very strong,
Stronger than an ox.
It lasted very long,
Then I drowned in the rocks.

You weren't there to help me,
Or to calm me with your voice.
You were out there fighting,
For the woman of your choice.

Why did it end so very fast,
You saw me as a star in the sky.
But your thoughts didn't last,
And I began to cry.

You saw another bright star,
And your ambition grew strong.
You went away very far,
To make the love distance long.

Sara Blanco
Stratford Middle School
Bloomingdale, IL
Grade 7

The Galloping Horse

The big beautiful black horse gallops through the huge open grassy field
His hooves have a constant solid steady beat striking the ground
His mane and tail fly through the wind as if they were afloat
His eyes are focused on his path ahead, concentrating on where his next footstep will land
His ears are forward listening to things near and far
He breathes hard, running the same pace never breaking his rhythm

Megan Norby
South Middle School
Eau Claire, WI
Grade 8

The Dish Machine

I used to hate washing the dishes. I got all wet and felt like I was swimming with fishes.
So then one day, while out to play, an idea came to me, and I said, "Make way!" For an invention is coming today! Hurray!

And I thought: What if my invention could do, the one chore that makes my whole day turn blue!
Instead of me having to wash and dry, the machine could do it, and get the soap in *their* eyes.

After I thought (and I thought a long while), I started to make my invention with style.

I worked very hard and finally I was done, hopefully my new invention would earn a great sum!
I put the dirty dishes in and the machine started to spin.
But in the midst of my trial, I turned the wrong dial…

My great machine stopped. And I heard a loud POP!
Opening the drawer, the dishes fell to the floor and all the hope drained that I once had before.

The machine was a flop, my idea, I guess, will be dropped.
And since I had spent all this time on the machine, the sink was now full of dirty dishes to clean!

Claire Dixon
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Thunderstorms

God turns off His lights,
And immediately after the skies turn to night.

God decides to wash His dishes so He turns on His sink,
And droplets of rain begin to soak our earth like paper and ink.

God decides to play a game of bowling,
And cracks of thunder shoot down from the sky because He reaches His 300 game goal.

God turns His flashlight on and off,
And it causes lightning to flicker on and off.

God turns back on His light,
God turns off His kitchen sink,
God stops His game of bowling,
God turns off His flashlight,
And before you know it the storm is over and it is time for God and His world to take a good night's rest.

Kendra Wojtowich
Monessen Sr High School
Monessen, PA
Grade 9

I Am

I am your great-grandson and worried.
I wonder if you will ever get better.
I hear you remembering everyone's names.
I see you in your house again.
I want you to remember everything.
I am your great-grandson and worried.

I pretend nothing is wrong.
I feel like I can make everything better.
I touch you and think that I can help.
I worry that you will get hurt or worse.
I cry when I think about you not being able to remember.
I am your great-grandson and worried.

I understand that there is no cure.
I say everything will get better with time.
I dream that it's like when I was little.
I try to forget about the bad things.
I hope you will be better again.
I am your great-grandson and worried.

Torrey Kuhlman
West Harrison High School
Mondamin, IA
Grade 9

Pa

We go everywhere
And do everything daily.

He's a sunflower,
Always outside in the sunshine.

We go hunting and fishing when we can.

He's like a deer,
Going all the time.

We go to a car or truck show,
Or to a truck pull,
Or go places we have never been.

He's like a rock,
Hard of hearing.

We play cards,
Sometimes it's hard when pa is cheating;
But it's always fun.

Bryan Smith
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

The Cold Reality

The cold reality of death.
He comes in his hooded black robe
His massive scythe swinging left and right
Riding his massive black camel
The old go to rest from the scythe
The young consumed by it
Death is everlasting
Always there
But then again, so is life counteracting death.

Jonathon Newman
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Bombing

When the dust settles what is left revealed,
Something that lays unseen and concealed,
Young skin turned white to black by the blast,
Feelings of shock are not going to last,

Franticly looking to find anyone,
Thinking your family is already done,
Pain as it pulses through body and time,
Feeling as though I'll suffer a lifetime,

Seeing a mirage of time by the sea,
Painful memories flashing before me,
I keep on screaming I want to be heard,
My screams fade without so much as a word,

A comforting light cuts through the thick smoke,
Feels as if my heart has just been awoke.

Tess Nicholson
Oyster River Middle School
Durham, NH
Grade 7

The Welcomed Thief

How we dread the thief who comes in the night!
Who steals our treasure and our peace of mind,
He then takes off on his much enjoyed plight
Neighbors search for the things they will not find,
That he won't return is their only hope.
They wish to keep their dear peace for their sake.
Everyone still must learn how they will cope.
While all our sorrows these troubles do make.
But then why do we allow a thief in,
Who takes away our most precious possession.
It takes our life slowly so it might win,
Leaves us old far before our destination.
Most people live their day by this know thief.
Time is the thief whom we join with no grief.

Elizabeth Johnson
West Lincoln High School
Lincolnton, NC
Grade 9

Pride in Nature

I smiled,
As the horse ran,
Taking powerful strides,
Making the world stop for some time,
With pride.

Sandy Wiebe
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Just Because

Just because I BMX
I don't have to be the best
I don't have to hit every jump
I don't have to grind every rail

Just because I BMX
I don't have to wear BMX clothing
I don't have to ride all the time
I don't have to do it to fit in

Just because I BMX
I am not a troublemaker
I don't have to have the best bike
I don't have to impress every one

Just because I BMX – I BMX for me

Isaac Baier
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

Love No More

I am in pain,
my whole body hurts.
You tore my world apart,
and totally broke my heart.

I loved you with all I had,
and now that's all gone.
How could you do this to me?
You were my number one!

You told me
You didn't care anymore.
You thought I played you
and you loved me no more.

My feelings for you
will always stay true,
but I guess I'll
have to forget about you!!

Shylynn Lamb
Grant High School
Oklahoma City, OK
Grade 9

Have You Ever Wondered?

Have you ever wondered?
About the simple things in life
Like daisies for instance.
Smiling daisies.
Are there daisies in Japan?
In the joint garden of two elderly couples.
They love to garden together.

Have you ever wondered?
Wondered about the hill you sit on
With your most beloved one watching the sun set.
Who's on the other side of the hill?
Are they looking deeply in their beloved one's eyes as deep as you

Have you ever wondered?
Wondered about the sweet smell of the garden
Atop the next door neighbor's hill
Neighbors in Japan. Two elderly couples.
You also see two young couples deeply in love.
They enjoy each other the elderly and the young
But they might not notice each other at all.

Stashia Smyrichinsky
Floyd Central Jr/Sr High School
Floyds Knobs, IN
Grade 9

Tomorrow

You say tomorrow is the day, you'll make your dreams come true.
You'll be all that you can be, and do all that you can do.
Tomorrow you'll voice your opinion, for all the world to hear.
It won't matter what anyone thinks, all apprehension will disappear.
Tomorrow you'll ask your boss, for the raise you know you've earned.
You'll finally begin to appreciate, all that you have learned.
Tomorrow you'll stop pretending, to be someone you're not.
You'll let your true colors show, without giving it a second thought.
Tomorrow you'll dry the tears, left from regretted fights.
You'll apologize to those you've hurt, and finally make things right.
Tomorrow you'll tell your loved ones, how much they mean to you.
You'll make sure they know without them, you wouldn't know what to do.
Tomorrow you'll reveal the truth, surrounding every lie.
And you'll give those forgotten friendships, another daring try.
Tomorrow you'll push your pointless worries, aside without thinking twice.
And you'll focus on what really matters, regardless of the price.
You'll climb the highest mountain, not pausing 'til you reach the top.
When an obstacle blocks your path, you'll boldly refuse to stop.
Why wait until tomorrow, to live up to what you say?
Why wait until tomorrow, when you can do it all today?

Josh Boober
Quincy Jr High School
Quincy, IL
Grade 9

Sisters

S isters that are three years apart
I ntelligent in ways to trick each other
S top hitting me
T attletale
E verything our mom wanted and got
R eally love getting on her nerves (my sister Christalyn)
S weet little angels (yeah right)

Samantha Brink
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Crystal

Crystal makes up a lot of things,
such as necklaces, watches, and rings.
Crystal sparkles and shines,
like gold in mines.
Crystal can be someone's name,
or in a picture frame.
Crystals can come from the ground,
such as salt people have found.
Crystal glasses are very nice,
just like jewelry, they make you look twice.
Crystal is very pretty and clear,
like water in an ocean when you are near.

Heather Roberts
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

Daddy

My daddy is a police officer.
He is really tall.
Actually we both are.
He likes to talk. I think I get my talking from him.
Sleep late, that's what we always do,
Paint, take pictures, burn CD's, read.
We have a lot of fun together book shopping and cook.
He's a great cook. He cooks pizza.
It's fun because he always let me help.
Goulash, I love his goulash.
Jumbalaya, peanut butter logs.
When he lets me help cook we always have a lot of fun.
He likes sports.
He tricked me into liking sports.
We watch a lot of ball games.
We watch football, baseball, basketball and hockey.
His favorite baseball team is Cincinnati Reds.
We both love the football team, Dallas Cowboys
When we are together we listen to rap music, play Playstation.
We have a lot of fun.
I love my daddy!

Brittney Veal
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

A Winter's Dream

Drifting, down, delicately, from the sky,
Little, tiny snowflakes, *oh*, how they fly.
They sparkle and twinkle up above,
The tiny little snowflakes lay on my glove.

I construct a snowman, whom comes to life,
We two, build a fort together, without any strife.
Sliding down a hill so fast,
We wonder how long winter will last.
Cross-country skiing, across the field,
We use our scarves as our shields.
As the wind howls in my ear,
We know the season is truly here.

When winter comes to an end, we must say
Good-bye,
But, when winter returns again, we'll say hi.

Courtney Storey
Doaktown Consolidated High School
Doaktown, NB
Grade 8

Subjugation

They board us up, they pack us in
We see others — why are they so thin?
Herded like cattle and starved 'til we disappear
Yet we still slog on, not giving into our fear.

Every day we see more of them, stacked up like logs
Painfully scrawny and treated like dogs
Our bones are all showing, we cannot fight
How can they think what they're doing is right?

Yellow badges and pink, some purple and blue
For our beliefs, we are pursued
They steal our children and lock them away
They take our lives and force us to slave every day.

"Arbeit Macht Frei," you all declare
We go as we can but you still lay us bare
You take us for 'showers' but little do we know
As poison invades us, we're dying off slow.

Genocide rears its terrible head
We toss and turn in our moldy beds
In the deep mud we leave our bloody tracks
The only way out of Auschwitz is through the smokestacks.

Sarah Mattausch
Freeman High School
Rockford, WA
Grade 9

One Window

One window is all I need…
To see the world
To lose myself in thought
For a connection to nature
To see the beauty
To be able to think

One window is all I need…
To know what is going on
To reveal my inner peace
For a chance to change
To return a smile
To be able to see what tomorrow brings.

Kaite Sears
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

I Want Someone

I want someone to hold me tight,
Every night that I'm alone.
I want someone to comfort me,
When I'm cold and on my own.

I want someone to make me laugh,
When I'm feeling down.
I want someone to act their self,
And not feel like a clown.

I want someone to trust I'm me,
Like I trust in them.
I want someone to try to make,
Our relationship better times ten!

I want someone to make me smile,
And let the bad things be.
I want someone to kiss my cheek,
And tell me that they love me.

Stephany Arnold
Bridgman High School
Bridgman, MI
Grade 9

Softball

Home runs and steals
You all know how it feels
To step up to the plate
And decide your team's fate
Sunshine or rain
We all know the pain
We all love the game !!!!!!

Chelsea Sedlacek
West Genesee Middle School
Camillus, NY
Grade 7

Black

Makes me think of an abyss
Like a universe full of nothing
Beyond the borders of reality

Peter Tarleton
Onanole Elementary School #1924
Onanole, MB
Grade 8

The Stone

One day as I did walk along,
I tripped upon a stone.
It lay right in my pathway there,
And I sat all alone.

Some people would be mad at it,
The hard and rocky ball.
However, I just chose to sit,
And giggle at my fall.

I just looked at the little stone,
So it stared back at me.
And then I chuckled once again,
The humor I did see.

I then picked up the little stone,
And threw it in the stream.
And then continued on my walk,
Still grinning at the scene.

Tara Celli
St Francis High School
Sacramento, CA
Grade 9

Love

Love is as bright as the sun.
It sounds like birds chirping.
It tastes as sweet as a Georgia peach.
It smells like a dozen roses.
It looks like a beautiful picture.
Love makes me feel warm and tingly.

Iesha Colla
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Candy

There's nothing better to eat
Nothing is as cheap
A tasty treat
Deliciously sweet
But, look out it'll rot your teeth

Michael Harris
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Jimmy

No excuses
Just complaining
Upset, angry
Unsatisfied
Birds not content with flying
Turtles not enjoying their shells
No reason
We're all like soap bubbles
We appear and we'll disappear
Some last longer than others
Why go on?
The horrors never end
Yet neither do the pleasures.

Zack Steinbach
Commack Middle School
Commack, NY
Grade 7

Lost

I never even got the chance
To really say good-bye
So now my tears are falling
And in my bed I lie
You left without a warning
No sign from up above
But I will never forget you
Because in my heart I still have love
I will always miss you
For I am now alone
But we will be together again
When I come trotting home!

Caitlyn Bradley
Virginia Beach Middle School
Virginia Beach, VA
Grade 8

Chicago to San Francisco

Melancholy…
I look down,
Up,
Nothing.
Just me,
My fog,
My snow,
My memories,
Me.
Morning sun,
Evening mist,
Midnight sky,
Mine.

Faron Tillson
Community School of Bergen County
Teaneck, NJ
Grade 7

Who I Am…

I am a 14 year old blonde girl
I wonder what people think of me
I hear birds chirping as spring arrives
I see flowers blooming
I want to succeed in life
I am a 14 year old blonde girl

I pretend I am free of worry
I feel warmth from my friends and family
I touch the soft fur of my cat sleeping on my bed
I worry something will happen to my loved ones
I cry for those already gone
I am a 14 year old blonde girl

I understand not everyone gets along
I say we are all different for a reason
I dream I will die of old age
I try to be the best me there is
I hope to live a full life
I am a 14 year old blonde girl

Leslie Scott
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The Dream

Snow falls on a quiet winter night.
The crystal white flakes fall down, down, down.
I look outside my window,
All I see is white.
Never in my life have I seen something so beautiful.
I went outside,
And stepped on the fresh blanket of snow.
All I could hear,
Were my boots hitting the glittering, crunchy snow.
All of a sudden,
A cold breeze came upon me.
I begin to feel chilly,
So I go back inside.
I light a fire,
And drink hot cocoa.
I fall asleep,
In front of the warm fire.
I wake the next morning,
It was all a dream.
I look outside my window.
Everything is covered in sparkling white snow.

Dominique Kraushar
St Cecilia Elementary School
Beaverton, OR
Grade 7

Summer

The sun is a very beautiful thing
The grass is bright green and so are the leaves
Sometimes it makes you want to laugh and sing
I love to feel the breeze blow through my sleeves
I love the smell of the fresh morning dew
The flowers are gorgeous in the summer
Each year it seems like the world is brand new
When you walk outside life's not a bummer
The sun shines bright colors all through the day
When the sun comes out you get a dark tan
It's so bright it could take your breath away
The sun is so hot you might need a fan
And when the sun comes out to stay awhile
Treasure the warmth and go walk for a mile

Tierney O'Neal
Middlesex Middle School
Darien, CT
Grade 7

I Don't Understand

I don't understand
 why people are mean
 why appearance matters
 why mold is green
But most of all
 why people have to cry
 why God loves us
 why goldfish always die
What I understand most is
 why there are such things as friends
 why we have school
 and why everything must come to an end.

Erica Nellessen
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Pantoum to School

School was hard going through the years.
Passing every grade seemed almost impossible.
Turning in homework and good test grades.
I thought I could never do it.

Passing every grade seemed almost impossible.
Having to pay attention was one thing I couldn't do.
I thought I could never do it.
Now I know I can do it.

Having to pay attention was one thing I could never do.
Every day, I was in trouble world.
Now I know I can do it.
As long as I set my mind to it.

Spencer Assini
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

It's Just a Game

I can do this. Yes I can.
I believe in who I am.
No self-esteem won't get you far.
Everyone is a star,
So believe in who you are.

Take it easy and budget your time.
Don't get nervous. You'll be fine.
You can do this, just the same.
There's no one that you should blame.
After all, it's just a game.

Melissa Bayley
Booth Middle School
Woodstock, GA
Grade 7

Cry

As my heart beats on
I feel weaker every minute
Every second of every day
I think about all the things
You used to say
The sweet words
Continuously cluttered my mind
Every time I see your face
My heart breaks into pieces
I can't replace
You're the one
I thought I would love forever
Now you're gone
And I don't know
How I will live on
I guess I'll have to try
All I do is cry

Janell Blake
St Frances of Rome School
Bronx, NY
Grade 8

The Apology

Before I go
I want to tell you
That when you shouted with me
I grumbled
I said I hate you
I wanted to run away
I wanted revenge
I'll show you I said
I'd make you regret
You did this to me
I'm sorry
I take back everything I've said.

Josiah Joseph Waldner
Decker Colony School
Decker, MB
Grade 9

The Man Who Plays the Guitar

The man who plays the guitar lives on a bus
He gets on in the morning when it opens,
And he gets off when it closes at 8:00.
The man who plays the guitar loves every single person.
When other people begin to get on the bus;
He asks them their names, then he makes up a song for them.
The man who plays the guitar is strangely original.
Every day he brings a lunch and a dinner on the bus.
No one knows where he gets the food.
He doesn't have very much money, but he never begs.
But, when people give him money, he takes it: it would be rude not to.
The man who plays the guitar is very content.
He is the happiest person on the bus, always.
His tunes are always of joyful things and he always talks to the other passengers.
The man who plays the guitar lives on a bus
Loves every single person
Is strangely original
And is very content.
How do I know him? I ride the bus to school.
No one ever seems to recognize that he's there, except me, and that's only sometimes.
Sometimes, I wish more people would understand that he does exist.

Dimitri Smith
Foothills Middle School
Wenatchee, WA
Grade 7

Dawn

We never got to know each other, never got to be real,
We never got to know each other and give life its actual seal.
You were that one that I was so happy to see,
You were that one who would set me free,
Of all my pain, and hate, and misery.
You were always that one who assured to me,
That everything would be all right.
I'd trade God my own life
If He would give me one more day with you,
To spend time together, just like we used to do.
I was so young and so little to know,
That your time had come and you had to go.
You have left me here with no song to sing,
Not something to go to, like I did with you.
I wake up every morning, hoping that it has all been a dream,
That these past six years have been nothing of what they've seemed.
If only I could give you one more kiss of family love,
My life would be full and I would finally be above.
Instead you have left me here to find my song,
I wish that I could have you back, someone who I could call, my mom.

Eric Michael Wilson II
Monte Vista Elementary School
San Jacinto, CA
Grade 7

A Wild Dreamer

There was this girl who dreamed she could fly,
High enough to touch the sky,
Touch the stars that danced through out the night,
The same stars that granted wishes with full delight.
There was this girl who dreamed of this guy,
Some guy to love her forever in life,
Some guy to respect her and surprise,
Some guy to be truthful and never lie.
There was this girl who dreamed of love,
The love that she could be proud of,
The love that would keep her chin facing above,
The love that she could have children in.
There was this girl who dreamed of the sea,
A sea so big too big to dream,
A sea of life and breathing things,
A sea of hopes and many dreams.
There was a girl who dreamed all this,
Always dreams for that one wish,
What a wild dreamer she is,
Well that's a dream you'd really miss.

Rose Gaskell
Central Falls Jr/Sr High School
Central Falls, RI
Grade 9

Softball Star

S oftball tans are so attractive
O utfield
F ast pitch
T rying to get the lead back
B eing at the softball field all weekend
A t bat glaring the pitcher in the eye
L ove the game
L ively fans screaming GO!! Lauren

Lauren Albrecht
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Something Inside!

There's something going on inside
that I can't explain.
There's something going on inside
that I cannot ignore
There's something there I know,
because it's as real as you and me.
It sees me and I see it
Is it real? Definitely
I feel the pain within taunting and burning.
Slicing and manipulating.
Yearning to torment.
Above all it has me in a hold, a grasp a shelter of pain.

Malorie Fitzgerald
Tampa Bay Academy
Riverview, FL
Grade 9

Seasons

In spring there is life and song.
As flowers bloom and trees bud.
As birds tend their eggs, and the days get long.
The rains fall and the children play in the mud.

In winter there is snow and ice.
Everything is covered in white.
The schools are closed and the snow is nice.
In winter we all enjoy a snowball fight.

In summer there is warmth and sun.
From beach balls and a swimming pool.
The summer is filled with play and fun.
You drink lemonade just to stay cool.

In fall there is color and crisp air.
With Halloween and falling leaves.
Comes apple cider at the county fair.
And ghosts and goblins will be seen.

Tyler Styons
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

You Are There

For every speck of light I see,
for every little air I breathe —
you are there.

Close to me, and my heart,
I hear your footsteps in the distance,
hoping you're coming to see me.
You stop

I try to walk to you, yet my feet tell me no.
I try to talk to you, yet my moth tells me no.
Your gentle smile turns to a frown.
You can't find me, and I can't find you.

You turn around and walk away.
You leave me stranded in an endless sea.
For every little dream I dream —
you are there.

You are no longer with me,
but you will always be a little piece of me.
For every little dream I dream you are there.

Dasha Salauyeva
Visitation Academy
Brooklyn, NY
Grade 7

Dear Nana and Mom

Every night I sit in my bed and lie
Trying really hard to sleep but all I seem to do, is cry
The wake is now over and now everyone is back to their homes
I still got my dad but without you I feel so alone
Sometimes I feel like I want to end it right now to be with you
But I still have my whole life ahead of me and I don't want my dad to go through what I'm going through
Every day I'm trying my hardest not to break down and cry
And I also question to God why did this have to happen to me, why?
But I really want you here with me and there's nothing I can do
God decided to take you away from me and Mommy too
It's really not fair because I need you here with me
I'm too young for this and I need you desperately
Looking at your pictures that you didn't want to take
Reminds me of everything about you,
Including you and mommy's wake
I'll keep living each day of my life like it's my last
So everyone will have good memories like I do of you when I pass
Because when you were born you were crying and everyone around you was smiling,
And you made it so when you died you were smiling and everyone around you was crying
So when my day comes no matter how it happens
I will be happy no matter what because we will finally be together again…

Devanna McMahon
O'Donnell Middle School
Stoughton, MA
Grade 8

The Summer Bliss

The beautiful songs of the birds in the sky up high.
Ice cream melting on your hands. The rays of hot yellow sun in my eyes.
The cloudless sky. The aroma of charcoal flowing through the breeze.
Summer bliss

The heat is fire blazing my skin. The laughter of children playing while there is no school.
The air is chilly in the house. The big orange sun shining down.
While the violets smile up at me.
Summer bliss

The air in the cool house feels like the end of fall.
The sun is a cover for the grass. The aroma of delight flies through the sky.
The taste of the ice cold water soothes my throat. The swimming pool pulls me toward it.
Summer bliss

The sun toasted me in its warmth. The light hides my shadow.
The fragrance of pool water uncovered itself once more.
The grill smells new to me. The bird's songs make me blissful.
Summer bliss

The cheerfulness is peaceful. The warmth is flabbergasting.
The water is holy. The flowers are superb.
The spirits of summer are astonishing.
Summer bliss

Kristan Wilson
Whitley County Middle School
Williamsburg, KY
Grade 7

My Uncle Steve

My uncle Steve,
Lets me play with his old war things,
Play on his computer,
And watch football on his TV.

My Uncle Steve,
Is the greatest uncle there is.

My Uncle Steve,
Gives me foreign money
(Which is no good here!)
When I was younger,
He taught me how to play space games and fencing,
And I also got to shoot his old machine gun.

My Uncle Steve,
Is the greatest uncle there is.

Joshua Fritz
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

Summer Is…

Summer is running through the grass wet with dew,
Laughing as the wind gently blows back your hair,
The sun kisses your cheeks gently,
And you wish that such happiness would never end.

Summer is getting your fingers sticky with ice-cream,
And not caring about the mess,
The smell of the salty air,
Wafting off of the beach.

Summer is catching fireflies,
In the light of the moon,
Getting eaten by the first mosquitos,
And being glad that you are alive.

Summer is staying awake until midnight,
And getting up late as well,
Butterflies float around you,
Sipping delicate cups of nectar.

Summer is your skin turning pink,
And smelling of sweat,
Still running through the grass wet with dew,
And you wish that such happiness would never end.

Tess Josel
Turn of River School
Stamford, CT
Grade 7

How Could You Do This

How could you do this? Just show up this way,
You've never been there, never this way.

I have seen you before, and I know your face,
I have seen you before, but not in this place.

You just showed up, on this very day,
You just showed up, with nothing to say.

I lived without you, it just had to be that way,
I can't leave my mom, not on this very day.

I'm not leaving.

Not to live with you, not to leave this place,
Not to say good-bye, not to get away from Mom.

I can't leave with you, it will never be that way,
If you could just leave now, now on this very day.

Megan Schiller
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Happiness

Happiness is the color of a blue sky day.
It sounds like birds chirping in the afternoon.
It tastes like sweet honey.
Happiness smells like the aroma of a rose.
Happiness looks like a green pasture on a windy day.
It makes you feel relaxed and happy inside.

Seth Robin
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Poetree

Green like grass.
Brown like hash.
Tall like a statue of gold.
50 years old like a man wise and bold.
Roots that store water like a keepsake.
If you are not careful I am at stake,
But I will give a seed.
To plant more of me.
And then,
Once again.
I will grow 50 years old like a man wise and bold.
When I begin to die
I hope to say bye.
I am a poet in need,
Writing this poetree.

Sidney Fleming
Spinning Hills Middle School
Dayton, OH
Grade 8

Basketball Game

Basketball is my favorite sport
I like the shooting and the dribbling
Here's a game situation five seconds left
Down by three they get the ball to me
I get to half court I shoot and swish
But wait there was a foul
I shot the free throw
Game over we win by one

Josh VandenBush
Luxemburg-Casco Middle School
Casco, WI
Grade 7

So It Waits

In the shadows they wait
waiting…waiting…
when it happens
you won't feel a thing
but in the night
you can't see them
so they wait
waiting…waiting…

Mark Caron
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Halloween Holiday

Growling thunder,
Rolling hills,
A host of ghostly,
Frightening chills.

Deep, scary voice,
That tells a tale,
A porpoise screaming,
A singing whale.

Painful bites,
Ripping tears,
Scarcely any
Homely cares.

Loving help,
Not found here,
No home to live in,
No comforting cheer.

A frightful way,
To spend the day,
A scary,
Halloween holiday.

Samantha Dydo
Pine Crest School
Fort Lauderdale, FL
Grade 8

Walking Alone

She walks away head in hands,
Looks for someone but no one understands.
She tries not to cry — not to give in,
But it's so hard to stop the moment you begin.
She doesn't know what to do as people begin to stare,
She looks at the world now as cruel and unfair.
She looks up, seeing a familiar face,
As she stops still in her dark, lonely place.
The face keeps walking, just passing by,
Not even saying a simple "Hi."
There is no one in to world who cares for me,
Why don't they like me? Is there something I don't see?
Her mind keeps racing as she walks away,
Things will be all right, sooner or later, someday.
Crying even more she thinks of what they did to her,
Thinking makes her world even more unsure.
The world seems against her, fighting a war,
She tries to fight back but the world fights more.
She walks and cries as people look not knowing what to do,
Finally someone walks up to her and says I'm always here for you.

Jessica Walsh
Upper Perkiomen High School
Pennsburg, PA
Grade 9

A World in Crisis

Somewhere, a child is crying – nothing to eat, nothing to wear
The deprived is slowly dying, hopes shattered; it's too much to bear,
Somewhere a person's screaming in pain
A man is dead, because of another's personal gain.
Is this how life is really like? I ask
Do people step on others so they can stand in the light and bask,
Our morals and virtues have vanished replaced by a never-ending haze
It seems like our world today is no longer "pure;" it's a real shame,
Now, it seems like our goals have just been a fruitless chase
Whether it be to get that last piece of cake or for stardom and fame.
How have we as human beings turned into such cold-hearted creatures?
We are glued to the TV to see what unfortunate event has happened today,
Feeding off violence, and the pain of others, these are not attractive features
Yet, this is who we have become, innocence and justice is at bay.
We are never satisfied with what we are given, what we have
We always strive for more; more money, more love,
We walk down an unfortunate path,
We are the destroyers; we have introduced the new evil.
We must fight it; we must end the poverty and let equality rule
We must end the deceit and begin to trust again,
We must save ourselves, and truly live once again.

Annie Xu
David Thompson Secondary School
Vancouver, BC
Grade 9

Changing the World

They always ask they always do,
If you could change anything in the world,
What would you do?
Imagine you had the power to change,
What would be different, what would rearrange?
Would you change where the sun raises or sets?
Would you end world hunger, and put dangers to rest?
When you have that power you never know,
What would you give, and what would you own?
Would there be peace, would there be war,
Would there be sunshine, wait, there is more!
Would the laws still be, would hope be there,
Would people have faith, would life be fair?
And sometimes I wonder if I should give it a rest,
And not change the world,
It's for the best.

Miriam Turovsky
C H Best East Middle School
Toronto, ON
Grade 7

Platypus

I am hungry.
I climb out
Of this enormous tunnel.
Out,
Into the murky,
Muddy,
Dark water,
Ears and eyes shut tightly,
Sweeping through the swiftly moving water,
Mouth filling with underwater creatures.
Scrumptious lunch.
Swimming toward the warmth,
The light.
Surface.
Air.

Katlynn Mary Nelson
Southwest Middle School
Albert Lea, MN
Grade 7

My Heart

I wonder if hearts like the job they do
A heart is a friend who's there when it's most needed
A friend to cry to when you're depressed
Someone to share your secret with
When you've got no one else
Your life depends on your heart
It's always surrounded by friends and enemies
It's always warm and willing for anything
It's the most precious friend a person could have.

Julie Wipf
Decker Colony School
Decker, MB
Grade 9

True Music

I have been to the theater,
It's a pleasure to see,
But true life is in the forest,
Among the robins and the pines,
The chipmunks seem to fidget in nervous fright,
You turn your head in excitement,
Peering behind a tree,
Hoping to see their lives for one day.
You spy on a doe leading her two shaking fawns,
The babes are following their mother,
Trusting in her steps,
One step could mean life,
Yet two could mean death.
The doe,
Tired and spent,
Finds a nest for her and her young,
To stay and rest,
For tomorrow they must trek again.

The theater is a simulation,
The forest is real and never lies.

Casey Metcalfe
Delong Middle School
Eau Claire, WI
Grade 8

What's Life All About?

What's life all about
Is it about hate and death
Or life and love
Is it about the streets or solitary peace?

What's Life All About?

What's life all about
Is the question we're all puzzled about
Is it about runnin the streets
Or is it about being there
When you're needed the most

What's Life All About?

Is life about getting pregnant before marriage
Or waiting till after

What's Life All About
Is the question we're all waiting to find out

Kiara Wilson
Stuart Middle School
Louisville, KY
Grade 7

Light

Light
Cheer. Life.
Fun and laughter.
Immerse yourself in it.
Slowly it begins to fade.
Fun and laughter cease.
The end nears.
Fall into
Darkness.

Craig Arsenault
Freeman High School
Rockford, WA
Grade 9

The Eye of the Tiger

I am the eye of the tiger on the field,
I may not be large and meaty,
But I am sly and sneaky,
I can slip through the defenders' checks,
I can make the moves and pass the ball,
I can help other tigers in my pack,
They know I'm there for them,
We're there for each other.
My stripes glow when I score a goal,
But I roar in excitement,
When my pack members score.
We travel together,
To pick up the stragglers
And help out the runts,
I am not a straggler,
Nor am I the beast
My heart,
That is what they should fear,
I am there to bask in the rays of glory
I am there for my pack
I am the eye of the Tigers.

Peter Stein
Winchester High School
Winchester, MA
Grade 9

Loneliness

Loneliness,
The Changeling maiden,
Fair at first,
Yet not so fair,
With tangled moonbeams in her hair.

Clad in silver,
Yet in black,
The roaming sister of the mist,
Wrapped round with a cloak of tears.

Rachel Maynard
Maynard Home School
Leon, WV
Grade 9

The Princess

Once upon a time in a land far away,
There lived a princess named Jen.
And maybe she wasn't perfect,
And maybe she wasn't incredibly beautiful,
And maybe she sometimes was mean to her brother,
And maybe she didn't always listen to her authorities,
And maybe she sometimes whined,
And maybe she failed,
And maybe she made mistakes,
And maybe she forgot sometimes to walk the dog, or feed the fish,
Or close the window when she left the castle,
And maybe sometimes Prince Charming said no,
And maybe sometimes she tripped and fell,
But she always got back up again,
And in the end,
She succeeded,
And she learned from her mistakes,
And she got her Prince Charming,
And even though she didn't live happily ever after,
She was glad to be herself.

Jennifer L. Black
Chippewa Middle School
Des Plaines, IL
Grade 7

I Was a Child Beauty Queen

I was a delicate little flower, living the life of luxury
In a field of every little girl's dreams
My life seemed perfect to all who saw.
The truth of it is, my life was nothing like perfect
Filled with lies that no one unearthed
Had someone dared look into my eyes
Hidden by fear they would've found the truth
I was a victim of the world's lies and deceit;
They're the ones that brought my demise.
Content with the truth disguised as it was,
Ignorant by choice, the world looked away.
I was a slave in my parent's world.
There to be the perfect little girl.
Rather than allow the truth to show,
I, their little princess, had to go.
I still to this day don't understand how money came to rule the land.
It hid my parent's sin in time and was the shovel that buried their crime.
Hidden from view but never forgotten,
Justice will reign; evil will fall.
I still can't believe this happened to me,
I, an innocent child beauty queen.

Yolanda Elias
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

My Old Pair of Comfy Shoes

I have this pair
That I always wear
They get rid of my blues
My old comfy shoes
I buy them
And I tie them
I clean them
And then I deem them
My pair of old comfy shoes
I wish to go dancing
And I wish to go prancing
But not without my old comfy shoes
They go great with my socks
And they match my Nike Shox
A nice shade of red
I'd rather be dead
Than not have my old comfy shoes
I love my shoes dearly
So look at them clearly
Because they are not just merely
My old pair of comfy shoes

Kelsey O'Brien
Pine Crest School
Fort Lauderdale, FL
Grade 8

Confusing Thoughts

Who him? No way!
He wouldn't like me!
Would he? Maybe he would.
I don't know!
This is so confusing!

Here he comes! Oh no!
What should I do? Should I say hi?
No, he'll think I'm stalking him!
What if I don't say hi?
This is so confusing!

Oh no! He's stopped in front of me!
Don't just stand there, say hi!
Now he's talking!
What should I do? What should I say?
This is so confusing!

Wait, what's that?
You think I'm pretty? You like me?
Go to the movies this weekend?
Together? I'd love to!
Maybe this isn't so confusing.

Emily Foster
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Divorce

At your age it is not understood
But maybe you could
It's such a harsh battle
There is no reason to tattle
Stuck in the middle
It's just like a riddle
Hating every minute
And you're always in it
We are in a fix
But you're only six
It's such a sharp life
Like the tip of a knife
It's a lot of pain
But most take it in vain
It's a sea of emotion
A really bad potion
Consisting of hate, you take the bait
Which seals your fate
You're being torn
Just like tug-of-war

Daniel Lewis
South Webster Jr/Sr High School
South Webster, OH
Grade 8

Grandpa

I laid there in your lap
I loved you more than anything
I wished you'd stay forever
But cancer took you away.

I miss you very much
I wish you would come back
I want to go to heaven
Just to have you back.

I will always love you
And I will follow through
I want to go to heaven
Just to be with you.

I remember good times
I remember bad
But Grandpa I loved you
You were like a second dad.

You watched me every day
I helped you get around
I loved you with all my heart
A piece is missing I haven't found.

Spencer Ogden
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Inside

My heart is full to the brim
of memories good and bad
in the center is
love
all around are people, pets and objects
further out the things are less
there are
secret crushes
that no one knows
there are first times
and traditions
even the time my cat had kittens
along with that the loss of a friend
floating around somewhere deep
are the memories that I have
tried to forget
the ones that scar
from far inside just waiting
to get free and hurt me
once more

Haven Avila
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Eternal Nightmare

Life can be a dream,
Where you float from cloud to cloud,
Things never get too quiet,
Things never get too loud.

Well my life's a nightmare,
You live it year to year.
Everything's impossible,
Your heart is struck with fear.

There are shadows in every corner,
And darkness everywhere.
You cannot stop your misery,
You've never been so scared.

All your fears surround you,
Waiting to make you scream,
But you can really get hurt,
Because it's not really a dream.

There are voices in my head,
And they just won't shut up,
The worst thing about this nightmare,
Is that you never wake up.

John Simon II
Alice Vail Middle School
Tucson, AZ
Grade 7

Grandma

As I first met you Grandma,
I wasn't able to call you "grandma"…
but now that I have known you half my life, I think…
you are a grandma…the exact definition…
and I see you don't have to be blood related to have all the special qualities a grandma has…
you said, "I love you," called me your granddaughter,
cared for me, showed me you loved me…and made me feel welcome.
Grandma, now that the days are few…
I just want you to know I'll miss you,
and you will always be in my heart…
and you will now know you were a "grandma" to many…
even if they weren't blood relatives…
and they love you!

I love you grandma…and you will always remain in my heart!

Love always and forever,
Nikki

Nichol Debn
Perry Tipler Middle School
Oshkosh, WI
Grade 8

Roses

I look at a rose,
and regret what I did,
put you by my side and put you as a bid,
like a bet on a horse, like a bet on a house,
the house that we loved, the house that is now empty.
What I did was wrong and this I can remember,
the fact I loved you as a number.
I put you on a list of things to do,
I thought this thing would go farther, this thing between me and you.
Planned our wedding, planned our future like a deck of cards in the wrong order.
Thought you would help me through all those tough times like we promised at the alter.
This thing between me and you is over, the rock is off my finger,
so go and ruin someone else's life, like you did your own,
you lost something that is truly special,
a daughter named Emily,
a cat named Sue.
So forget the past forget the future, this is over.

Taylor Haesaert
Donald S Ray Middle School
Baldwinsville, NY
Grade 7

The River

The cold water in the river flows like a child's running feet and laughs like a mother and father laugh and joke with their children.
But then there are times when the river water crashes into a rock or two, like when a parent and child argue but they talk it out
and the water in the river keeps on going.
The sunshine rains down on the water like a child's happy little smiling face saying, "I love you!"

Angela Mullen
Cardinal High School
Middlefield, OH
Grade 9

A Stormy Night in London

The flutes play an eerie tune
that sends shivers up one's spine.
The trumpets rush, against the wishes of the rest.
As the conductor raises her arms the clarinets join in.
The trumpets fall out
three measures past, the saxophones come to.
The tempo slows and the band becomes quiet.
Just a single flutist plays.
Once again the conductor's arms are up.
One…they stiffen.
Two…horns to their lips.
Three…eyes in the music.
Four…they suck in a last breath.
Like a loud explosion, the low brass charge in.
It's the sound of a storm.
Crash. The cymbals make everyone wince.
The snare plays in a tight, quiet roll.
The timpani competes with the trombones, in a low rumble.
The rumble dies down five measures later.
Slowly the band stops, as they finish playing
A Stormy Night In London.

Brenna Haralson
Bellevue High School
Bellevue, MI
Grade 9

What's Right? What's Wrong?

I sit in a classroom all day long,
Teachers supposedly teach you what's right and wrong.

Yet look at the world and the shape it's in,
Teens doing drugs and the greatest of sin.

Girls getting pregnant at the age of eight,
They realize it's wrong but by then it's too late.

So we teach abortion, just kill the child,
So innocent and sweet, so meek and so mild.

Teens killing teens on school ground,
Because one claims Jesus, they get shot down.

They smoke and they drink all the day long,
But what do they think, is it right or wrong?

We need to change and make things right,
Call up on Jesus, we will find the light!

Katelyn Falkner
Hebron Christian School
Pheba, MS
Grade 9

My Best Friend*

You are my best friend.
You are always there for me,
through thick and thin
sisters we will always be.
We can't stand to be
away from each other,
and I know that there
could never be another.
One thing is for sure
and I know that this is true,
we will be best friends and sisters forever,
it's just me and you.

Christina Craig
Liberty High School
Bedford, VA
Grade 9
**Dedicated to Alicia R. Clark.*
Thanks for always being there.

Running

I'm running, running away from the world,
away from reality,
I'm running away from them.
I've run so far, so long,
I'm lost, lost and lonely out here.
No one around, no one coming to get me.
Do they know I'm here? Do they even care?
They turned their backs on me and ran,
ran when things got tough.
They say it will get better, better with time,
I just have to believe and trust in them.
But if I do, will it all be a lie, another lie?
Who can I trust now? There must be someone,
someone I can trust who will hold me,
Run far, far away with me,
so when I get there, I won't be lonely,
not lonely like before.
I'm running, running away from the world,
away from reality,
I'm running away from them.
Running, running, never to stop.

Alyson Tarney
Theodore R Durgee Jr High School
Baldwinsville, NY
Grade 8

The Season of Snow

Seasons come and seasons go.
But the best season of all is the season of snow.
Didn't you know that snow will come and go with the flow.
But snow has to go.
So that spring can come and go.

Robbie Johnson
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Eyes Wide Shut

My heart goes out to the loved ones
Of the soldiers that fought
And lost
Many different wars
Many different outcomes
Too much fighting
Too much lost
Can't we all just get along?
9/11 was the worst of them all
We didn't see it coming
We weren't watching close enough
We lost so much because we had
Our eyes closed to the world's hate
So much hate
And still no one saw

Nikki Starling
Thunder Bay Jr High School
Alpena, MI
Grade 8

Inside My Mind

Out my old white door,
Towards the rusty bus.
Inside the vehicle once more,
Beside someone making a fuss.
Across my little town,
Until we reached the place.
Without settling down,
Beside a familiar face.
Through the packed hallways,
To my first class of the day,
Into my seat I hate,
Until the bell rings, I'll stay.
Below the world is where I feel.
Among them I am teased.
Inside my mind, everything is evil.
Without a sense of ease,
Beyond my mental state.
Outside is where my mind roams.
Around me can be torture and hate,
Until I write my poems.

Erin Howes
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

First Crush

He grinned
Sparkling white.
Butterflies flying high
Sweaty palms; words will not come out
Love sick.

Joni Jameson
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

On This Path

On this path in which I walk alone
I am blinded by myself.
I've tied the knot of a cloth over my eyes
while keeping others at bay.
For times now and again I walk this path without reason or destination
not really knowing where I am going,
let alone how I am getting there,
but along this path in which I walk blindly upon
is the darkness that has come with my blindness.
I walk this path alone, not able to see,
not able to know why I keep going
but when I try to stop I feel something pushing me on.
So I keep going,
not ever really knowing what keeps me going.
I finally get it,
this path in which I walked in the darkness of myself
thinking I am lost and alone.
I've been wrong all along.
This path is anything but empty.
Have I been alone all along?

Charlotte Rose
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

My Nana

My Nana loves me more than the mold
When I'm over at her house she treats me like I was her little girl
My nana is 33 years old but acts like 17
Because when I'm with her love is seen
My nana loves me that is all I can say
And when she passes on, her spirit will stay
Although she is my step aunt now
But always I will know how
I was brought in this family with love and care
My nana with always be there,
My nana said she would never love me no less
Because I'm her step niece she loves me regardless
Just because my life is so full of pain and sorrow
She will be there tomorrow
She shops a lot at WalMart
Because my nana is smart
My nana is a great sunday school teacher that is very respectful
When someone is in trouble, she's there to be helpful
Hey nana I love you and you love me too
Be there for me and I'll show you I love you
You will see

Anastasia McCoy
M S Palmer High School
Marks, MS
Grade 8

Pawns in the Game of Life

Life is but a game of chess
And we as pawns, the lowest form
Muted by the power of others
And sacrificed if the time calls for it
We are a thing that is below
And we have no pity or sorrow from others
We go where told and fight if called upon
Of life everything is beyond our reach
And destiny is in another's hands

Ben Studer
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Spring Day Urgings

What would I rather be doing today
On such a fine morning early in spring
Than sitting here on my large stallion king,
Listening to the song of a blue jay.

How could I ever think to disobey
The loving summons that his neigh does bring,
To race with the wind like a wild thing,
And to feel my hair merging with his bay?

We do not want to move slower than trot,
Legs crouched beneath him so supple and strong,
Bidding silently as friend to a friend.

So we take off racing faster than thought
Wondering why we have waited this long
To start our wonderful race with the wind.

Jennifer Simpson
Lansing Middle School 6-8
Lansing, KS
Grade 7

Just a Step from Heaven

Upon a grain of sand I tread
Its simple imperfections overlooked
Then I imagine you there in its stead
With seamless lining in abundance hooked

Comparing you like to one more rich in hope
Complete with friends you're justly blessed
You have man's wit, an endless rope
With which to strangle those who hurt your child

I see a lark rising with the dawn
Again I think of you, so wild and free
Majestic wings spread out in noble poise
You are my mother, my marquis.

Valeria Makeeva
Elkins Pointe Middle School
Roswell, GA
Grade 8

Identity

Trees stand tall and proud
Guarding the land around them.

They stand alone, to themselves
Their roots go into the abyss.

I'd rather be the old and wise tree
To have been through much,
To have seen war, love, storms, and the sunny sky.

To be a young, small tree,
Fighting my way up
Past the canopy of the bigger trees would be demoralizing.

I'd rather be the old and wise tree
To have been through much,
To have seen war, love, storms, and the sunny sky.

Spenser Ewing
Menaul School
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

The Seasons

Spring,
It's so fun
Everyone's waiting for summer to come
Spring.

Summer,
It's the best,
All the time is for fun, not rest
Summer.

Autumn,
It gets cold
It's time for winter to unfold
Autumn.

Winter,
It's like a painted picture,
With snow on the trees it just puts me to peace
Winter.

Seasons,
Aren't they fun?
I'm glad another year has just begun,
Seasons.

Tara Simm
West Mifflin Area Middle School
West Mifflin, PA
Grade 7

Spring
Rebirth surrounds me
Beauty has now awoken
Life begins again
Tim Schumacher
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Even Though You're Gone
The one day you left us
Not meaning to go this way
You are the only one I trust
That was a very sad day
Your chair is very dusty
I just don't know what to say
I wish I could bring you back
I still sit down and I pray

I miss you so much
I just want one more hug
I just want to feel your loving touch

You're gone
And I still love you
Even though you're gone
I just want to hear your voice
Now, I feel
Like you are still with me
I love you
Even though you're gone
April Ledbetter
Defiance Jr High School
Defiance, OH
Grade 8

Facing Reality
Who makes my pain?
Is it the man you call your God,
so high and almighty,
or a demon clown below?
Is it a child down the road,
or a man I'll never know?
Well it can't be your God
for he is merciful
and the devil's my friend
so I know it's not he.
The child's unable,
the man is not capable.
So the only one left...
is me.
Kateera Berg
Cokato, MN
Grade 8

Hold On
You live you die
You hope you cry
You wipe a tear from your eye
You know that your life's just a lie
But you hold on
Hold on for who
Hold on for you
Hold on for all you plan to do
All your dreams can come true
As long as you hold on
Your life won't always be this way
Someday it will be okay
Just stand up, stand up and say
I will live each and every day
Just keep holding on
Be the best that you can be
See all. All you can see
You don't need to please me
Whatever fits you to a tee
You can hold on
Brooke Star McAlpine
Mattanawcook Junior High School
Mattawamkeag, ME
Grade 7

I Am From
I am from cotton pillows
in cotton pillowcases,
from leather sofas
to black pianos
and seashore paintings.

I am from coffee tables
to coat racks,
from lawnmowers
to dead flashlights
and TV sets.

I am from the smells of barbecue
wafting onto the neighborhood green,
where dogs barked
and fire hydrants stood.

I am from the drain, a grimy old place,
where many good tennis balls were lost.
I am from fried chicken,
and the ice cream cake that followed.

I am from there,
that place I am from.
Daniel Zhen
Winthrop L Chenery Middle School
Belmont, MA
Grade 8

The Night Flyers
Whispering, flying, soaring
through the night.
The Night Flyers take flight.
A startling object illuminates the earth.
As it spins down.
The stars speak of the Night Flyers
fighting around the world.
The sound wavering
the nations quavering.
The Night Flyers fly at night.
Brandi Bledsoe
HOPE Schools International
Redding, CA
Grade 9

Just Friends!
Why just friends,
we're so close,
we're so much alike,
we're two of a kind?
Am I not pretty
or popular enough?
Is it because
I intimidate you?

Why does it have to be,
just friends
when I love you more
than I've loved anyone?

Why just friends?
Whatever the reason,
I'm always going to be
just your friend!
Only because that's what
you want to be.
"Just friends!"
And you're my very
best friend!
Katie Lamson
Lakeside 9 High School
Ashtabula, OH
Grade 9

9/11/01
Anger.
Devastation.
BOOM! Our towers collapsed.
Terrorists sacrificed themselves.
Anger.
Victoria Fitchlee
Newfane Sr High School
Newfane, NY
Grade 9

Who You Don't Expect

I am a person you don't expect
I wonder what is in store for me in the future
I hear the butterflies wings slice through the air
I see a horse leap through the sky
I want an adventure that will stay with me for the rest of my life
I am a person you don't expect

I pretend that I'm the best rider in the world
I feel the wind blow smooth gusts just for me
I touch every child's life
I worry about world chaos
I cry for the orphans of the world
I am a person you don't expect

I understand fear stops us from doing what we know is right
I say we deserve to be equal
I dream of traveling around the world on horseback
I try to be kind to everyone
I hope that one day everyone would be at peace
I am a person you don't expect

Emily Lombardi
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The Walk

The walk begins,
on the long beach of peacefulness,
The mist spreads its grace
Seagulls squall,
Floating over the horizon,
like an astronaut in outer space.
The ocean's mist cooling my body off as,
I walk,
In the sun's warm, harmless rays,
I walk,
watching the waves tugging against each other,
Fighting,
Banging,
Crashing,
KKKSSSSHHHHH,
Swooshing,
Splashing,
I wonder
Just wonder,
When it will end
HOPEFULLY NEVER!!

Tyler Slone
Emmalena Elementary School
Emmalena, KY
Grade 7

Who Am I?

Who am I?
I'm a lost child finding her way
hopefully God will show me the way
He is my best friend, I know He'll be with me till the end
I could rely on Him with my secrets
know He won't tell anyone,
even though I can't see Him
He lights my way when my lights are dim
He always give me signs
He can always read minds
so if you're feeling down and lonely
don't think you're phony!
Turn to God and He'll be with you through thick and thin
with Him you know you'll always win.
People may criticize,
because of your race, color, or size
but God will love you till forever
and you and Him will be best friends together

Mary Chris Ong
St Aloysius Elementary School
Jersey City, NJ
Grade 8

With You

Walking with you at night holding your hand so tight
I think I'm in love with you
When I'm with you nothing can go wrong
All my feelings feel so strong
I hope we will stay together forever
So these feelings will stay and never fade
I have gotten all I've asked for and I could not ask for more
And I know that's for sure
I'm blessed with your love
It seems like God has sent you from above
If you ever need me
Right here is where I'll be
Until you need me
So now I know for sure I'm in love with you

Kristen Perry
Merriwether Middle School
North Augusta, SC
Grade 8

A Time for Fun

Up on the hill top where children play.
Down to the school yard in snow for the day.
From the tallest mountains to the lowest valley.
Holidays are shared by one and all.
Christmas with turkey or ham all for you.
Even the young will have fun before the day is done.
Everyone has a family near and far.
To share gifts big and small for one and all.

Nathan Vogts
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Outcast

Most of the world sees me as a terror
But I just want to fit in
I am shunned, beaten and teased
Just for being different
I long so much to be normal
To look normal and to speak normal
It seems I am an outcast
And no one will let me back in

Brett Clark
Willamette Christian School
Eugene, OR
Grade 8

Special Olympics

I stand here watching you,
Run down the track!
Everyone around cheering for you.
Waiting for you to come,
And finish this race.
It may be hard at times.
But you have everyone on your side.
I say "Go, keep coming!"
Now you're here!
You've finished this race,
And maybe even this race in life.
I am a hugger, and you are the athlete!
What a great day we've had!

Nicole McEvoy
Ephrata Middle School
Ephrata, PA
Grade 8

Just for You

If I could play a tune for you
Just tell me to and I will
It would be bright and bold like you
But if you want it soft, it shall

Just tell me to and I will
If you want it bouncy
But if you want it soft, it shall
I'll do it just for you

If you want it bouncy
I'll play the best I can
I'll do it just for you
Your Mother's Day song

I'll play the best I can
It would be bright and bold like you
Your Mother's Day song
If I could play a tune for you

Alexis Keaton
Bush Middle School
San Antonio, TX
Grade 8

This Is Me

I am a loving girl who likes sunny days
I wonder if the sun will ever stop shining
I hear the birds in the trees
I see the flowers before they bloom
I want to learn to surf
I am a loving girl who likes sunny days

I pretend that I can play the guitar
I feel my energy pushing me forward making me not want to give up
I touch a ghost standing at my side
I worry about losing someone close to me
I cry for victims of evil
I am a loving girl who likes sunny days

I understand what it feels like to be alone
I say what goes around comes around
I dream of angels watching me from above
I try to always keep a smile on my face
I hope that someday I will have grandchildren
I am a loving girl who likes sunny days

Casey Prescott
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Black

Black is the darkest of all absences.
It makes people invisible in the night,
The emptiness in an unfinished painting,
The silence in society around every corner,
The feeling of death surrounding every step you take,
The color of evil and hatred in everyone,
A world with no color, the portal into a black hole.
Black is the smell of burnt food,
The wet fur of a black cat on a summer's day, sweet revenge.
Black is the sound of an argument between best friends over some dumb mistake,
The creepy noises in the night,
The crimes on the public streets of our states,
The thunder of a stormy, gloomy cloud.
Black feels like the hatred that balls up inside anger,
A boring day when no one wants to play,
The heat that comes when I feel misunderstood.
The goodness of black is a classy, expensive car,
A wedding day in a black tuxedo walking down the aisle,
Shiny dress shoes and bow tie.
Black is the taste of the charcoal on overcooked meats,
The deep, dark, heavy, chocolate coating of candy bars.

Matthew Mozia
Colorado Academy
Denver, CO
Grade 9

Great White Shark

From the warm oceans of the big blue I swim
With my snout I smell blood
I skim the edges of the water with my dorsal fin showing
In front of me is a sea lion
I bite firmly on it thrashing it back and forth
Enough eating for the month
Surfboards look just like seals to me
Human attacks are possible
So that is my life firsthand, a Great White Shark

Brendan Burns
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

A New Day

In the hazy twilight,
At the moment before the mystic sunrise,
The world pauses for a second of truth.
To ponder on the meanings of life,
To reflect on the mistakes buried in soiled lies,
To watch as dreams float among the stars,
And slowly fade with them into the horizon.
To aid the bruised heartaches,
And those who suffer from a lack of love-stained air.
To cry for the times in which we stood so solidly,
And now of the reflection of fears we see in the sky.
So as the bright sun rises through the receding clouds,
A new meaning dawns.
We shall clear the thoughts that drown us in our sleep,
And see a new day of bright enthusiasm.

WillowMoon Moreland
Cedaredge High School
Cedaredge, CO
Grade 9

The Perfect World

The perfect world,
Is something we all want,
The perfect world with perfect people,
It's something we all want.

The perfect world,
Would have no fighting,
No screaming, no yelling,
No anger, no hate,
No crying, no anything
That would cause anyone or anything to feel unwanted or sad.

But we can't have a perfect world,
We can't have a perfect life,
Nobody's perfect and no one will be,
I guess it's just a dream we'll all be wanting to see.

Brandon Hatfield
Glen Este High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 9

I'm Still Standing

Harsh bells of wind
Collides against the waves,
Swirling into the sky,
Extending their fingers to the heavens,
Spraying them with crystal balls of ice,
I'm still standing.

Blazing fires angrily nip at my heels,
Disgusted at my outlandish behavior.
How can a smile reach my lips
When such torrents rage around,
Attempting to make me falter?
I'm still standing.

Yet, the obstacles diminish,
Vapor sprinkling like a fresh rain.
Gilding down on the sweet-smelling grass,
Majestically placing itself on great plumage,
Glittering like thousands of precious gems.
I'm still standing.

Lindsey Sprague
Kingston Jr High School
Kingston, WA
Grade 9

The Importance of Family

The importance of family –
Loving each other.
Family is –
Friends, parents, cousins, and everyone else.
Mom and Dad are family too –
Brother and sister too.
When you love each other,
You'll love yourself too.
So love each other
As each day is the last
Love is the bond
That grows between a family.
Love can be a handshake.
It can be an "I luv U."
It can be simple
Or complex.
Love can be harsh
Or kind.
Love is the importance of family.
Love others, and they will love you too,
Hopefully forever.

Joshua Joyner
Dubach High School
Dubach, LA
Grade 9

You

Dear Darling,
You remind me of the beautiful sky right before sundown,
Grass with its morning dew,
Trees jagged with ice right after a cold winters night.
Your tears are like fire flowing down your cheeks.
Your hands like the gentle breeze right before a storm.
Your laugh is like the brightest star lighting up the night.
Your love means everything to me.
When I'm with you I want to stay in that moment forever, let you feel my pain, and how I depend on you.
You have me forever.

Katie Green
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

The Crow

The ground falls away below my feet; in the darkness my greatest foe I meet.
The moon ducks and hides behind a cloud; the air fills with the noise of a silent crowd.
The stars fly away to ne'er again be seen; the colors fade away, the blues, the greens.
I look down at him, he looks up at me; his eyes light up with sadistic glee.
A feather falls down to the melting snow; I look up from it to an ebony crow.
It squawks and flies down from its perch; high atop a wilting birch.
It lands on the ground, the Earth seems to shake; the air is cold, but the ground starts to bake.
It appears this crow is more than it seems; it splits apart the Earth's woven seams.
The rock falls apart like sand 'tween my fingers; the worst is over but the pain, it still lingers.
I look around, see nothing but death, I stop to think, and catch my breath.
Nothing to know, nothing to feel; not even sure if existence is real.
Everything good, and everything wrong, have existed together for ever so long.
But is it over now, will nothing persist? The world fades away in a whitewashed mist.
I don't know what happened, I don't know how; but if this was real I cannot avow.

Jeffrey Gary
Washington Middle School
Seattle, WA
Grade 8

Vowels

A is red like the back of Steve Yzerman's jersey
as you watch him closing in on a breakaway,
ready to shoot as soon as the goalie shows him mesh.
E is silver like the ring on the fingers of two happy newlyweds
as they enjoy a Hawaiian honeymoon.
I is green like that on a young soldier's camouflage
while he sits in a dark forest listening to the bullets whizz and ping or thud
as they hit the metal of a helmet or body of an unsuspecting man.
O is brown like the hard leather strap that is keeping a mental patient's straight jacket snug
as he bounces off the padded walls of his room screaming "WEEEEEE."
U is bright orange like an anemone as it majestically waves on the ocean floor,
or the reflection of the sun in a pair of orange-lensed sunglasses.
Y is soft yellow like the body of a Fender Strat sitting in a store window
as a young musician stands out front staring longingly into the window,
hypnotized by the instrument's beauty.

Kyle Naylor
Cherry Hill Elementary School
Mission, BC
Grade 7

Ode to a Toothbrush*

Their ivory white bristles,
Bring back mem'ries of thistles.
The plastic handle and circular eye,
Like a rainbow across the sky.
And its womanly figua
Make my teeth want to glimma!
My toothbrush is a beautiful thing!

Its interesting feeling like
Fingers after rock rumbling,
And the mintiest taste of mint.
Causes your sparkling mouth to want to shine.
My toothbrush is a beautiful thing!

My toothbrush cleans and shines away,
And my teeth just look better every day!
They can shine all the time,
And I owe it all to my beautiful toothbrush!

Alison Van Loon
Alta Vista Public School
Ottawa, ON
Grade 7
**Dedicated to Cathy.*

My Family

There is one place I like to be
And that is with my family
Janel is there and Stephanie too
A family of 12 always has something to do

Heidi is busy and is never around
When there's work to be done she's nowhere to be found
Makiah and Kimber go outside to play
And if no one stops them, they could play all day

Nephi and Laken aren't always real nice
But at night when they're asleep they're two quiet mice
Jasmine died at birth and would now be three
Even though she's gone she'll always be family

We all love holding Anika asleep, awake, or sad
And on one can imagine her ever being bad
My mom and dad are by far the best
And love each of us just like the rest

There is one place I like to be
And that is with my family

Tabitha Barnhart
Montgomery Middle School
Montgomery, PA
Grade 7

The Lord Has Been Good to Me

The Lord has been good to me,
after reading this poem you will truly see.

All of the things He has helped me through,
I'm sure He has helped you through some obstacles too.

When I needed Him, He was always there,
even if the situation was unfair.

He was always there right by my side,
even the days that I cried.

So give the Lord your thanks every day,
and every night as you pray.

Jeremy Weatherspoon
Madison County High School
Madison, FL
Grade 9

Someone I Knew…

You say those hurting words,
And I smile, and repeat a compliment.
You trample my heart,
And I mend back together.
You drown me in tears,
And I float back to the top.
You talk behind my back,
And I still maintain here.
You are always ignoring me,
And I keep trying and hoping.
You constantly bring me down,
And I stand back tall.
You tell me lies,
And I act as if nothing has happened.
You stress me so much,
And I eventually unwind.
You put me on guilt trips,
And I am putting an end to it.

Chelsea Lewis
Madison Central High School
Richmond, KY
Grade 9

Fearfully Fearless

Standing in the wings I wait
For my number to be called
I walk onto the really fearless stage
Thinking I am the reason these people are here
Hot lights above warm my skin
Cheers from the crowd lift me up
The judges smile and I know it's time
For my chance to really shine

Katie Brennan
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Runaway Slave

I paddle my raft swiftly,
I must hurry before dawn
when they find out that I'm gone,
I drift into a river.
The dawn creeps up too quickly,
the pink enters the dark sky.
They soon will find
that I have decided to leave,
to go away.
Never more shall you bind me
to your never-ending tasks!
That time has passed at last,
I will never return.
The sun is in the sky;
they now will ride this way.
They'll put out signs that say
they want to get me back.
But I won't come.
I will go free.

Chiara Ricci-Tam
Clark Intermediate School
Clovis, CA
Grade 7

Dreams and Reality

Dreams
blissful, serene
hoping, wondering, exploring
peace, heaven, life, world
hurting, loving, finding
harsh, real
Reality

Eleanor Wong
Sacred Heart Elementary School
North Quincy, MA
Grade 8

Camping Trip

Around the wall
Through the gate
Over the hills
Around the bend

Over the road
Under the stars
Through the tall grass
Over the sandy beach

Through the water
Under the sky
In our tent
On a camping trip

Gillian Eckstrom
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The Baseball

In an attic the well, worn baseball buries itself away,
waiting to be picked up one day by a curious and carefree child.
The crimson red stitches are slowly peeling off the leather cover,
leather stained by light brown sand and dirt, leather distinctively smelling of sweat.
After years of abuse and beatings by baseball bats,
as well as decades of slamming into windows and fences,
the outermost layer is dented in many places and is bumpy and coarse.
The center core of the ball is held together by thousands of recollections
of long days in the yard or at the ballpark.
The baseball holds the long lost memories of generations of kids
who passionately played the sport they loved,
never discouraged by the boiling summer temperatures
or the heavy rain in the spring.
The ball longs for the feeling of snug landings in the webbing
of cowhide gloves, and to soak in the morning dew of the wet outfield.
Someday, an unsuspecting child will look through the boxes
of hidden treasures and will stumble upon the baseball.
He'll show it to his dad, who'll laugh and recognize the threadbare object
and pass his love of the game along to his children.
But for now, the ball is hidden away,
recollecting and remembering all of its past memories and times.

James Ricker
The Pike School
Andover, MA
Grade 7

The Tombstone

The rain was falling hard that night,
As the elderly woman would ponder,
Walking through her endless garden,
She would wander, she would wander,
Listening to the thunder,
Hoping the lightning would strike,
The emptiness inside of her,
Which once a soul occupied,
The wind was howling, the trees were rustling,
Leaves would fall upon her empty trail,
Her hair was damp and dead as ever,
While the water washed away her tears,
From the cold and loneliness which still lingered near,
As she reached the end of her garden, a tombstone appeared,
Her feet splashed in the damp lush grass beneath her feet,
She stopped and knelt and read the name,
Trina McGuffy was all it read,
Then she laid some flowers on her daughter's empty grave and prayed,
She then began to walk back to her house and on the way,
Heard the wind and the willows say…I Love You!

Vanessa Cockburn
Ecole Pine Grove School
Edson, AB
Grade 8

Big Change

Something changed for my mom, dad and I one day
I started to cry and said no-way
My gramma was gone never to come again

I remember drawing on her driveway with chalk
My gramma got washed away just like those pictures

My life will never be the same
After the day my gramma went away

Meggan Robinson
E C Adams Middle School
Guilford, CT
Grade 8

Destiny

I know not what my fate will be,
But I will thrive in its midst
With joyfulness and content.
When I find my star,
The blossom of happiness
Will bloom in my heart,
And my path up the mountain of life will widen.
Peace will fill my soul,
And bliss will overcome my body.
Someday I will
Live in destiny…
Someday.

Lily Muskovin
Chicago Waldorf School
Chicago, IL
Grade 7

She Calls Me Nickolie

She is short, pudgy, elderly
With gray hair and green eyes,
And she always has a cheerful face.
I love her to death.
She takes up for me when I am truthful
And scolds me when I am not.
I love her to death.
The way she nags at me to clean my room.
The way she calls me "little Cecil."
I love her to death.
The way she tells me as long as I am around,
My dad will be around
Because I look just like my dad.
I love her to death.
The way she tells me I have the milkman's feet
'Cause they are twice the size of hers.
I love her to death.
She calls me Nickolie, and
I call her Grandma.

Nick Davis
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

My Love

My everything.
My wonderful.
My heart.
My love.

From the minute that I met you, I knew you were the one.
The one that I would spend my life with.
The one that would make me smile.
The one everyone saw as my love.
Everything that I had ever dreamed of was coming true.
But my truth beheld lies.
My truth hurt me like a knife stabbing right through me.
Now that we are apart, everything is so different.
Different as in old.
Different as in no longer the love that I never once betrayed.
Now all I want is you.

My Everything.
My wonderful.
My heart.
My love.

Jennah Kukulka
Napoleon High School
Napoleon, MI
Grade 9

Lost

I'm lost.
Lost in an ever twisting maze,
And I can't get out.
So many vague memories,
So many familiar but muffled voices.
All thinking that they're helping me.
Helping me find my way out, but they only lead me deeper,
Deeper into the forest of despicable despair.
Into a forest of twists and turns,
And walls to reach the sky.
For a mere split second,
I glimpse the sun that once shone upon me,
But as soon as it rose,
It disappeared.
I am now left cold, alone, and in the dark.
I've no true friend to turn to.
My vision blurry with tears, tears, tears,
Always TEARS!
I'm lost in an ever twisting maze,
And I can't get out.

Sheau Lih Vong
Laurelwood Public School
Waterloo, ON
Grade 7

River Story

Roaring and raging,
Emerging and fading,
Tall trenches, deep roars,
Screaming and thrashing,
Spit of ice.
Hurling, swirling, bounding, whirling.
At the drop of a hat,
Pull you under like that.
At the fall of a dime,
Pull you under, can't climb.
You could hide the whole world,
And no one would find it.
The morning, a haze,
The beauty, a daze.
But one thing, don't forget,
In all its rampaging glory,
An unresolved river story.

Aneta Zarzycka
Edward Bleeker Jr High School 185
Flushing, NY
Grade 8

Young Teens

Trying, crying
Dealing with daily stress.
Don't forget you are not alone.
God's there.

Roseanna Siemens
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Why?

Why am I alone?
I thought our love was strong.
Why didn't you tell me,
There was something wrong?

Why did you leave me?
Why did you go?
Why did you act like,
I wouldn't want to know?

There's nothing,
I wouldn't do for you!
Now you left me all alone.
My tears are not just a few.

Was it what I did?
Or was it just me?
I really loved you.
Why can't you see?

Kara Hart
Leeton Middle and High School
Leeton, MO
Grade 7

The Sun

The sun rose, the light glows.
It was so great, I left the gate.
It blinded my eyes, the light of the skies.
The light was so grand when I walked through the sand.

Michael Don Cipat Tinio
Everest Middle School
Everest, KS
Grade 7

The Mask of Snow

The dancing snowflakes slowly cover the bare earth,
Creating a pure pillow of bright white,
Flawless and perfect are the tumbling snowflakes falling to the ground,
Covering the bare, bland earth with perfection and assurance.

The radiant, clear blue sky paves the road to hope,
Diminishing the anticipated journey to perdition,
Masking the life full of confusion and frustration,
And replacing feelings of hatred with happiness and reassurance.

The beautiful dusky white ground radiates the earth,
Cleansing and purifying the vacant, dry ground,
The angelic drift of snow-filled wind brushes the snowy ground,
Freezing tears of sadness and distress.

The cool blanket warms the earth,
Hiding the true feelings of uncertainty,
Instead impressing with wonder and daze,
Until the snow melts at last, revealing the true character of the earth.

Natalie Buehler
Parkway West High School
Ballwin, MO
Grade 9

The Mermaid

She wakes from her bed in a garden of pearls the seaweed brushes her cheek,
The clownfish winks to make her smile, sunlight begins to sink,
Through the waves of her ocean home to light the underworld,
As she stretches her arms with graceful flow, her hair is slowly unfurled.

She takes a comb, golden carved, with emeralds in its bands
And places it in her jade green curls, so long they reach her hands.
She plunges into a stream of light, and swims through the oceans miles,
To coral reef, where her mermaid friends, greet her with laughs and smiles.

Together, they then ride the waves, they jump and kiss the sky,
They leap with dolphins, in the air, and hear the seagulls cry.
They find a chest, treasure filled, inside a sunken ship,
Filled with diamonds, pearls, and gold, Millana takes a ruby clip.

And as the day is slowly done, Millana swims back to the reef,
To the garden of pearls beneath the waves, and she lays down to go to sleep.
Not many see a mermaid, not many ever will!
But they live beyond the reef, and probably, live there still!

Hannah Simmons
Simmons Christian School
Hickory, NC
Grade 8

The Feeling of Greatness

When I play quarterback
I get a feeling
Like no other
The feeling is greatness.
When I walk onto the field
I become a new person
A leader.
Because when I play quarterback
Everything rides on my shoulders
I have to be precise
If not the play doesn't work.
Plus the feel of the football
Get me hyped
The smell of the fresh cut grass
The look of intimidation
The sound of the whistle
My teammates
The feel of winning
That's!
The reason why I play quarterback.

Joseph Marckstein
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Momma and Me

Momma and me do so much together:
We go fishing.
We go hunting.
We go camping with the girls.
Momma and me.

She is like a rose, always so pretty
And a comforting scent.
Sometimes I get frustrated,
But she is there to cheer me up.
She is like the sun,
Always shining brightly.
Momma and me.

We play all kinds of games:
Cards,
Checkers,
Marbles.
Momma and me.

All of my friends love her.
She's the best.
She's my everything.
She's my momma.

Christian Fox
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

Imperial Sand Dunes

Shimmering ripples,
Miles of sand blow in Glamis:
Dry desert water.

Devon Gustafson
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 8

The World This Way

I don't understand:
Why people can't be nice to each other
Why pets have to die
Why people are poor

But most of all:
Why people kill themselves
Why parents get divorced
Why people starve to death
Why there can't be peace

What I understand most is:
Why the sun comes up in the morning
Why flowers are so pretty
Why trees blow in the wind
Why the ocean waves flow

Emily Spiegel
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Thunder Sets In

Loud crashes fill the air
Big enough to make a scare
Light falls through the window sill
Making you stand very still

Trees fall to the ground
Making a horrendous sound
Wind whips through the sky
Blowing down leaves with one try

Light comes to your sight
Giving you hope you've won the fight
Everything calms down
Making you lose your frown

Something forms in the air
Beautiful enough to make you stare
A rainbow filling up the sky
Making your spirits fly

Marjorie Berman
Wyomissing Area Jr/Sr High School
Wyomissing, PA
Grade 8

Village of Mine

The passage of day is coming.
I know from the song of the birds.
The wind beckons daylight to heaven,
whispering ancient words.
The water is getting colder
and the crickets are starting to play
their ever-harmonious fiddles
to end this winding day.
The sky is changing colors,
like a chameleon hidden behind
this cloud that God is sending
over this village of mine.
The daydream is now just a memory,
for it was born from the light of the sun.
I close my eyes to listen
as two distant worlds become one.
The ghost of your glimmering smile
is dancing across my spine.
You have shown me a vision of heaven;
it mirrors this village of mine.

Taylor Catalana
Sacred Heart High School
Vineland, NJ
Grade 9

The World

Young Timmy looked into
the old man's eyes
and saw the world
and all its lies.
Saw it for what it was
for its darkness its blackness
and hell's gates.
He saw where he was
and where he had been
he asked why do I live
here and how did I get here?
The world's a big lie.

Alexander Valloric
Gardner Middle School
Lansing, MI
Grade 9

Flower

F orest grown
L ove
O cean blown
W ondrous smell
E nergy
R aiding bees

Julia Mikhaylova
Fuller Middle School
Framingham, MA
Grade 7

This Is Love

What is love?
It's passing notes during class
It's sitting on the bus dreaming about that special person — thinking about that special moment
This is love.
It's lying down on the sand
Never wanting to leave
Only wanting to stay with that special someone
This is love.
It's looking up to the sky on a sunny day
Seeing a cloud in the shape of a heart — or so we think at the time
This is love.
Turning up the radio and hearing a song
In every way, it reminds you of your so-called "soul mate"
Lying in your bed with a smile on your face
A midnight phone conversation is all you're able to think about
Blocking out all evil
Dreaming about all that is good
This is love.
We may never find the true meaning of love
But we hope for it to never disappear
This is love.

Ryan DeLeon
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Me, Myself and I

As I stare into the mirror the hands of time twist and turn, back and forth, falling into a steady consistent rhythm yet changing ever so often. Slowly drifting back in time I see a young sandy blonde haired girl, glowing with excitement as she sees her new baby sister for the first time. I see a tan girl with a new stuffed seal, crying, an unwanted purple cast on her left arm. I see an excited young child, dressed in a seashell print beach cover up, playing in the sun warmed sand, building forts and castles with her family and drinking chocolate shakes before bed time. Today I see a young ambitious woman brushing the short bobbed brunette hair out of her eyes as she laughs and giggles with her friends, a silly teenaged secret passed between them. Working hard to get good grades in school, enjoying dance, volleyball, piano, spending time with family. Liking where she stands, confident of her abilities. Tomorrow, I see a sophisticated young woman striving to achieve her dreams and desires. Teaching, persevering, leading, living. A role model, teaching someone else to achieve his or her goals. A future guided by faith, allowing it to steer her every choice. Thanking God for her talents and gifts, learning from her mistakes but not afraid to stand up for what she believes in. As for right now, she wants to be herself. A career, a husband, a family await her in the future but for now, she wants to enjoy life as it is and awaken every day to see what the future holds.

Elizabeth Weingartner
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Time

His kisses lead to a moment in time that stopped the world for me, then I realized how much he meant to me. But it was too late to tell him so my tears slithered down my cheeks like a snake slithers across the road and came to rest on the edges of my cheeks like a rock climber about to go over the side of the rock. When we were together I would wish that the big clock of time would just fall over like a book on the dash board of a car. I never really thought I could love again but I do love him still with all of my heart. I just wish I had told him sooner to save what would have, should have happened but now it's too late and it's time to move on, so so long to what could have been.

Sarah Bell
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

I Am a Center of Love

I am a loving child of God
My soul grows in grace, beauty and harmony
As I rest in awareness of God's love
Love radiates from me to family
Friends neighbors, and all people

Love sees God's presence in every person
And in every thing and every situation
Love radiates forth to give without thought
Of receiving anything in return
Yet love such a mighty force
That it not only draws blessings to me
But also multiplies those blessings

I am a radiating center of Divine love
Only loving thoughts are welcome in my mind
Only words inspired by love pass my lips
All my actions are inspired by love

Divining love fills me and overflows
Into all my activities
Divining love is the atmosphere in which
I live, move, and have my being

Terrance Keaton
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

Wonder

Without a doubt,
Everyone loved what life was about.
We played and sang under the summer sky,
Time would quickly fly by.
Scraped knees were the largest of our worries,
All the way from heat waves to snow flurries.
We all lacked a sense of reality,
Memories of these days would always come back to me.
She would call, "It's time for dinner!"
Just as the sky would be getting blacker.
We would nestle ourselves into our sheets,
As the rest of the world quietly sleeps.
I would lie in my bed,
And I would think of what he said.
The sky so beautiful and full of stars,
They all resembled a group of busy cars.
I would wish for this summer to never end,
For I still had a life to mend.

Krista Bussi
Williamsville South High School
Williamsville, NY
Grade 9

Love

Love only comes once in your life
You might think
This person is the one
This person is mine
This person feels the same way for me as I feel for him
This person loves me too
Until one day you see he doesn't
Until one day you say no I don't either
Then you will regret all you have done
From scratch the first kiss to the last
From the first hug to the last
Every feeling
Every touch
Every tear
Every last thing
But you will find true love
You will find some one that loves you the same way.

Ashley Marie Rodriguez
Denn John Middle School
Kissimmee, FL
Grade 8

Angels as Friends

An angel without wings is a friend in disguise;
A friend that you know will never tell you lies.
A friend that will be there and always to the end,
Even if you end up to be 110.
A friend is someone who will always stay true
And help you when you feel very, very blue.
A friend you can count on is one you should keep;
One that you know will help you out of the deep.
I have friends that are friends in disguise;
If one of them dies, so will I.

Kristan Eskew
McLaurin High School
Brandon, MS
Grade 8

A Dark Time

One time in life it goes black.
My grandfather doesn't have much time.
As he got pulled into this black hole of death.
He said he saw heaven.
His eyes closed, as his lips turn dark.
The day has come of death.
Waterfalls drip against her cheeks.
The daughter of my grandfather, my mother.
Two years wasted not knowing him.
Time wasn't spent with him.
Time ended for him, I was only seven.
Him dying is like a black hole of misery and pain.
My mother and I were crying for his life.

Victoria Lopez
Martin Middle School
Austin, TX
Grade 7

Fallen

Outcast, exiled,
Fallen from grace,
Disheartened, alone,
Set in his place,

Anguish, longing,
Festering on,
His presence is felt,
Long after he's gone,

Hatred, loathing,
Growing within,
Shaping, forming,
Original sin.

Brian Marr
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Crash Test Dummy

I wish I was a crash test dummy,
Because then I would be funny,
I'd run into walls,
I'd run down the halls,
I'd protect people from danger
I'd never be a stranger,
I'd be able to drive,
And I'd always stay alive,
Whenever I crashed,
I'll always be bashed,
To be put back together
And repeat this forever.

Andrew Wood
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

What I Need

One window is all I need
To see the sun
To have some fun
To look at the places ahead
To see what's in my head
To see the bad and good
To find out if I should

One window is all I need
To plant a seed
To do a good deed
And be happy all the time

Thomas LeBlanc
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The Sweet Rhyme

Thinking
Of love's sweet rhyme;
Soft words running wildly
Every thought, word, rhyme coming from
The heart

David Harms
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Looming Shadow*

Death is an ever-looming shadow,
Ever becoming bigger and closer,
Sometimes led by fate
Other times aided by sickness
Never ceasing its steady crawl,
Until it sees its prey in sight
Then launching upon
Its innocent victim
Cruelly sending it to eternal sleep
Unless…
Unless delayed with kind hands
But one can only do so much
Against death's cruel fangs.

Jason Baniukaitis
North Rockford Middle School
Rockford, MI
Grade 7
**In memory of Peanut, our beloved gerbil.*

I Am a Penguin Sledding

I am a penguin sledding
Waddling up the hill
Carefree of anything
That might be happening
I jump on my belly
And slide
The snow rushing up
From underneath
I slide and
CRASH
I push on the soft snow
Flopping and trying to stretch
With a last effort
I rise
Waddling up and
Diving down again
I am a penguin sledding

Sonyamarie Hueftle
Horizons K 8 Alternative Charter School
Boulder, CO
Grade 8

The Whole World Flies Away

The beating in my ears,
The rhythm through my veins,
Tingling every nerve,
Spreading like a flame

The combination of the sounds,
Luring in my soul,
My feelings dig inside of me
And I fall into the hole.

A breath of comfort takes my hand,
A mist of gladness fills my face,
Any burden I am carrying
Falls off into space.

I'm lost inside my world,
But it tells me to walk on
I love the way it feels,
And forever I'll be drawn

I'm lost inside this world,
But the music clears the way
My feelings build an airplane,
And the whole world flies away.

Bryan Fish
St Francis Episcopal Day School
Houston, TX
Grade 8

Shed So Many Tears

I shed so many tears,
In this lonely life of me.

Why doesn't anyone care,
I stand in this lonely place
Where I shed so many tears.

I feel that people don't like me
These people around me use to be
My friends, now they stare and laugh.

I shed so many tears
In this lonely life of mine.

I feel like I want to run and hide.
Why do people stare and laugh?

In this lonely life of mine
I stand in this lonely place
Where I shed so many tears.

Jessica Crowe
Glen Este High School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 9

Right or Wrong

Right or wrong,
I don't know what to think when I'm taking a test,
or when answering and correcting a question?

Right or wrong.
I don't know if I'm making right or wrong choices.
I don't know if I'm doing right in telling you
but I think I'm doing right in loving you.

Samantha Quintero
Divine Saviour School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 7

My Three Dogs

I have three dogs, two white, one brown
the brown one is real small
one white one is fat and kind of mean,
the other is real tall.
They play all day and bark all night,
it's hard for me to sleep!
I wish they wouldn't bark at all,
or even make a peep.
Up and out the door they go to see what is outside
but if they find a scary thing, they run back in and hide.
They come to school to see me.
They sit in the back seat.
They are happy when they get here
because of all the people they get to meet.
If only all my dogs could talk
they would tell me what's on their minds,
like doggie bones, kittycats, and
other dogs behinds.

Alexandra Garcia
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

My Love's Direction

I love music,
I couldn't live without friends,
But I love you above all else.

You can make me laugh,
I can make you too,
But it's everything I love about you.

Sometimes I like my look,
Sometimes I don't,
But your opinion I never know.

I like your looks humor and friendliness,
You're kind and you're nice and I like you a lot.

Riana Gayle
Piedmont School
Charlotte, NC
Grade 7

My Pa

My Pa,
Really loved me I know he did,
He'd buy me candy,
He'd buy me clothes,
He'd hug and kiss me,
When I came to visit,

I think of the day,
That my Pa passed away,
I cried.
I thought I'd cry forever,
I thought it was my fault,
I never got to say goodbye,

My Pa,
Loved me I know he did,
He'd buy me gifts at Christmas,
He'd play with me when I was lonely,
He'd act like I was the only grandchild he had ever had,

My Pa,
Was really important to me,
Why did he have to go?

Hali Estes
Metcalfe County Middle School
Edmonton, KY
Grade 7

Populars

They walk in lines.
With name brand clothes.
Flipping their hair, all the boys stare.
Skinny, pretty, hot?
I think not.
They act so clueless.
They eat so little.
What people see in them I could not guess.
But why, oh why do I envy them?
Why do I wish I were them?
They starve themselves, they fail.
They make me feel inferior.
I want their clothes.
I want their hair.
I want their bodies so all the boys would stare.
There they go again.
Walking in lines, with name brand clothes.
Flipping their hair, all the boys stare.

Devon Chenette
Millwood School
Midlothian, VA
Grade 7

Morning

One by one,
the birds add their sweet songs
to the symphony of sounds,
as morning's first rays appear.

The light swells,
contrasting with the fading moon,
and as the light softly warms my face,
I embrace the beauty that is
the dawn of a new day.

Will McChesney
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 8

They Say

They say I shouldn't love you,
But no matter what I still do.
They say I shouldn't give you my heart,
They say that it isn't smart.
They say you'll leave me,
But how can that be?
They say I'll regret this,
But they've never had your kiss.
Forget what they say,
I still love you anyway.

Colleen Joyce
Salemwood School
Malden, MA
Grade 7

How I Am

I am shy and hardworking
I wonder if there are other galaxies
I hear a door creak at night
I see hope in some
I want a car
I am shy and hardworking

I pretend I am rich
I feel death is close to me
I touch my guitar
I worry about world peace
I cry about my future
I am shy and hardworking

I understand others
I say people hate me
I dream of riches
I try to do well in school
I hope I will be successful
I am shy and hardworking

Justin Thomas
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Excitement

Excitement is blue like raging waters.
It sounds like a heavy metal band.
It tastes like a sour apple.
It smells like a wild animal.
It looks like a motorcycle jumping over an erupting volcano.
It makes you feel that adrenaline rush.

Travis Guidry
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Hairy Harry

I am Hairy Harry, I once tried to fly
But when I jumped off a building, I almost nearly died
I was rushed to the hospital, with stitches in my head
I couldn't move at all, I could only lay in bed
I had an operation, to fix my broken nose
And for two months I had to wear a cast, to heal my dislocated toes
I was forced into a wheelchair, and had to wheel around
But when I tried to go up and down the stairs, I constantly fell down
I wheeled over to the dentist, to replace my broken teeth
But all I ended up with, was a retainer for two weeks
I went out to the barber, for more hair growth shampoo
But the barber made a big mistake, and my remaining hair turned blue
I drove to my psychiatrist, to see what was wrong with me
But when I was wheeling up the stairs, I fell and threw out my knee
Sure enough I was back in the hospital, in my tiny windowless room
I stayed there for another week, in eternal doom
So did I ever end up flying? You'll probably find out soon,
Because I just signed up with NASA, and am going to the moon!

Olivia Di Matteo
Bishop Gallagher Senior Elementary School
Thunder Bay, ON
Grade 7

I Hold in My Hand

I hold in my hand
The power to paint,
The power to write,
The power to erase,
And destroy.

I hold in my hand the power to create something from nothing
Or nothing from something,
And the power to choose which.

The power to aid in creating a new life all its own,
And as a woman to carry it until it is ready to break away.

I hold in my hand the power to move mountains if I should so wish,
Or bring the Berlin Wall crashing down.
To raise the Dragon's Back to the farthest reaches of man.
I hold in my hand the power to make my own dreams a reality
And make my destiny what it was meant to be.

Stefanie Walker
Madison Middle School
Trumbull, CT
Grade 8

Dreams

Fuzzy, golden bumble bees,
chasing flying silver keys.
Laughing, smiling lamp shades,
and candy serving kitchen maids.
Little periwinkle flies,
wearing polka-dotty ties.
Pink and purple unicorns,
and snakes with shirts all ripped and torn.
Ponies wearing yellow wigs,
dancing, prancing porky pigs.
Staples cheering on a sled,
pen and pencil getting wed.
Marching forks and diving knives,
bouncing cats with fourteen lives.
A prickly, poky cactus bush,
and tiny trolls that shove and push.

Bits of that, and some of this,
things that truly are amiss.
And when my pillow meets my head,
these are dreams I dream in bed.

Megan Van Lingen
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Dreams

Wondering, dreaming in bed
Thinking of where to go
Where pigs can fly
And cows can go
I dream of one place to go
And I don't think anyone's been here
Not one person, nor two people
Has been where the big blue whale blows
Dreaming, just dreaming
Not one person, nor two people
Has been where the big blue whale blows
There are people that don't dream
Their minds are full of other things
Their bodies are tired and minds are weak
So all they do is sleep
Not one person, nor two people
Has been where the big blue whale blows
Dreaming, just dreaming
Not one person, nor two people
Has been where the big blue whale blows

Katherine Calkins
Buhl High School
Buhl, ID
Grade 9

Never Forget

As we look back at all of our memories from the past,
We realize how these 14 years have gone by so fast,
Our childhood has flashed before our eyes,
Yet we still remember everything even our first lie,
We are about to graduate and move on to the next step,
But we must always remember to never forget,
Never forget the memories of our earlier years,
Or the people who helped us get here,
Never forget to always try hard,
And to never ever let down our guard,
We are the future, the very best,
But we must always remember to never forget.

Sarah Matto
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Seashells

Tiny seashells on the shore,
Brown, white, red, and more,
They could tell us of times before,
Legends and stories of ancient lore.

To think of what they could teach,
If only to our ears their voices could reach,
Until that day, they lay on the beach,
The sandy shores of white and peach.

Their tales are pieces of history,
From beyond recordable memory,
But this is their destiny,
Forever enshrouded with mystery.

Ashton Lee
Mount Gallitzin Academy
Baden, PA
Grade 7

On the Beach

On the beach,
Gulls soar like white angels overhead,
As the purple sky gently tints the salty water.
The salty ocean breeze swipes tourists off their feet.
The sand forms a pocket around their gleeful bodies,
Tickling their dirty feet.
As I walk into the tranquil tide,
The tempting aromas of marshmallows and saltwater taffy
Mingle with the musty smell of a fisherman's boat.
Foamy waves topple over one another onto the smooth rocks,
Lulling hermit crabs and people to sleep.
I let the tide rinse my feet of sand one last time,
On the beach.

Sagar Naik
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 8

Love

Likable love.
Good love.
Great love.
Everyone has love,
But mostly those who need it.
Girlfriends and boyfriends
Have love.
Husbands and wives
Have love.
People with no homes
Have love.
Giving to whom need
Is love.
Thanking for what you have
Is love.
Caring for people
Is love.
Love, love, love.

Devin Ruttinger
Laramie Jr High School
Laramie, WY
Grade 7

Desert Blooms

The spring desert blooms
Like a many colored coat
Far from the mountains.

Zachary Leggitt
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 8

Winter Magic

Snow flakes are falling,
snowplows are plowing,
carolers at your front door.

Turkeys are roasting,
children are drawing,
the tabby lies in the sun.

Snow has stopped falling,
roads covered in salt,
carolers pack up and leave.

The turkey is gone,
children are sleeping,
the tabby sits at your feet,

Snowmen are chilling
out in the brisk air
hopping summer's nowhere near

Trevor Schmitt
North Posey Jr High School
Poseyville, IN
Grade 8

Scared

Scared looks like an empty dark room with concrete walls.
It sounds like a person screaming in a big dark woods.
It feels like goose bumps on your skin on a very cold night.
It smells like an old bag of garbage filled with rotten apples.
It tastes like a sour lemon with a hot spicy taste.
Scared

Casey Kuenstler
St Joseph Elementary School
Olney, IL
Grade 8

Have You Ever Noticed?

Have you ever noticed that no matter what we have,
We always want something more, or something else?
Have you ever noticed that we are never satisfied with ourselves,
That we our constantly striving to change ourselves?
Have you ever noticed that money is the center of our lives,
We want it,
We need it?
If you don't notice these things, what about the simpler things in life?
Have you ever noticed the beauty
Of a flower bud peeking through the snow?
Have you ever noticed the daintiness of a rose?
Have you ever noticed the splendor
Of pure, undisturbed nature?
And have you ever noticed that we are the ones who destroy the beauty,
The daintiness and the splendor?
Have you ever noticed that we do this with only
Our needs and our wants in mind?
Start noticing.

Kristen Giunta
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 7

Stranger

We used to know each other. Like the back of our hands.
You were always beside me. When I got the courage to make a stand.

But now you don't know me anymore. My face is that of a stranger.
You make my fragile heart sore. To see you, makes the hurt stronger.

What took the memory away? What ripped it from your brain?
Why couldn't I have stayed? Instead of being thrown into pain?

I know what was in the past. Must be left behind.
But we were bound to last. I was right there by your side.

But you don't know me anymore. You pushed me from your life.
My heart is bleeding still. In my back is your knife.

You have me thrown on the ground. And then harshly slammed the door.
You don't really matter. Since I don't know you anymore.

Noelle Martinez
Menaul School
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Quiet Noise

I am quiet and loud
I wonder about space and my mom sometimes
I hear gunshots
I want to live on the beach
I am quiet and loud

I pretend to be cool
I feel endangered
I touch those who touch me
I cry about everything
I am quiet and loud

I understand people
I say don't hate the playa hate the game
I dream of Genie
I hope to succeed
I am quiet and loud

Roderick Johnson
Hononegah High School
Rockton, IL
Grade 9

Dreams

Dreams are what guide us through the good times and the bad,
Dreams are what drive us to be the very best we can,
Dreams help inspire us to go for the goal,
Dreams help inspire us to not hide in a hole,
Dreams remind us to keep on dreaming,
Dreams are a force that keep us believing.
So when someone tells you that you can't succeed,
Look deep in heart and follow your dreams.

Josh Sackheim
Westmark School
Encino, CA
Grade 8

The Bite

It was only preschool,
Walking across the hot asphalt,
Glaring at the trike,
It was close enough to be mine.

No one was there or anywhere near.
I jumped as if hunting my prey.
Upon landing, a sting comes across my arm.
For a split second I would stare.

As I stare towards my irritation,
Red liquid filling my arm,
Michael had left the permanent bite,
The remembrance comes with my scar.

Chris Bongo
Copeland Middle School
Rockaway, NJ
Grade 7

The Winter Season

When winter is here
There is a great cheer
There are lots of joys
With tots and their toys
With the Christmas spirit of giving
Celebrates when Christ was living
The three wise men came to see him
For his birthday way back then
They brought him presents of copper and gold
They were in a manger it probably was cold
That's why we give presents at this time of year
And Santa comes with his reindeer
With all the snow
You should know
Children build snowmen, and snowboard
As if trying to be adored
There's snowball fights
And funny sights
Yes, Christmas is the time of year
To be close to the ones you hold dear
So keep the season's spirit all year!

Dani Riemann
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Take My Hand

Take my hand
Hold it with all your heart.
Never let go.
I'm too scared to go on without you.
I need you to have my back.

Take my heart
Hold it close never let it break.
It's as fragile as a porcelain doll.
I can't see myself without you.
I trust you with it.
Never let me down.

Take me away
From all these problems and pain.
Wipe the tears from my eyes and turn my frown upside down.
If you leave a piece of me is missing
And if you die and go to Heaven or just move on,
Never forget what I gave you.
So in a way you can take me too.

Candace Warn
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 7

I'm Falling in Love with You

I'm falling in love with you, your sweet face and your eyes,
When you look at me I want to melt and die.
I've told my closest friends, but no one else can know,
Because if they did I would be toast.
I know you're older and it shouldn't be so, but I feel this way, so cold and lost,
When you're around my stomach feels tossed.
When you leave the school, I will miss you more than you know,
Because of the things I haven't shown.
I wish I could tell you, I really, really do,
But I am afraid of the friendship we will lose.
Well it's the day you are leaving, I don't want to lose you,
So wait for me and please be true.
I love you! I told you once or twice,
But it seemed to me that wouldn't suffice.
You say, "I'm really sorry but I can't love you back." And this is what it feels like to be shot down,
Cold, dazed, I run off with a pound.
I thought you loved me, I thought you cared,
But I guess we wasted the moments we shared.

Katie Cleveland
Herndon Middle School
Herndon, VA
Grade 8

To Take a Dare or Not???

One brisk, starry Halloween night, Sandy and Mel accepted a dare,
To enter the haunted house on Elm Street, even though the sign read, "BEWARE!!"
As they silently crept up to the unkempt house, the girls shivered in fear,
They wanted to get this dare over with and not miss the Halloween premiere.

They carefully looked and searched about,
To their surprise, suddenly, all the lights went out.
They decided to explore and went up the creaky stairs,
To reach there quickly, they took the stairs in pairs.

Suddenly Mel screamed excitedly, "Why didn't I think of this before?"
"I have something that will light up this room much more!"
Mel instantly pressed a button on her watch which illuminated the room,
They joyously jumped with delight like birds suddenly released from their caged doom.

As they were jumping, Mel heard a hollow sound, which seemed to come from the floor,
They looked at each other, confused, but then realized it was a trap door.
Sandy found a rope, which led to a latch hidden under the rug,
They were so exuberant and relieved, they just had to hug!

They heaved the door open and weren't worried about anything anymore,
For a passageway appeared which led them out the front door.
They darted home to their mothers, who gave them a kiss,
They were angry, but relieved, for the girls had been missed.

Sabrina Divekar
Medford Township Memorial Middle School
Medford, NJ
Grade 7

Imagination

You can be a traveler to a distant land,
Or a beach explorer strolling on the sand,

You can be an artist who draws Manga books,
Or maybe an inventor who makes robot hooks,

You can be a sailor sailing to and fro,
Or a Marine Biologist, studying sea animals they know,

You could be an expert in Wormology,
Or what about a master in Astronomy,

Study dinosaurs in Paleontology,
Discover ancient ruins in Archaeology,

I have so much fun, there's so much to do,
If you use your imagination, you can do it, too.

Ashlee Kephart
North View Jr High School
Brooklyn Park, MN
Grade 8

A Broken Heart Continues to Beat

A broken heart continues to beat
Slowly but surely, it walks on its feet
For it's brave and it's strong and it's full of faith
It's strong on the first day, even on the eighth!

A broken heart continues to beat
Slowly but surely, it walks on its feet
For its determination conquers them all
That is what keeps it standing so tall.

A broken heart continues to beat
Slowly but surely, it walks on its feet
For a mission it holds that must be completed
This kind of focus can never be defeated.

A broken heart continues to beat
Slowly but surely, it walks on its feet
For it knows that if its days are soon going to end
It can't be blamed for trying; well done my friend!

A broken heart continues to beat
Slowly but surely, it walks on its feet
But what if one day it can no longer walk?
What can a heart do if it can't even talk?

Larry Hyman Jr.
John Paul I High School
Saint-Leonard, QC
Grade 7

Paintballing

The whistle sounds and the huddle breaks.
We spread out and take our own course.
I hear the silent night and abrupt shots of fire,
As I wonder where is the source.

Step by step I hear the rustling of my feet as I scurry,
I start to worry and hide behind a boulder in a hurry.
As I peek around the corner in the distance I see a shadow,
I aim my gun and fire and the shadow lights up with a glow.

Silently I celebrate with joy as I thought that I had won,
But this joy soon escaped when with fear I was overcome.
I started to ponder the idea that I should leave.
But before I could make my move many shots I did receive.

Michael Andruska
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

The One

As I wait for my dreams to come true,
I cry because it's hard without you,

No girl to love or kiss good-bye,
Wondering looking up at the sky,

Maybe I've seen her somewhere in this place,
Walking with a beautiful face,

Maybe she's around waiting to see,
If a boy will show up someone like me.

Mark Westinghouse
Saugerties Jr/Sr High School
Saugerties, NY
Grade 7

A Lost Friend

I saw someone in the mirror
Looks so familiar

Memories long ago
Came back with a sudden blow

Her eyes oh, so caring
Her soul almost daring

The warmth in her face
Led me to an old place

Then I looked even closer than the mirror
And realized that I was the girl who looked so familiar

Tiffany Gomez
Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Grade 7

The Pebble

The small pebble rolls
Once moved from its safe haven
It has found its place.

Amy Terry
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Blank Mind

They keep returning!
Why do they befall upon me?
To annoy?
Once they come,
I become empty, unfilled.
Then, they reside, multiply,
and spread their plague
to the ends of my thought.
I may evade their torment,
but it will not endure.
The hurricane pursues;
ever showering me with impeding walls.
Since to me it is bound,
I can no longer avoid its madness.
Acting is undoable.
The most that can be done
is to be slothful and bide my time.
'til I discover the hammer
to demolish the walls,
that shut my mind.

Scott Nadolski
St Andrew Elementary School
Murphysboro, IL
Grade 8

Why There Is Everything

I don't understand
Why the world is as it is
Why the sky is blue
Why the grass is green

But most of all
Why there are oceans
Why there are mountains
Why there are deserts
Why there are forests
Why there are humans

What I understand most is
Why there is family
Why there are friends
Why there is happiness
Why there is me

Michael Udelhofen
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

My Thoughts

Does God really see the pain that I go through?
Does He really even see that it is way more then true?
Do my parents really see the pain I feel inside?
Do they really see the pain I try so hard to hide?
Do they see the tears that I cry when
I try so hard not show the pain I feel inside?

Kristyl Brookhouse
Black River Public School
Holland, MI
Grade 9

The Lost Love

My eyes are glimmering from the sight of the stars.
Every time I stare at it, I wonder where you are.
I stare into the light hoping you just might stare at it too.
Wishing you were wondering about me too.
Pondering if we were meant to be,
But the distance between us is like the desert to the sea.
As the night flies by and all I have is a vague memory of you,
I pray that the sky would still stay blue.
The bars that have kept my heart sealed have burned my spirit away.
Who ever knew not telling you was what I needed most.
Now the person you trust most doesn't trust themselves.
How can I tell you, what must I do,
Time is running out, and I'm crazy over you.
I'm stuck on your smell.
Your scent is driving me nuts,
And now I'm stuck in a circle with you as my direction.
One day the sky will clear,
And the heavens will open for us both as we meet once again.

Judy Tran
Thornton Jr High School
Fremont, CA
Grade 8

Hope

Hope is absolute valor;
valor that remains secure and mighty,
a knight in god's divine glory.
Yet,
is as tranquil as silk.
Hope is solid love;
as steadfast as my devotion to the Lord.
Nothing comes between.
Hope the ever-guiding dove,
waits stoically for you, as it escorts you down life's sometimes unjust path.
Hope lifts your spirits
if ever you should feel disheartened.
Hope is always there,
whether it be times of euphoric joy
or utter despair.
Hope is the light that shepherds us.

Rachel Ross
St Lucy School
Racine, WI
Grade 7

Limburger Cheese

What is limburger cheese?
It is some sort of a smelly kind of cheese.
It is very, very stinky.
It's not from Helsinki.
I don't know what it tastes like.
It might taste like chicken,
It might taste like meatloaf.
I don't know anyone who has tried it.
I think mice only like it.
That is limburger cheese!

Jordan Freer
Freeman High School
Rockford, WA
Grade 9

The One

The only friend who will never leave my side
The only one who I know has never lied
The one who knows my mind
The one who's always kind
The only one who sees into my heart
The one who loved me right from the start
He died for me He died for you
Be faithful to him don't be untrue
He sacrificed so much so we could be with Him
If you let Him He will be your best friend
Always there always abiding
Always strengthening always reviving
Rejoice in His name although He is called by many
Live a good life that is not full of sinning
Listen to Him whenever He calls
He will surely catch you if and when you fall
When I breathe my last breath of life
I want to be by His side the one, the only, our Lord Jesus Christ

Britney Wilks
Sylvania School
Sylvania, AL
Grade 9

Winter Snow

W hite fluffy snow falling to the ground
I cicles dangling from our house
N ew Year's Eve
T umbling down the snowy hill
E veryone is playing in the snow
R unning through the heavy snow

S now is getting deeper
N othing but food
O utside is very cold
W atch the snowfall

Hunter Vaught
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

When I Laid Down That Night

When I laid down that night to rest.
Weakness came to the best.
I let go of all my anger and fear.
I had always wanted some kind of cure.
Breath let out of my burdened soul,
Like a fiery burnt hole.
God bent down from heaven above,
And cried out over his deep unfearing love.
Kissed my blushing tears away.
Thou Lord leaped up from my bed and started to say.
My sad child relieve your wet tears.
Leave behind your dreadful fears.
Let me come into you like nothing you felt before.
You ask why, you're fears are no more.
My counselor leaned beside me, and said,
Now you will see.
I felt his tender skin touch my little red cheek.
I no longer felt so weak.
When that night I laid down…
I went to live with the one who wore the crown.

Morgan Maynor
White House Heritage School
White House, TN
Grade 7

No Money Blues

used to be two incomes now there's only one
once there was two incomes
two incomes minus one
what's a woman to do trying to pay bills on her own

one child to take care of
electric bill, water bill, car note, and phone
that child's a brat a spoiled one at that
you know how expensive they are

less money coming in more money going out
when income tax comes it goes right back out
having no money to spend
brings my life to an end

I need some extra cash I need it real fast
still have bills to pay
most of them more than two months late
look what this man done
lost his job
now there's two incomes minus one

Porsha Frost
Chicago International Charter School - Longwood
Chicago, IL
Grade 8

Silence

Silence
in the storm
of noise

Beautiful
in my ears

a Song
that lays

Upon
my eyes

Sharp
like new-made shears

Sarah Aronson
Bethlehem Central Middle School
Delmar, NY
Grade 7

The Pointe Shoe

The pointe shoe is…
bought by a dancer
ripped by a cheese grader
burned by a lighter
wet by a faucet
worn in a dance class.

Megan Boose
Immaculate Conception School
Levittown, PA
Grade 8

Picture by My Bed

Let it out just let it out,
I want to scream and shout.

I feel a pain, a pain deep inside,
Not knowing how or why.

I feel a tear drop on my cheek,
The moisture from my eyes.

You were here but now you're just,
An image in my head,
A picture by my bed.

I said goodbye,
But don't know why,
In time I soon will know.

Until then you are an image in my head,
A picture by my bed.

Cheri Zubia
Menaul School
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 7

Mirror, Mirror

When you look into the mirror, what kind of person do you see?
Is it the kind of person that satisfies you?
Is it the kind of person you see in your dreams?
When you look into the mirror, what kind of person do you see?
Is it fatal beauty,
Or just the plain old you that nobody recognizes?
When you look into the mirror, what kind of person do you see?
A doctor, lawyer, or talk show host on T.V.?
When you look into the mirror, what kind of person do you see?
Is it what fits your personality?

Shayla Banks
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

Home at Last

Papaw died May 13, 2004,
He believed in the Lord with all his heart,
But, when he died we grew apart.
But I knew he was always in my heart,
We were close, the sorrow, the sadness,
He always preached about the Lord,
How He was great and almighty,
I wished he was with me again on this earth,
Then I realized I had the memories,
The way he told us he got in a fight with a lawnmower,
The way he took out his teeth and scared us with them,
The day he died he got up out of his bed and raised his hands to the sky
And said "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, God help me,"
Then he went to bed and died.
But then I realized he was home at last.

Sherry Alley
Sandy Run School
Swansea, SC
Grade 7

Peace in Quiet

While twilight dims,
From the endless green
While her dreams dance by moonlight
The new experience of the emptiness
Empty silence.
Slowly her breath begins to slow,
Relaxing to soothing beats of the wind
The air becomes as sweet and fragrant as the blossoms above
The breeze blows smooth and velvety
Embracing as silken garments
Her position remains unchanged
Unwilling to seek the good in my path
What will happen when the good is gone?
Too afraid to lose what I hold so tight
What risk is great enough to pull me from the sense of understanding?

Adrienne Kishimoto
Hawaii Baptist Academy
Honolulu, HI
Grade 9

The Willow Tree

There once was a little willow tree,
whose leaves were green and lush.
But when the cold of winter came,
its leaves fell with a hush.

The winter was a fearful one,
freezing all the ground.
All the trees had frozen dead,
and in spring piled in a mound.

Now this was true almost you see,
for one survived the cold.
The most unlikely and the smallest,
whom now is very old.

Kyle Schulze
Crawford High School
Crawford, NE
Grade 9

A Baby's Love

A baby's love is so strong
you could never love wrong
her sweet soft skin
her amazing grin
her nose a dot
she cries a lot
the cutest when she's asleep
her love is so deep
a baby's love

Antoinette Cooper
Horizon Middle School
Aurora, CO
Grade 7

The Clock

Tick, tock, tick, tock
Went the clock
Antagonizing slow
Seconds to minutes
And then to hours
It keeps on going
And going
But the moment of deliverance is soon
As the teacher drones on
But the time is nearing
The clock is ticking
Ticking
And then Tock
The bell rings
And school is out!

Casey Gordon
Transit Middle School
East Amherst, NY
Grade 7

Baseball

You hit the ball and run to first,
hear the crowd cheer and burst
The ball is still in the air,
hear the crowd yell and flair
Don't stop now you're almost there,
run to third without a care
You're almost home without delay
Slide home for a very close play.

Zachary Weir
St Anthony School
Winsted, CT
Grade 7

What Is Love?

What is love?
I do not know.

A feeling?
An emotion?

It is like you were hit
By a love potion.

What is love?
I do not know?

Is it a feeling inside?
That you can't hide.

What is love?
I do not know.

One thing is true…
I LOVE YOU!!!

Taylor Wright
Benjamin Franklin Middle School
Rocky Mount, VA
Grade 7

When a Lie Is Told

I've seen the days go by,
Where a kid will tell a lie.
A lie that keeps on growing,
Without the child's knowing.
And when the lie becomes so large,
It begins to become in charge.
And when the child lies even more,
Their heart all the sudden opens a door.
And when the child is free of sin,
They walk out the door with a life to win.

Evan Toman
Blairsville Middle School
Blairsville, PA
Grade 7

People Always Say

People always say
"Never give up!"
and "Keep on trying!"

But what do you do
when you've already
tried your hardest?

Mary Cesar
Whitewater Middle School
Whitewater, WI
Grade 8

Supposed to Be Serenity

The house is silent.
Too silent.
Dead silent.
The only sound to be heard is,
The ticking of the clock.
Tick,
Tock.
Tick,
Tock.
The only thing desired yesterday,
Is the one thing I despise today.
Time.
Too much time.
Too much space.
Too much boredom.
Enough to drive a man mad.
Suddenly,
What is supposed to be serenity,
Is turned into insanity.

Laura Benty
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 9

What Is Life

Life is seeing sunshine every morning
It makes you want to go exploring.
Seeing animals and humans
Makes you think
"Do you belong"

Life is about being with friends
Maybe you will feel some bends.

Life is having your family by your side
Maybe you don't have a perfect life
But I'm glad I have one.

Kimberly Brown
Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Grade 7

I Never Understood Why

I never understood why…
My mom was so mean, then I realized it was really for the best
I never understood why…
My grandpa died or even why, now I'm 15 and I'm still clueless as to how
Why? Well I guess God thought it was his time
I never understood why…
My dad got sick, why he had two heart attacks at once, and yet he is still alive
I don't understand why…
He is going through so much pain, why God would play with his life, like he is
I don't understand why…
He didn't die last week, he stopped breathing, but once again he made it out alive
I don't understand why…
God is making him suffer, why my dad has to breath through a tube, maybe for the rest of his life
I don't understand why…
His life is being toyed with, it just makes the situation harder
He and his loved ones have to suffer seeing him go through this pain
But as many people say…
"Miracles do happen" and "God works in mysterious ways"
All I can say…
Is I love my dad with all my heart
Someday his pain will stop, someday his suffering will vanish

Jessica Chevere
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

If You Only Saw Me

I see you in the hallway but you do not see me
I wish we were together but we just cannot be

I see you in the hallway and for a second all my breath is lost
I am not as high on the ladder as you and for you to say "Hi." is just too much of a cost

When I think of you my troubles melt away
I dream of you in night and in day

I pray that nothing will happen to you, you will always be in my heart
I will always love you together or apart

But I hate you for not liking me
Telling me to talk to someone "who cares" no one cares for she

She who likes the man she can never have she who should like another
She who claims she is in love she who will stay under her cover

Now when I see you in the hallways and you don't look at me
I don't care, you're not worth it there are better fish in the sea

Annie Cooper
Andover High School
Bloomfield Hills, MI
Grade 9

Passage

when i look at the world i see mountains and valleys
oceans and forests
i see rays of light shining down
down upon me, and you, and everything
i wish to stay here and gaze at these rays but i can't
no, no, although i may push, i cannot stay,
to stop is not an option
i see the rays splash through the river,
but they are rejected and reflected back up to my eyes, blinded
the water rushes so fast, it never sees what a gift it was given
and we walk on, too not taking in those rays
our lives continue as we drift away
as aged smooth wood from a beach
goes and drifts out to sea, and time rushes over us
with no destination but the word "future"
what this is i don't know, but we go on

but this i pray to you, as you journey away too,
catch those rays and hold onto them forever
and some day, when We look back on this world,
amongst the trees and rivers, and stormy clouds,
it will be Us We see.

Ben Tepfer
Gann Academy
Waltham, MA
Grade 9

The Colors

The colors are silent,
Pale blue and yellow,
Calm and relaxing,
Soothing and non-caring.

Suddenly a dark red comes in,
All angry and mad,
With a dangerous temper,
And clashes with the pale blue and yellow.

The fight lasts a while,
Long enough to hurt the pale blue and yellow,
And for the dark red to get its anger out,
The all is silent again.

Pale blue and yellow,
Are now dark blue and purple,
Hurting for an experience,
They won't ever forget.

Haleigh Sanders
Casey Westfield High School
Casey, IL
Grade 9

Spring

Birds are chirping in the air,
Flowers are growing everywhere.
Animals come out after a long winters nap,
Snow melts while the rain goes tap-tap.
Nature is changing and becoming green,
It truly is an amazing scene.
We hung up our skates; winter sports are now done,
It's time to go out and play in the sun.
The days are longer; we awake with the light,
And it is no longer dark when we say "Good night."

Ryan White
St Stephen School
Grand Island, NY
Grade 7

Life

It goes by so fast,
That sometimes we forget to have a blast.
People say to live it to the fullest,
But sometimes we forget to do this.

Friends are always there for you,
Even when the day is through.
When someone dies, the good-byes are always hard.
Life has been a hand of cards.

Never knowing what's coming next,
Your life could be a bunch of planned out text.
Loving and hating, people and places,
People go off into their own spaces.

Sometimes we really don't know how much we matter,
So go towards life like you are the batter!
Give your best no matter what,
Even though you may get cut.

Desirae Redford
Dolores County High School
Dove Creek, CO
Grade 9

Crystals

Crystals are very shiny,
just like jewels that are tiny.
They make pretty things,
such as sparkling figurines.
Salt crystals come from the ground,
like nuggets of gold that are round.
Drinking glasses made from crystal are very nice,
and so are crystal dishes used only twice.
Crystal picture frames and ornaments are very clear,
just like the water in a river you can hear.

Cameron Roberts
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

Friends

My friends
Stick by my side
No matter where I go.
I'll always know that they are my
Buddies.

Tina Froese
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

Unbound

She sits there and watches,
The two love birds talking,
It begins to rain as they fly away.
She too wishes for that day.
She watches the sun go up and down,
And by puppet strings,
It seems to be bound.
So tightly around,
Her rock solid heart,
Is a fairy tale,
In which she is part.
She knows it's untrue,
Yet she hopes for the day,
When she too can swim away.
And as the sun rises,
It stays one more hour,
It seems puppet strings,
Have lost their power.

Jessica Rayberg
Holy Family Elementary School
Rockland, MA
Grade 7

Joy

Joy is like the sunshine,
upon a lonesome and darkened cloud.

Joy helps you through the toughest times,
it doesn't let you down.

Joy makes the grass as green
as an emerald as you pass it by.

Joy makes the snow as white
as the clouds in a hot summer sky.

If you want to see the emerald grass,
or touch the white snow.
Take up this joy and never let it go.

Carly Van Hoven
Hudsonville Public School
Hudsonville, MI
Grade 8

I Don't Understand

I don't understand
Why people have to kill
Why people have to sin
Why people have to disrespect

But most of all
Why people have to be racist
Why people have to hurt
Why people have to dislike

What I understand
Why people have fun
Why people love
Why people think?

Clayton Craig
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

Untitled

One window is all I need,
To see the world around me,
To see the seasons changing,
To understand, who I am,
One window is all I need.

Alex Adeszko
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Ode to Basketball

I play you to the fullest,
Like a stocking
That can't be shut.
As you bounce on the ground
Like a trampoline,
I feel your soft spokes
Pull against my skin.
You look so gentle and playful,
Like a little kitten,
As you tumble
Through the round metal.
I smell your rubbery, August aroma
As I pull you closer to feel
The great vibe as I launch you
Through the air.
Your sweet smell
Makes my tongue taste tar
And I hear a cat's soft hiss
As you swish through the net.

Tammy Sword
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

Spring

Spring is here
Budding trees
No leaves under your feet

Hello spring showers
And beautiful flowers
The winter has finally been beat

Springtime is fun
And lots of sun
And a lot of spring cheers

Swimming pool diving
And inter tube riding
Spring's the best time of year!

Jennifer Liles
St Mary's Elementary School
Alton, IL
Grade 7

The End (Window)

I look
Out the window,
I see
The pink and orange sky.
The ocean
Sprays a mist.
I remember
Being on the warm sand.
It is so nice,
But now it's gone.
I'm still looking,
Out the window.
When I feel
A tap on my shoulder,
It's my dad telling me,
To come on.
I turn,
My back
To the window and shed
A quick tear.

Sonny Schwarz
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Ice Skaters

Moving five point stars,
Skating moms and children glide
Across the cold ice.

Chelsea Williams
Pinon Mesa Middle School
Phelan, CA
Grade 8

Education

Education is important to succeed,
To reach your dreams and goals you want to achieve.
Indeed you will use this in every day life,
But you can reach some places if you're afraid of heights.
You should take changes and make mistakes,
Sometimes you have to do whatever it takes
To be what you want to be.

Education should be taken seriously,
Or you might end up cleaning houses for money.
You should try to learn something new every day,
If you don't learn anything think about the prices you will pay.
You might end up a maid scrubbing walls and floors,
Or you can stay with your mom doing house chores
If you don't get an education.

Education is valuable over time,
It is worth far more than quarters and dimes.
You shouldn't do drugs or spend time smoking,
Because when you get older you'll be wishing and hoping
That you stayed in school.

Education is very valuable,
That's why you should stay in school.

Mack Robertson
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

My Lifelong Friend

You're the one that I trust
with my darkest secrets,
and my soul
You're the one I run to
When I need anything
You're the one that I know will be there,
when no one else is
You're the one I depend on
without you I don't know who I would be
You keep me from being someone I'm not
saving me from harm
we've known each other forever
not one fight we couldn't fix quickly
so many memories that will never fade
so many places we've gone and people we've seen
as we grow older together,
I'm glad to say
you are my one and only
Best friend
the one I know I will remember for all my life!
Friends forever until my last loving breath.

Elisha Evangelisto
Wahconah Regional High School
Dalton, MA
Grade 9

These Words

I hate you because I love you
I dislike you because I cared
I can't believe what you have done to me
After all the love that we had shared

I cry because I trusted you
I'm mad because you lied
After all that hurt and pain you gave
It feels as if my insides have stopped and died

You make me sick because I tried
To be that perfect girl
But then you tried to play me
Saying I was the only girl in your world

I can't stand you because I'm true
Not lying
Or cheating,
But being that perfect girl for you

I know what I am saying
Is coming to you new
But I'm sorry to say
That it's over, and that we're through!

China Doll Davis
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

In-Depth Lesson

An uprise in the silence of the night,
darkened tree tops filled the lower sky.
A meaning like no other could ever imagine,
something that one's eyes could never catch.
Slipped into the night as if it were mine.
A voice from a crowd, whisper from the gods,
contradicting secrets from the undecided herd.
Like a man to his word that he had never kept
and in the end he lived his life in return for regret.
So an open wound may never heal,
but at one point in time it has to close.
Deep as life gets through a blurred stained film
is overlooked by a mirror facing the way as everyone else does.
Because the deepest meanings in life are misunderstood.
Each lesson given a simple effort to believe,
so the more we know ourselves the more lessons we learn.
But the story of life comes with misled perspectives.

Rebecca Pipes
Lake Highlands Freshman Center
Dallas, TX
Grade 9

I Heard Silence

I heard door slams and crying
I heard slaps and china breaking
I heard yelling and car starting
I heard running and pushing
I heard her leave.

I heard the court door close
I heard her packing
I heard her leaving
I heard her start the car
I heard him crying.

I didn't hear a good-bye
I didn't hear a reason why?
I didn't hear them talk
I didn't hear them love.

I heard silence.

Brittany Matson
Sewanhaka High School
Floral Park, NY
Grade 8

Little Sister

stay away you bug me all day
I just want time to myself
why are you here little sister
go back to your room
you blame me for everything
could you leave without a trace
I just need my space
but without you I'd be lonely
thanks for being here little sister

Virginia Canales
Notus Jr/Sr High School
Notus, ID
Grade 8

Wanting You

I sit here alone on this rainy night
No voices to be heard
No one is in sight
Wishing that you were here with me
Holding me in your arms
Where no one can see
Kissing me sweetly
Cuddling close
Making me happy
Is what I want most
I love you so much
You're like a dream come true
I want it to be just me and you

Sabrina Marzouk
Tesoro High School
Las Flores, CA
Grade 9

Baseball

The end of the game
Bottom of the ninth
The crowd's going insane like untamed lions
The bases are loaded
2 outs and a full count
Here comes the pitch and the ball hits the bat CRACK!
And the fans start to shout
The ball flies as high as a mountain and without a doubt
The ball soars over the fence and the visiting team starts to pout
The Mets win the World Series pin

Kyle Stefurak
Commack Middle School
Commack, NY
Grade 7

Oh Why

Why
Ding dong ding dong,
We all hear the bells now,
We all sow and cry,
We all knew this was going to happen,
But why…we loved you too much to let you go,
Yes I admit you were old,
But yet you could have live to 750 years old,
You smoked all the time,
In fact I can't picture you without one,
Why did you smoke for 65 years oh why,
You don't know how much you love someone until they're gone,
As I see you lying in the hospital bed,
I wiped a tear away from your eye,
Your very last tear.

Dustin Muir
Golden Secondary School
Golden, BC
Grade 8

Credo

I believe in the justice system
The right punishments
The way teachers affect your life
The way hard work pays off
Peace, prosperity, justice

But believing you can do something without even trying is not right

I believe in hard work
I believe in punishment
I believe in truth
Love, solitude, grace

And I believe that things don't always go your way, but you have to keep trying.

Ashlie Sterling
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

My Sister

I love her so much
And she loves me
I even remember when she was born
I was at age three
Some people say we look alike
which we both think we do not
But we are used to hearing this
Because we get it a lot
We both have brown eyes and hair
But I have beauty marks on my face
She has tanner skin than me
But coincidentally we have bruises in the same place
Don't get me wrong
We are not always good to each other
Sometimes we fight a lot
And this annoys my mother
Even though we fight sometimes
She's still my little sis
If I didn't have her
Imagine all the fun I'd miss.

Jennifer Raimondo
Copeland Middle School
Rockaway, NJ
Grade 7

Restless Desire

I toss and turn, unable to sleep.
Lying awake, I become restless.
I close my eyes,
And picture your smiling face.
I open them to see you aren't there.
I leave to look out into the window.
The starlit sky twinkles,
And within it, I see your eyes.
An illusion.
Every time I see you, my heart starts to go crazy.
Instead of its usually steady beat,
It goes at its own insane pace.
I open the window to allow some fresh air,
The wind envelops me,
I imagine it's your caress, soft and gentle.
I realize I don't feel your warmth around me.
Around you I can't help but grin.
Around you I become like a kid at a toy store.
Filled with an excitement which can't be contained.
Far away from you, I feel like no day is worth living.
For being with you, every moment is like gold. A treasure.

Jennifer Thomas
New Hyde Park Memorial Jr/Sr High School
New Hyde Park, NY
Grade 8

Seasons

There is this girl called Spring,
She brings sunshine for the world,
The graceful dances of the butterflies,
And the chirping of the birds.

Summer came as Spring tiptoed away,
The world suddenly filled with green.
I went to the beach with my friend
And swam with the splendid waves.

Summer went away with laughter and happiness,
Leaving the Earth with golden leaves.
I walk through the glittering silver moonlight
With the autumn breeze kissing my face.

Winter is the season of celebrating,
As our Mother Earth puts on her silver coat.
The animals sleep tenderly in their caves,
And I smile happily in my home.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter,
They are the seasons of the world.
They fill the earth with love and fun;
It is hard to describe in a word.

Sally Wang
West Jr High School
Columbia, MO
Grade 8

Happy Birthday Mom

Fuzzy around the edges
I turn to see the curtain blowing
in the cool morning air.
As I look at the light
beginning to come through the window.
Oh my — it is my Mom's birthday today.
I will make her coffee and wake her with a kiss.
I love my Mom
she is my best friend.
I wish I had lots of money
so I could buy her anything she wanted.
When I ask her what she wants she says
I have you — that's all I need.
Some day when I am grown
I will spoil her as she spoils me.
Why do adults say spoil?
I am not rotten needing to be thrown away.
I wish I could give her all the things she needs today.
But for now I will give her my love.
Happy Birthday, Mom
I love you.

Esha Maree Brandt
Bethel Middle School
Shawnee, OK
Grade 8

The Ball

Get into the field
Take your positions
When it's your time to pitch throw your ball.
Watch the other team hit the ball
And get ready for that ball to come to you
Don't pay attention to the player.
Pay attention to the ball.
Watch it, catch it, and get that player out.
Sliding home throw the ball to the catcher
And watch that catcher tag him out.

Caitlyn Smith
Myron L Powell Elementary School
Cedarville, NJ
Grade 7

Fallen

Inside this pile of lush autumn leaves
With rich browns, and reds, and shining golds
So pleasant and calm, all pain relieves
Breeze caresses and lovingly holds

I look to the sky, the sun shines above
So affectionately has it shone
This is how it feels to be in love
But this dream is a nightmare if you're alone

I try to get up, but I am too weak
I look around, but I don't see your face
The warm atmosphere suddenly turns bleak
Life is so cold without your embrace

My heart fills with terror that cannot be braved
The once warm colors turn pitch black and blue
I cry for I know I cannot be saved
Because I have fallen, fallen for you

Julia Wu
Alhambra High School
Alhambra, CA
Grade 9

My Disguise

I want to scream your name out loud so you'll look at me
But I want to curl up in a ball so you'll never see.
I want to be the only one who's seen by your eyes
But I want to blend into the crowd that is my disguise.
I want to look you in the eyes to tell you how I feel
But instead I look down at the floor, is this really real?
I want you to love me for me; I'll do the same for you
But I'll change to be the perfect one if you want me to.
I want to scream your name out loud so you'll look at me
Go ahead and turn around, come on, don't you see?

Annie Mooney
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Staring

I've never seen anyone look at you,
Like you look at me.
I'd never rather be,
Somebody else when you look at me.
I stare at you each and every day,
Wondering when you're going to slip away.
I never want you to leave my side,
You fill me with a feeling of pride.
You smile like the break of day,
When I look at you, you take the feelings of fear away.
Looking at you, looking at me,
What do you find? I do not see.
My heart and feelings I cannot express,
Your gazing look,
Though lessens stress.
Thank you for being there,
And loving me as I am,
My feelings of hatred and anger are not near but far.

Meghan McGuire
St Angela Elementary School
Roseville, MI
Grade 7

Sports Last Through the Week

Turn on the TV, pull up a chair
Relax and watch some sports
Playing them I also can have such a good time
Football, baseball, and soccer are fine
They're always there when I'm feeling bored
I've always loved those sports
Play them on Sundays
Watch them on Mondays
Sports last through the week.

What if they were gone?
That'd be a dismal world
No games on the lawn.

My favorite teams are so fun to watch
They play all year long
I get season tickets to the Buckeye games
In hockey and baseball Detroit is not lame
For football the Browns are my team
I like every sport
Coach them on Thursdays
Ref them on Fridays
Sports last through the week.

Alexander Jones
Defiance Jr High School
Defiance, OH
Grade 8

Peace and Love

I wish there was a way to release,
All the bad and turn it into peace.

Every day we witness dying,
Every day we witness crying.

There must be a way to negate,
All the strong death and hate.

People are dying every single day,
But I know we can stop this in someway.

So I ask all my brothers and sisters to come together,
And stop this hatred now and forever.

Pray from the man up above,
To fill this world with peace and love.

To fill this world with peace and love,
To fill this world with peace and love,
To fill this world with peace and love.

Rakhi Voria
Lakewood High School
Lakewood, CO
Grade 9

When the Sun Reaches Earth

When the sun reaches Earth I am born,
To bright to weep to bright to mourn,

Green is all of nature,
Green is the color most mature,

Yellow is always brightest of bright,
Yellow is what ends the darkest of night,

I'm one with the Earth and also the sun,
Yellow is the color of me when I run,

Green is the color of me when I read,
Both of these colors is what I need,

Together the colors combine to rejoice,
Being these colors is not just my choice,

As I sit in the grass the light fills in,
When the sun reaches Earth all life will begin.

Haiden Kohl
Union High School
Union, OR
Grade 8

Soldier

I'm writing this poem
and all the time wishing you'll come home
I wish to see your lovely smile
so I'm going to sit here for a little while
while you're fighting over in Iraq
your family is wishing you'll come back
so don't give up on yourself
and don't put your country on a dusty shelf
remember why you're fighting
and who you're fighting for
so here I am writing this poem
and all the time wishing you'll come home.

Alysha Marie Dickinson
Greybull Middle School
Greybull, WY
Grade 7

Piano

I look around it's only me
A piece of music and the soft white keys
I sit right down, I'm very tense
I'm so confused, I have no sense

I open my music and start to play
And all my worries just fade away
My fingers slide gracefully up and down
All to be heard is the beautiful sound

When I finished my eyes were closed
I sat there a minute and then I arose
I took a deep breath and let out a sigh
I had been so stressed I wanted to cry

I can't believe that in such a short time
I went from frazzled to dazzled and it didn't cost a dime
I've tried many things but the winning way
To get me relaxed is to sit down and play

Amy Shipp
Muscatine High School
Muscatine, IA
Grade 9

Friendship

A good friendship starts with trust,
A good friendship will never rust.
"I'm your friend," so they say,
But then they lie to you every day.
You see a girl in a wheelchair
And don't like her because she has no hair.
What's a real friendship? You must discover,
Don't judge a book by its cover!

Dustin Hensley
Positive Outcomes Charter School
Camden Wyoming, DE
Grade 8

From My Point of View

I see the world that surrounds me. The sun's comforting rays that take me in every wavy notion. The way we surpass our limits to take the edge off of life every once in a while. I see a world full of expectations, and hope for a young one very much as myself. I see a world full of hope, and joy for such an intelligent intellect such as myself, and others. I see a world full of fear and anxiety. I see through my eyes that everyone is a winner and everyone has hope and survival skills to be the best they can be. Life is such a treasure that we all hold dearly, and that we look forward to continuing each passing day. And that's the truth. Life is basically like a box of chocolates you never know what's next.

James Frazier-Youmans
SABIS International Charter School
Springfield, MA
Grade 8

Monarch Butterfly*

I wished upon a wishing star.
I dreamed upon a dreamy moon.
I watched a *monarch butterfly* flutter in the breeze and I wondered.
I *wondered* what I'd do when the clouds started falling, the rain started pouring, and the thunder started rolling.
I *wondered* what I'd do when the sun stopped shining, the moon stopped glowing, and the stars stopped showing.
And I *wondered* what I'd do when the wind stopped blowing, the trees stopped growing, and the earth stopped rolling.
And for that one VAGUE moment when I look above the tops of the *monarch trees*, I see a *monarch butterfly* flutter in the breeze and I remember you.

Victoria Likens
Wawasee Middle School
Syracuse, IN
Grade 8
**In loving memory of my cousin Tara Likens, who died in a car accident.*

Summertime

In summer, you can see the beautiful sunsets at night
You can take a walk at the beach, even if it's dark and have no fright
In summer, the breeze never lets your hair stay in place
You can even feel the warm sunshine on your face
In summer, you can go swimming all the time
Or, you can just sit at the beach drinking lemonade with a lemon or a lime
In summer, you're always walking around with a snowball in your hand
And there are always outdoor concerts that you can go to and hear your favorite band
In summer, you can drive with the top down
When I'm doing this you'll never see me frown
In summer, you're always wearing a bathing suit and your favorite flip-flops
Otherwise, your outfit will consist of shorts and a tank-top
In summer, you don't have to go to school
And instead of spending your time there, you can spend it outside at the pool
In summer, all the flowers are in bloom
Which is why I don't want to spend time in my room
In summer, it's never too cold to take a walk
And while you're doing this, you'll always see young children playing with sidewalk chalk
But, my favorite part of summer is the morning bird's sweet song
Which makes me wish summer could last all year long!

Christie Orlando
St Joseph School
Cockeysville, MD
Grade 7

My Dream

My dream is very neat.
In my dream I compete.
When we win I have fun.
But at practice I have to run.
I am very good at the sport.
It has to do with a court.
My dream is to make it to the WNBA.
I hope I will make it ok.

Kristin Calabrese
St. Catherine of Siena School
Albany, NY
Grade 7

Does It Matter?

Does it matter, if I'm intelligent, friendly?
And a trustworthy person,
Who doesn't have the same skin color as you?
If I believe in fairness
And equal rights,
For all races and nationalities?
Or, if I become a successful
And reliable, doctor, lawyer, scientist,
Who everyone depends on?
For you it may not matter,
But for the minorities in this country,
It does.
See, one day, you'll realize
That it did matter,
The struggle,
And the dream
'Cause, we'll be moving on up.

Charnelle Jackson
Russell County High School
Seale, AL
Grade 9

Growing Trees and Crashing Seas

A tree grows up and so do I
Like a mountain fern reaching so high
Green is life, and life I am
Learning and growing and doing the best that I can
But green only describes half of me
There's more to Matt than you can see
Like a wave upon an ocean shore
Or up in the sky where blue jays soar
I feel happy and open and free
Blue is a color that also is me
Blue and green, water and life
Happy and joyful, as sharp as a knife
I am green. I am blue
These are me, what colors are you?

Matt Smith
Union High School
Union, OR
Grade 8

One and Only True Love

I've been searching days and days
for that one and only love
The love of my life who would
take me for me (instead of who he wants me to be)
The one who would
hold me when I'm sad.
The one who always
cherishes every moment we have together.
The one who would
be there for me
The one who
protected me from the bad stuff.
The one who
respects my decisions
And the one who
listens when I say stop or no.
Well I realized I found that person,
my true love (the one and only one for me).
You were right here all the time.
The love of my life is you
I Love You.

Monique Kladis
Kingston Middle School
Cadet, MO
Grade 8

Pretend

Why must we pretend?
Pretend to be something we're not.
Pretend we care how others feel.
Pretend our lives are perfect.
Not everyone has to pretend though.
Some be themselves.
Some do care.
Some people's lives are perfect.
Yeah right.
Who are they trying to fool?
They pretend so they look cool.
But really they're not.
Driving around in their fancy sports cars.
Most people don't care how cool you are.
Or so I've been told.
So why are the geeks and outcasts ridiculed?
If we were created equal why do we push?
Push away the weak?
Because we must pretend.
Pretend to be something we're not.

Jacinta Carter
Jennings High School
Jennings, KS
Grade 8

The Little Girl

Standing alone in the crowd
trying to find out who she is
stuck in the church with no where to go
dying to spread her wings and fly
waiting as the stars fly by
wandering through the night
waiting as the song fades away
hating to sit inside
wandering
looking for a life
frustrated with everything in sight
swimming through the current
sticks out like a daisy in a bed of roses,
stuck in the center of everyone's jokes
crying tears of anger.
Hates to be late
writing a poem
in the end the little girl turns out to be me.

Mia Lombardelli
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

The Hidden One

There is a great strong lion
All the animals respect,
He is courageous and strong
In every aspect.
He stands on his mighty rock,
With his eyes ablaze,
All the animals are with him
Except the one in the shadows with the longing gaze.

The panther looks out
At all the lion has, and he knows he cannot compare
To such confidence and might,
So he stays where he is hidden
In the night.

The panther feels different
Like he belongs somewhere,
Anywhere but here.
He wants to feel like the others,
And tell the one he loves
Just how he feels,
But he stays in the shadows
Full of fear.

Kyle Clement
Menaul School
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

I Thought We Were Friends

I thought we were friends
But I was wrong
I thought I could trust you
I thought I could share my feelings with you
But I was wrong
We were suppose to be in this together
Side by side
Friends forever
But I was wrong
You told a lie
We shared a cry
Don't you remember?
How could you?
I thought we were friends
You told them my secret
My deep dark secret
You promised not to tell
Yet you did it so well
I used to think we were once friends
But like I said
I was wrong, we never are, never were, never will be.

Nargiz Nesimova
West Bloomfield High School
West Bloomfield, MI
Grade 9

Stars

Stars they twinkle oh so bright
That led the kings on that night.
To the baby Jesus with gifts of gold
Thy own King is here now born.

Stars they give off such a light
That startled the shepherds; oh what a fright!
Angels came and led the way
To the Babe lying in the hay.

Stars of silver and of gold
They change all of the entire world.
We all bow down to the King
Let all joyful church bells ring.

Stars they come out in the night
They look of glory and of light.
See the biggest in the East
And pray for joy, the Lord of Peace.

Stars come in every shape and size
They are so bright to the eyes!
Shines above a lowly manger
Pray is love will live forever.

Melissa Kolling
St Paul's School
Richmond, BC
Grade 7

My Dream World

Things that:
Make you smile,
That glow in the dark
Things that gives you wings,
Things that make your day
And show you the way
To a new and better road,
A path that takes you places
Where everything is green and bright
And where everyone is nice,
Things that grab your attention,
And things that make you jump for joy
Things that just make you your own person
Things that just make you who you are

Nick Venzon
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Free as the Wind

A horse galloping towards me
looks like a feather floating in the wind.
As it sprints past me,
the smell of fresh air hits me.

Its mane and tail flutter in the air.
Its skin so shiny I have to squint.

Finally it stops as to say please pet me.
Its skin so soft like a newborn baby.

I feel so free as if I have amnesia
no worries or fears, just joy and freedom.

Todd Zwickle
Walt Clark Middle School
Loveland, CO
Grade 7

Once...

Once I loved you
Once you loved me
Once I thought we had a good relationship
Once you thought we had a good relationship
Once I could count on you
Once you counted on me
Once I believed in you
Once you believed in me
Once I trusted you
Once you trusted me
Once I thought I was in your heart
Once you were in my heart

Cecily Conn
Vernon Middle School
Vernon, TX
Grade 8

Easter

Children wake early,
To play outside;
And look through their house for hidden candy,
They do not understand,
What Easter is about,
To play in the fields and eat candy?
Go to church and praise God?
Easter is the end,
Of our Lenten season,
And we celebrate,
Jesus' resurrection.
Children wake early,
To go to church,
And praise God.
Easter is a time for happiness,
And praising,
Of Lord, Jesus Christ;
But why do we praise God?
For it was he who proclaimed our name
And saved our name.
Thy name is Christian!

Arthur Stacey
St Anne School
Seattle, WA
Grade 7

Another Day in America

I step my feet in the warm sand
to look at the glowing sunrise over the sea.
The wind rushes through the sky
making the waves whisper and rock.
Children's laughter echoes through the park.
Birds singing in the clear blue sky.

Lemonade as cold as ice.
Picnics, barbecues, fun games.
People throwing frisbees
for their dogs to catch.
Mothers pushing their babies carriages
as the sun hugs each person with her warm rays.

Parents cooking dinner.
Family waits around the table.
I step outside once more
to see the sun fall through the hills.
As it did before.
Another day in America.

Jessica Vogele
Selden Middle School
Centereach, NY
Grade 7

We Are a Team

I fought with my brother to consider
We are a team like no other

To justify we entice our enemy
For we are erudite to never separate
We are a team like no other

Try to take our spirit try to fight alongside
For my brother and I are Chasm
We are a team like no other

We deceive our enemies for they are blinded by greed
We assault quietly we defend clandestinely
For we are a team like no other

We prowl the night waiting for our enemies
As a squad as a team nothing can stop us
For we are a team like no other

To survive we must work as a team
For we are a team like no other

Ryan Hein
Falcon Creek Middle School
Aurora, CO
Grade 8

Stereotype

You stereotype me even before you meet me
Whether I'm black or white
Or have blonde hair or brown eyes
It doesn't even cross your mind
That I actually have fragile feelings bottled up inside
Why are you doing this?
Why don't you care?
We could meet each other
And bear our feelings to say more than a greeting
But you won't even stick around to give it a try
While you walk out that door and I have a cry
I give up, I can't take it anymore
But don't think you've won
Because I've grown up
And you've stayed the same
Only I will move on
And you will hold a grudge
Such a shame
Now tell me again
Who is the better one?

Katie DiFolco
Theodore Roosevelt Jr High School
Altoona, PA
Grade 8

Memory

Pulling into the driveway
knowing something was going to
happen. I hadn't seen him in five days.
Laughing and playing ball with my cousins,
I was holding back my fear. Then she called my
name. I walked in my house and saw all my aunts
sitting on my couch crying. I lost my breath
And my heart skipped a beat. It hit me like a
bullet, something really bad was about to
happen. My mom choked back some tears.
Tissue in hand and said your dad has cancer. I felt
like nothing. An ocean of tears poured out of my
eyes. My aunt turned to me and held me tight. I turned
and looked at my little sister, she had no idea what
was going on. That night I laid in my bed and
cried. I remember praying to God begging to
make everything all right.

Emily Davis
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Laughter

Laughter is truly a precious thing
It can bring you from the depths of dark
Send you up sailing upon the eagle's wing
With your hair wild with flair, scars leave without a mark

Where does laughter come from?
Does it sprout from happiness, or right way 'round?
Is it from the frightful dark depths, not even some?
Is it celebrating release from prison, where it dares no sound?

This I ponder in my deep dark days
For I long laughter to disrupt my pitch of sing,
"Laughter is child to the heart and soul," I say
And fully realize that laughter is a precious thing.

Miranda Aragon
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Stress

It comes from tons of work
And it will tear you apart
It tears through your social and outdoor time
It takes time away from your family
Why are people mad at you for trying to find the truth
I hate when people are expecting you to do the best
I hate always being looked up to carry the group
I hope that I won't have to pass stress on to other people.

Stephen Morsch
Sacred Heart Elementary School
Fairfield, OH
Grade 8

Winter

The snow is white,
The lights are bright,
I see a child drinking Sprite,
From my sight,
I see a snowball fight,
A child goes down, hit in the chest,
He sits down to take a rest,
The winner is the best,
Santa is coming,
He'll be humming,
A jolly old holiday tune.

Tyler Snelling
Flinthills Middle School High School
Rosalia, KS
Grade 7

Life

Poetry is the language of the soul,
It weighs 21 grams.
Music is the food of love,
One bite and you're hooked.
Painting is the expression of the mind,
That is why it can be anything.
Art is the route of life.
We are all a masterpiece.

Benjamin Globerman
Alta Vista Public School
Ottawa, ON
Grade 7

Peace on the Ocean Floor

Dark and beautiful is the ocean floor
Filled with a variety of creatures
There are fish of all imaginable colors
And plants so tall and green

Angelfish swim along merrily
Starfish cling to slippery rocks
Catfish hide in tall seaweed
And moon fish light the dark

Seaweed grows so thick and tall
It protects fish from all harm
Algae provides food for all creatures
And creates homes for them too

The ocean floor is a peaceful place
That is filled with life and beauty
The animals and plants that live there
Have all they want and need plus more

Saara-Anne Azizi
Norwood Fontbonne Academy
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 7

Ever Wonder

You wonder what life holds before you
You wonder if it could be true
I see you thinking
And I wonder…
If you are thinking of me

When I look up to the sky
The sun shines in my eyes
And then I think…
Is it shining in yours too?

I sit and wait and listen
As I hear the rain falling
And then I ask myself…
Is it falling by you also?

You wonder what life holds before you
And wonder if it could be true
I see you thinking
And I wonder…
If you are thinking of me

Rachel Renfro
Hadley Jr High School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 8

Rain

The rain
Cuts the winds as
It poured down from the black
Sky in sheets from an angry god
That cried.

Bryan Russell
Seminole High School
Seminole, TX
Grade 9

The Books

Quick as the lightning above
Light as the hovering dove
Roving around in the peaks up high
Listening to a screaming battle cry
Going from the Shire to Gondor
The cry of the Orcish hoard
The death of a mighty king
My, how the bells do ring
The distant cry of a horn
My phantasmal
Books
Of yorn

Max McGuire
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

Steady Journey

Feel the rhythm of your body,
know the steady drumming of your feet,
feel the wind rush through your hair,
as you pursue the wind and air.
Feel your lungs burn,
and your heart churn.

Filled with desire,
a flaming fire,
you fall and you stumble,
trip and tumble,
but carry on.

The others are more rapid,
of this you are aware,
but the steady beat continues.
You're sure to make it there,
to your goal, your destination,
prepaid is your fare,
because you kept a steady tune,
you shall make it there so soon,
your one ultimate goal.

Juliet Vogel
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 7

Nicknames

I have many nicknames,
Many nicknames I have;
Walking Autobiography –
That's for vainness!
Meggy-Megg
Is from my mom.
For basketball there is
Meggo,
And my little cousin calls me
Horsay!!!
My class calls me
Muffin,
And my dad calls me
Twiddle Dimwit –
I guess for my stupidity!
The O'Man –
Band of course!
And plain old Coffman,
If friends prefer,
For I have many nicknames,
Many nicknames I have!

Megan Coffman
Possum Middle School
Springfield, OH
Grade 7

George Washington

Come on you kids, while you're having fun,
Remember the life of George Washington?
Defending his home and protecting his name.
Fighting the British and gaining his fame.
He was a great man and was loved by all,
The greatest cry we had was when he had his fall.
Well now you know, oh yes you do,
But remember that he was a person, just like you.

Amine Boudalia
Keystone Oaks Middle School
Pittsburgh, PA
Grade 7

Life Through My Eyes

Life is a walk in a tropical rain forest
You see beautiful things,
Discover new sounds, sights, smells
You meet danger along the way
Finding joy, solitude, sadness, peace, anger
You find freedom in a maze
Finding forked paths along the way
Trying to decide and find the right way
For your future
Life is a wondrous juicy fruit
To be taken away by flames
Only to start a new life again
Life is a walk in a tropical rain forest

Nicola Nicholson
Laurelwood Public School
Waterloo, ON
Grade 7

Life's Riddle

I am an average boy who doesn't even have a clue.
I wonder if I will made good decisions in the future.
I hear my destiny calling, but I don't respond.
I want to have my life in my hands.
I am an average boy who doesn't even have a clue.

I pray that I can commit to something, but I can't.
I feel my time to shine will never come.
I worry I will stay the same forever.
I cry because I give up.
I am an average boy who doesn't even have a clue.

I understand that I should try.
I say the sky is the limit, but I will not fly higher.
I dream that I am the best I can be.
I try to make my dreams a reality.
I hope I can solve life's riddle.
I am an average boy who doesn't even have a clue.

Jarmarcus Thomas
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Grieving for You

You are gone
but your memories still go on
like the time of the world
my thoughts race
and to see your face,
Grandpa Willie,
it makes me want to be with you
then I realize I can't and my heart turns back to blue
and I try to tell you something
I listen, my heart thumps
and my mind jumps
to when we were together
like at the coffee shop
or when we watched the birds hop
outside your trailer house
I miss playing Hand and Foot
and when you put
me in the ice, crunch,
I start to cry
and I wish I could fly
to you, to stay and be with you forever

Joni Wolfe
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

Smile

It is so powerful, though trivial may it seem,
It can brighten up your day with its simple gleam.
One little flash, and the gloom will go away,
Just a simple expression and that's all you have to say.
A brilliant ray of sunshine captured on your face,
Assures you that on Earth still lies God's grace.
It pronounces friendship or signs a greeting,
It's a perfect way to prepare for an upcoming meeting.
Without its calming presence, how incomplete would you be,
When nervous or uncertain, what a comforting sight to see.
it is very contagious, but it will not get you sick,
When confused on how to dress, this is a perfect pick.
When waking up each morning, never leave without it,
Some claim it's good luck, I certainly wouldn't doubt it.
If you haven't guess by now of what this literature is telling,
I would say you find my poem not all that compelling.
But listen to these last few lines for the answer to this riddle,
It shouldn't be that difficult unless your age is little.
Take one look around this room, and ponder it a while,
In no time at all you'll discover it's a smile.

Alli Paetow
St Joseph School
Cockeysville, MD
Grade 8

Different

My parents ditched me.
My clothes are rags.
I live on the street begging for cash.
Do people look at me
because I am homeless
living in a box on the street
trying to stay warm?
If I had a home,
I would live in it.
For now I will try to make the best
of it on the street,
living in a box,
in raggedy clothes
with no money.
If you think it is sad,
just think of all of the homeless people
on the street when it is below zero
in a box trying to stay warm
on Christmas morning
when everyone is opening their Christmas presents
and he is still on the street.

Brittany Robbins
Hamersville Elementary and Middle School
Hamersville, OH
Grade 7

Thanks from the Bottom of My Heart…

Thanks from the bottom of my heart
For sharing me your special talents,
For understanding my thirst for knowledge
And I could see that you've done your best.
Thanks from the bottom of my heart
For the unselfish help that you offered for me,
For the inspirational advices you had told me
That has keep me from the right path of my journey.
Thanks from the bottom of my heart
For believing in my own abilities,
Even though sometimes I'm a failure
You are still there to encourage me.
Thanks from the bottom of my heart
For showing me the dignity of simplicity,
The worth of character and education
That will be treasured forever as my inspiration.
Thanks from the bottom of my heart
My dear teacher, you're truly my light,
Like the spark of a torch toward my travels
And a shining armour beyond my struggles.

Aprilyn Baniaga
Waianae High School
Waianae, HI
Grade 9

Light

It's better to light a candle,
Than to curse the darkness.
It doesn't help to curse everything.
It doesn't help,
If you don't do anything else.
Light a candle,
Light up the darkness.
Don't let it go out.
Light a heart,
Light up your world.
Watch it spread.
Be proud of what you did.
Light your candle,
And make a pathway through the darkness.

Felecia Gonzalez
Gonzalez Home School
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 9

Phobia of Life

Life has forever lost all rapture,
It seems again dreams are beyond capture.
As I am dazed by the enigma of life
I feel cold and alone
The absence of glee
Is torturing me…
Now is time to blaspheme
For I've been betrayed and by God.
As I am blinded by the eternal light beam,
I ponder the breath of life again
But it's too late now
For I've already relinquished life…

Jake Gardner
Gouldsboro Grammar School
Winter Harbor, ME
Grade 7

Mind Control

This love has taken its toll on me
and I can't describe the feeling that I get inside
it builds me up
the strength and weakness that its secrets hide
it gives me power like nothing I can describe.

When you're out there you will feel the
power in the game
each shot you fire is like a bullet of pain
but you will love the feeling of being a winner
I will prove to you this love I have
for the one thing that controls my mind
tennis which is for me the game of life.

Sandra Walker
21st Century Public Academy
Albuquerque, NM
Grade 8

History

History is before me when I was small
well not really it's actually when white people used to stand tall.
Slavery segregation as you can see
so far in those days appreciation for blacks was no necessity.
As I look today I see less and less hate
but back in history Dr. King, Rosa Parks and all the others were considered great.
I'm only 14 but all the history is a fact
this is because my history is black.
Smack, punch kick and scorch.
This is why I carry a torch.
Showing that history is I and that's what I am.
All the bodies I count one, two, three so on and so forth.
This is why I'm free
and this is why this poem is history.

Ciara Burns
St Bede's Catholic School
Southfield, MI
Grade 8

I Love You Mother

I love you Mother
You are a remarkable woman who accomplished so much as a strong woman in a man's world.
You are strong but soft.
You are soft but caring.
You are strong but compassionate.
You are a remarkable woman who accomplishes so much as a given woman in a selfish world.
You give to your friends.
You give to your family.
You give to everyone.
You are a remarkable woman who is also a remarkable mother
You are loved by so many people whose lives you touched – especially by me.
I love you.

Shateira Jones
Arundel Elementary School
Baltimore, MD
Grade 8

A Fallen Soldier

The feeling of you is no longer alive.
Thinking you would return with others who survive.

As my eyes water to hear this by surprise.
My soldier has fallen and traveled toward the heavenly eyes.

You're being remembered by all of your accomplishments,
The day you decided to leave brought great resent.

My soldier has fallen and I must be strong.
You were depended on by our nation to do no wrong.

On this day my soldier has fallen, and will be remembered for his love he has given for so long.
The thought of me knowing you won't return home, I still must go on.

Chantelle Hill
Merriwether Middle School
North Augusta, SC
Grade 8

My Friend Monica

Monica is my best friend
I know she'll be there till the end
Always smiling, laughing with joy
She was more fun than my favorite toy
Still best friends and always will be
She's helpful and will always be there for me
I know that she will stick by my side
So until the day I die
Monica's my true best friend, that's no lie
I thank God every day because she's my best friend
Without her, my world would end

Rachael Urey
Chichester Middle School
Boothwyn, PA
Grade 7

Church Bells

I hear church bells
Ringing to make a sound
The sound of music
That tells us to go to church
Going to church to celebrate our faith
The faith of Christianity

I hear church bells
Ringing to make a sound
The sound of music
That tells us to celebrate the death of Jesus
Jesus, who is our Savior
The Savior, who died to save us from all anxiety
And to lead us away from sin

Marc Sneddon
Bishop Donahue High School
Mc Mechen, WV
Grade 9

I'm Going to Draw a Picture

A rainbow, a house, or maybe a moon
Anything to put a smile upon my mommy's face
The one that I haven't seen since that one day about noon
Before my older sister left this place.

In her room, sister, she was, with her door shut
No one expected what she would do
Creating us a lifetime cut
She could've flown, but I guess she never knew.

I'm going to draw a picture
To bring that smile that I cannot find
To break my mommy's stricture
Make her shine.

I'm going to draw a picture.

Clea Lockwood
Crossler Middle School
Salem, OR
Grade 8

Free

Free, am I really free?
Free, that's how our world is supposed to be

Free, rules, rules everywhere
Free, make me so mad I could rip out my hair

Free, responsibility is weighing me down
Free, I just wanna have fun and clown around

Free, no one is perfect, or so they say
Free, but they act like I should be, day after day

Free, what about the animals, locked up in cages
Free, or all of us sheltered in our different stages

Free, people all over leave one another alone
Free, set so many boundaries we all have to act like clones

Free, God put us here with no rules
Free, people who don't believe that are just plain fools

Alexa Nelms
Roselle Middle School
Roselle, IL
Grade 7

What Is Courage?

What is courage?
Is it standing up for what's right, or being brave when it's time?
Standing out from the crowd
But maybe it's not being wild
I think so because I'm really mild
What is courage?

Maybe it's saying no unlike the crowd
Is it stopping robbers and fighting fires
It might be giving hope to those who need it
Giving back to people who need it
What is courage?

Or maybe fighting for your country
Maybe cleaning crime off the streets
It may be raising children
But in some cases it's hard work
What is courage?
In this poem we learn what courage is
Courage is all these things I've listed and more
What is courage? That is courage

Jovon Franklin
Beecher Middle School Academy
Mount Morris, MI
Grade 8

Losts

Losts are very hard,
but when you think
they will always
be with God.

No matter how hard you cry
it will never bring them back,
just remember the good times,
when you both sat back.

In your dreams you will think
about their beautiful face,
like they were your king,
or queen.

As you read this poem
you will think about your lost ones,
and in your heart you will be sad,
but deep in your heart you will be glad,
because they will always be with God.

Brittney Stevens
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Sunset

My love for you
Will be forever true.
You're all I ever think about;
I miss you so much; all I can do is pout.
I gaze across the waters at the beautiful sunset,
And I know that I've won this bet.
I know that you're the one I love;
You were sent to me from up above.
I could never live without you;
If you weren't here I don't know what I'd do.
I wish I could be with you right now;
If only we knew a way how.
As I lay here, I think of gazing into your eyes;
I watch as the sun leaves the colorful skies.
I look over at the old lighthouse,
Wishing the lights would go away, as if they'd been doused.
I blow you a kiss.
It's you I miss.

I love you for now and forever.
My love for you, no one could ever endeavor.

Danika Schneider
Freeman High School
Rockford, WA
Grade 9

The Song of the Whipporwill

Oh how the whipporwill sings!
My father says to me,
the chirp and trill in the night
reminds me of days long gone
when I was in love.
The song starts so sweet and charming
the whistling sounds as if it will go on forever,
yet soon it stops as fast as the changing weather,
just to spring up like a rabbit
over here far away from where it began.
In my mind the Whipporwill represents people,
the Whipporwill's song represents love,
love can go on and on,
or maybe just a short while.
Like your mother and me.
Then he looked at me and said
but a father's love is forever!

Eli Hopkins
Sedan High School
Sedan, KS
Grade 9

My Soldier

He is a very honorable man,
Saying he will and he can.
He is going to fight for what he believes.
What the future will bring, he cannot see.

I don't want my soldier to go
Only because I will miss him so.
I know he will make me proud.
He won't ever let me down, I know that now.

I will be here, my soldier, when you get back.
You will fill my heart with what I lack.
I won't forget you while you are gone.
You are my soldier; you are my John.

Josie Pringle
Greenfield Jr/Sr High School
Greenfield, MO
Grade 9

Rain

Rain enters, powerful and strong,
but also soft,
like a canter of a horse in the sand.
It darkens the sky and suddenly changes everything,
by sneaking and crawling in,
with or without an invitation.
Around everyone and everything
in the most unexpected places.
It leaves its tracks,
silently, as it goes by.
Like the soft prancing of a deer.

Ashton James
Wainwright High School
Wainwright, AB
Grade 8

A Friendly Letter

I just got a letter, I jump up and down.
Searching for pen and paper, I scurry around.
The words flow from my mind and into my pen.
So much to say, I don't know when I'll end.
There's so much to tell and so much to explain.
My hands are stiff but I ignore the pain.
I look at my work and I've written a mile.
But I'm sure what I've shared will make my friend smile.
I lick and seal my letter with cheer.
One thing left to do and that one thing is clear.
I stick on a stamp and it's ready to send.
I can't wait till my friend writes me back again.

Rachel Clausman
Chanak School
Ellettsville, IN
Grade 9

A Childhood Full of Violence

The scared child goes home to be hit and thrown.
Parents abuse the child constantly.
Their love towards the child not shown.
The child runs around bruised, cut and sadly.
A child's kind heart is forever scarred.
To think that their parents never loved their son.
They learn that surviving abuse is hard.
The cycle of violence continues on.
Finally the hope for an end arrives.
Child seeks advice for the abusive life.
The child knows the damage caused over time.
Child cares about his children and wife.
He knows it will affect his family.
Say to everyone this will not be me.

Maria Jimenez
Marston Middle School
San Diego, CA
Grade 8

Fall

Leaves falling in many colors.
Reds,
Yellows,
Browns, and
Purples.
Raking them up then next year to fall down all over again.

The fresh smell of pumpkin pies
baking in the autumn sun.

The cool air blowing across my face
signaling winter is coming.

Fall the best season of them all.

Spencer Bonnerup
Southwest Middle School
Albert Lea, MN
Grade 8

Tell Me

You bump me and stare
The look makes me think you need to share
Tell me why
Tell me when
Tell me we're more than just friends
Tell me how
Tell me where
Tell me it's just not a stare
Tell me you need me forever
Because I know some way we'll be together
Tell me you don't forget me
Tell me you don't forget how to love
Tell me something I need to know
Or show me something you need to show
Tell me you need me
Tell me you know how broken my heart is
Tell me it's all going to be okay
Tell me we'll be together some way.

Jillian Ricciardi
Bethlehem Central Middle School
Delmar, NY
Grade 7

Another Side of Me

I am a high-fashion girl who looks for adventure.
I wonder how is life as an older person.
I hear clouds move when I lie with my eyes closed.
I see bears skating on ice.
I want to be a successful lawyer.
I am a high-fashion girl who looks for adventure.

I pretend to be a ferocious tigress in my own jungle.
I feel the touch of darkness.
I touch the clouds when I succeed.
I worry about life without my mom.
I cry at the sight of death when it comes close.
I am a high-fashion girl who looks for adventure.

I understand that death is just a part of life.
I say there is no I in team.
I dream all nations will come together as one family.
I try to be the best I can possibly be.
I hope world hunger will end.
I am a high-fashion girl who looks for adventure.

Eiesha Richard
Opelousas Jr High School
Opelousas, LA
Grade 8

Young Poets
Grades 4-5-6

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Halloween

H appy faces everywhere
A utumn chills in the air
L ights inside a pumpkin's face
L aughter heard from place to place
O wls hooting all through the night
W itches giving kids a fright
E ating candy trick or treat
E very house the children greet
N ight of fun and pretending,
I wish this night was never-ending.

Lily Farnsworth
Deer Ridge Elementary School
Fort Wayne, IN
Grade 5

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Where I'm From

I'm from the sweat soppin' South,
Where rain is a miracle,
Where flip-flops aren't a fad, but everyday shoes,
Where women don't sweat; they glow.

I'm from the sun-scorched South,
Where "y'all" isn't slang, but a word
Where biscuits sopped in homemade gravy is a delicacy,
Where you can always recognize "Southern Hospitality."

I'm from the shoe-scalding South,
Where catching fireflies in a Mason jar is a hobby,
Where mosquitoes are like venomous snakes spreading the itch disease,
Where no one has ever heard ballroom dancing music because all they listen to is country.

I'm from the scenic-surrounded South,
Where it's so hot you could fry an egg on the sidewalk,
Where the humid days of August seem longer than 24 hours,
Where it's no use to buy fly-flaps because the flies have already died from the heat and humidity.

Jessi Jeffords
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 6

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Mountaineers Are Always Free

West Virginia, mountains high,
Summits pointed to the sky.
West Virginia, hills of gold,
People strong, people bold.
West Virginia, valleys wide,
Where pork is roasted and chicken fried!
West Virginia, rich veins of coal,
The land will always hold my soul.
West Virginia, my only home,
The state that I will always roam.
West Virginia, always free,
Montani Semper Liberi!

Caitlyn Lewis
Glade Creek Elementary School
Summersville, WV
Grade 5

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Egypt

A dry wind sweeps the desert,
Streaks of color greet the new dawn.
The yellow sand swirls,
Another day begins.
A shepherd strides across the desert,
Towards his small flock of goats.
They bleat to greet him,
And he feels good.
The great pyramids,
Sit in silence waiting.
The long-standing remnants,
Of a glorious civilization.
The Sphinx,
A symbol of power.
Built by a pharaoh,
To show his authority over all.
The wind stills,
The sky darkens.
The sands settle,
Another day ends in the land of the gods,
Egypt

Sarrah Maher
Maher Home School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 6

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Snowflakes

Crystal hair
Arms clinging onto clothes
Dancing gracefully like a ballerina
Unique in their own way
Showering the sky with crystal tears
Clumsily falling into a bundle of snow
Glimmering, glittering snowflakes

Molly McDonald
Summit Hill Elementary School
Alpharetta, GA
Grade 5

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Red, White, and Blue

Flags come in many colors
shapes and sizes too,
but the best flag is my flag
and it's red and white and blue

The stars and stripes
it proudly waves
and it stands for my freedom
in so many ways

The American flag
I'll hold it high
I'll stand behind it
and look to the sky

The American flag
with its colors so true
the beautiful colors of
red, white and blue.

Morgan McPherson
North Windy Ridge School
Weaverville, NC
Grade 5

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Rainstorm

When the thunder bangs,
And the rain still pours,
What do you do?
How do you get through?
When Mother Nature turns away,
And the sun shines bright again
How do you pick up your life
And try to start again?
When all you've loved is destroyed
When grass is wet and the sky is dark
Where do you go?
How do you get through?
Rainstorms may come and go.
You might not get through.
All I know is the rainstorm stopped,
The day that I found you.

Katherine Nelson
Quashnet School
Mashpee, MA
Grade 6

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Photo

Time grabbed
brought inside
held forever in a roll.

If brought out, looked at,
etched memories grabbed again
held inside of you.

Kevin Schrock
Scottish Corners Elementary School
Dublin, OH
Grade 4

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Just One Loving Friend

I sat alone in the bunkhouse dejected and alone
The only thing I wanted was to return home
Curled in bed I began to sing a song slow and sad
Knowing I would be happy if only a friend I had
I sang with all my heart and soul for a friend of any kind
If only such a thing I could truly find
Someone who would love me and realize how I feel
If only my dream could simply become real
Then suddenly a voice of harmony was heard throughout the room
Singing aloud in a gorgeous voice, a really wonderful tune
I glanced at the bed beside me and saw that the girl was awake
Looking as if she would do anything just for my own sake
She took my hand in hers and stroked it lovingly
And then I knew that this was the way it was to be
I knew I had finally found a friend who really cared
A friend who would help me if I was sad or scared

Esti Stein
Ecole Beth Jacob
Outremont, QC
Grade 5

Top Poem Grades 4-5-6

Nothing But the Piano

As I strike the piano, I hit the note C.
Then it is followed by a D then an E.
I listen to the beautiful sounds the piano will make.
I realize this is an instrument I should take.
People listen as my fingers waltz up and down.
People come from all around, just to hear that beautiful sound.
I practice and practice night and day.
I hit every single note down to the last A.
When I play the piano it makes me smile
Practicing all those hours is worth the while.
All that I've written is so very true
Now keep this, it's a poem from me to you!!

Tyleana Venable
Dobbs Ferry Middle School
Dobbs Ferry, NY
Grade 6

Spring

S unny days are finally here
P laying outside and riding bikes
R ejoicing because spring is here
I nviting friends over
N umerous flowers growing all over
G rass growing everywhere!

Anthony Candelario
Colonial Elementary School
Plymouth Meeting, PA
Grade 4

The Eagle Soars

The eagle soars so gracefully.
He dives in the wind,
The gentle breeze rustles his feathers.
So alert yet so smart.
He is my majestic bird.

The water swirls below me,
The wind pushes me up.
I sway in the breeze,
I feel so free up here.
I am the majestic bird.

Jack Whitehurst
Beechwood Elementary School
Fort Mitchell, KY
Grade 6

The Boy in the Field

I stand by the road
And intently watch
A boy in a field
He sees me…
But takes no yield
The sun is bright and hot
And the boy looks tired
So I sit and wonder,
"Don't you know how to have fun?"
The boy turns to me and says,
"Not until I'm done!"
Then all I can say to myself is…
"It must be hard being Amish!"
Something I would never wish.

Sarah Wilson
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Swimming

It is really hot.
I love swimming at the pool.
Do you feel the heat?

Haleigh Malone
E R Dickson Elementary School
Mobile, AL
Grade 5

Magic

The sky seems to be painted on in the cool evening breeze.
With a grayish tint the colors of orange and purple file on to a blue canvas.
The wind whistles a silent prayer to the heavens over a shallow water.
The whole world seems to awake as many go to sleep.
The world is filled with tunes and beauty as the stars fall into place.
Magic is at work tonight.

Meredith Offerjost
Hampton Oaks Elementary School
Stafford, VA
Grade 4

Feelings for You

The moon was rising,
My heart was dying,
Why didn't you love me like I loved you.
You left me in the shadows of dark,
Trying to find the light of love,
I only found hatred and sorrow.
I could barely eat, I could barely sleep,
It fills my body with pain, because I can't stop thinking about you.
I can smell the aroma from your perfume that you left,
I wish you were here.
Now you're gone,
What should I say,
I just wish you could remember me
One last time.

Luxay Champasouk
Tarpon Springs Middle School
Tarpon Springs, FL
Grade 6

Today Was September 11, 2001

"Where was God that day?" ask many people
they cry out loud as they see the World Trade Centers fall to the ground
like a sand castle being washed away by water.
"Oh, my dear daughter!" cries one mother
"Oh, my dear husband!" cries a wife.
Many firefighters died saving a lot of other people.
One by one they went in the building,
some coming out with a person on their back,
and some firefighters never to be seen again.
Families and relatives cried as they saw
their home place fall apart to the ground.
They tried desperately to help somehow,
giving blood, or even risking their lives to save others
that were needy, hurt, or sick.
3,000 people died on September 11, 2001,
and many more soldiers are dying today,
fighting for their country in Iraq
risking their lives to keep us safe.
"What will happen now?" ask many people,
Nobody will know until the war is over.

Yera Park
Weber Elementary School
Iowa City, IA
Grade 6

Martin Jr.'s Dream of Love

Martin Jr. is a delight to me
Because he fought and won many battles.
He gained many rights that blacks wanted.
Martin Jr. made speeches that people liked and hated.
He made moves for freedom.
He turned hate into forgiving love.
Martin Jr. wanted to change the world.
Martin Jr. waited patiently for the day
When blacks and whites would sit
Together at a table of love.
He waited for two different things
To see each other special and significant
In their own way.
He never made it to the day
Where we loved one another as a family.
With no prejudice, no hatred, but only love.
Beautiful, forgiving love.

Katrina Miller
Whitman Elementary School
Mesa, AZ
Grade 4

I'll Love You

I'll love you dad, I'll love you
Till the winter becomes summer
The fish swim in the air
And the red hot lava twirls around the roses.

I'll love you till the trees
Are happy or sad
And the lilies sprout like fire
And wind

Till the ocean rises over the clouds
And the mountains crumble with joy
Till the seasons change like
The frog and in my heart I hold
Power of the sea

Julien Trevare
Coeur d'Alene Avenue Elementary School
Venice, CA
Grade 4

Mouse in Church

Every Sunday,
Early in the morning,
I wake up to the sound of the church bells ringing.
In my dark hiding spot I listen
To the pastor preach to all the town folks,
And after the last hymn,
When there is peace and quiet,
I take my afternoon nap.

Jacob Leavitt
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 4

What Is Blue

Blue is the color when you feel kind of down,
Blue is the color of the sky above town.
Signs and buttons are the color blue,
Coats and hats and jewelry too!
Blue is the color of a graduation gown,
Blue is the color of the house across town.
Blue is Sonic the Hedgehog on TV,
Blue is the best color to me.
Blue is the color of the skies,
Blue is the color of some people's eyes.
Some flowers are blue in the sunshine.
Blue comes in all shades, all kinds.
Blue is the color of my fish,
It is also the color of my mom's favorite dish.
The color of blue is my bedroom wall,
It's the color of people's phones when they want to make a call.
It's the color of some people's doors,
The color of some rugs that lay upon floors.
When I'm sad I feel blue all over,
I like blue, it's my favorite color.

Matthew Albrecht
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Mom

I know I haven't been
Your very best friend
Even though we've been through so much
You still have the slightest touch
Even though I yell at you
You make all my dreams come true
Mom you are the very best
You've put me through so many tests
You have always been there for me
As many times as I've made you tea
Could not make up for how much you've helped me

Matthew Marez
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

Marbles in Possession

It is said each independent soul
has a marble in which their life is controlled.
To that expectation, you cannot bare!
When yours has been rolled into a complete ring,
your days are up, though you don't feel anything.
These marbles remain as they are.
If another marble shall go down your lane,
and hit your lifeless marble, the owner shall pass away.
It goes like that each passing day…

Krupa Patel
Mark Twain Elementary School
Niles, IL
Grade 4

The Poorest Man Has More Than Me
I have been slain by a dragon,
Though I have slain one myself.
I know everything,
But I don't know myself.
I have everything,
But the poorest man has more than me.
I fear nothing,
But what I know.
I have figured out all the mysteries,
But not the one I don't know.
I have been slain by a dragon,
Though I have slain one myself.

Katherine Powers
Abraham Lincoln Elementary School
Glen Ellyn, IL
Grade 5

Hurricane
night time
clanking doors
noisy wind
roof breaking
broken windows
glass flying around
people panicking
thundering rain
streets flooding
city destroyed
people drowning
people leaving
destruction

Luis Nunez
J A Alford Elementary School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 4

Winter
Winter is not my season of the year
There are some white tailed deer
Winter is when snow falls
My friends and I throw snowballs
I try to make snowmen
But they sort of bend
I make pretty angels of snow
They are dissolved by a big blow
Winter is close to Christmas
This is a holiday I could never miss
Winter time is so cold
My summer clothes are sold
Winter isn't my season but is it yours?

Nicole Duke
J.N. Fries
Concord, NC
Grade 6

Life
Life is a work of art
And you never need to restart
You can go as far as you want in life
Because you know you're larger than it.
At least one person in this world
Makes a miracle every day.
That person could be you.

Kylie Ellis
Upper Lake Elementary School
Upper Lake, CA
Grade 5

One Year
Spring
warm, green
blooming, glowing, growing
flowers, petals, snowballs, sleds
snowing, working, playing,
cold, happy
Winter

David Long
Truman Elementary School
Nevada, MO
Grade 5

In the Sky
Up in the sky is a cloud.
Up in the sky is a kite.
What we see are things
That are made out of clouds.

The sky is blue.
When it's dark the sky turns black.
You see small, little, glowing, bright
Stars up in the sky.

You can see lots of things in the sky.
I lay on the grass to look
At the stuff made out of clouds
Floating in the sky.

Haley Thao
J A Alford Elementary School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 4

Girl
mature, feminine
shopping, listening, drawing
girly, accessories, competitive, lazy
playing, running, daring
manly, odd
Boy

Meredith Vertin
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

The Weapon
The weapon
is sharp
it lays
for nine years
in the dark
rusting
its blade
for nine years
sharp

Alex Buckmaster
Sequiota Elementary School
Springfield, MO
Grade 4

Fire
Demolishing
Burning, snapping
Spreading, cracking, destroying
Angry, illuminating, warm, burning
Destroying

Ethan Mills
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Stubborn and Beauty
Stubborn and Beauty were the best fish,
I loved them so.
When I woke up that fateful morning,
He was still and peaceful.
He had died that night,
I did not know when.
Beauty died that afternoon,
I didn't know what to do.
The pain will never be gone,
And I will never forget them.

Irma Aganovic
Wheeling Elementary School
Aurora, CO
Grade 4

Planets
Mercury, the hottest of them all,
Venus, drifts so far,
Earth, my own home,
Mars, may have life,
Jupiter, shaped like a bone,
Saturn, looks like a knife,
Uranus, is a pain to write,
Neptune, is freezing cold,
Pluto, can put up a fight,
There you have the solar system.

Alexandra Barton
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

The Severe Wind Storm

The wind is roaring louder than a lion.
The wind is deafening!
It is making the trees bend almost right in half.
Who knows what damage it will do.

You can see dust devils and bags blowing around,
you can see children trying to fight the wind.
Their eyes are watering,
and their hair is swirling round and round.

Is it a hurricane, a tornado?
I am very scared!
So I don't dare to go out,
for I think I will be blown away…

Breanna Carels
Ste Marie School
Bruxelles, MB
Grade 5

The Nest

At the front of my house
I saw a nest.
A nest
Then I climbed up a ladder.
I got scared
but I was dared to do it.
As I touched the nest
I began to calm down.
I saw the eggs,
six of them.
They were light blue
just like the color of my shoes.
I felt like Mother Nature's little girl
the first time I touched the eggs
and the smoothness of the shell on my fingers.
A soft wind tickled my cheeks.
Then I heard a chittery noise…
COULD IT BE?

Viviana Perez
J A Alford Elementary School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 4

What Is a Good Student?

Always on time
Is prepared
Pays attention throughout the day
Participates in class discussions
Stays on task when writing a descriptive story
Is a good listener
Has a love for learning
That is a good student!

Alexandra Cerone
Duffield Elementary School
Ronkonkoma, NY
Grade 4

My Dream

My dream, peace and quiet
The soft breeze
Its hands running through my hair
The long sharp grass tickling my neck
Rough somewhat soothing

My dream, the sun straining through the trees
Pushing its way to reach the shore
Watching the sailboats
Float past the horizon
The sand slipping through my toes
Gentle and easy

My dream, I am sitting on the damp grass
Sprayed with a layer of dew
The sun rising slowly
Birds gliding, catching my eye
Observing the nature no noise

My dream,
Dreaming of the things I could dream

Emily Rittenhouse
Norwood Avenue School
Northport, NY
Grade 5

Muscles

Muscles are big muscles are small,
Muscles make me feel ten feet tall.
Muscles make my legs and arms strong,
Muscles make me feel I can't go wrong.
Muscles are hot they are cool,
Muscles are good to wear to school.
Muscles make me feel bold,
Muscles make me feel like gold.
Muscles are for contact muscles are for sports,
Muscles make me look good in my navy school shorts.

Eddie Cooper
Twin Oaks Elementary School
Baton Rouge, LA
Grade 5

Good Day — Bad Day

A good day is good;
A bad day is just bad;
But some days are just the way to get you mad.
A good day is happy when you get A on your test
Or maybe just a B.
The air is very nice and fresh.
All good days are the very very best.
But when bad days appear, don't get sad or depressed.
Just get a happy face and then forget the day was there.

Makayla Wray
Elizabeth Seton Elementary School
Pittsburgh, PA
Grade 6

The Best Mom

If you were an animal, you would be a lion, because you are brave, powerful, but loving, and protective of your cubs.
If you were a flower, you would either be a rose, because of your strong sweet fragrance,
or you would be a daisy, because you are always looking on the bright side.
If you were a color, you would be purple, because you're a mix of everything.
If you were a scent, you would be a mix of salty ocean air, freshly cut grass, and a dash of cinnamon.

You tell me everything.
You are beautiful.
You care for me.
You are an exotic Brazilian dancer.
You are a great cook.
You are incredibly generous.
You make me feel special and loved.
You think of me every second.
You ask me about my day.
And most of all you have a great big warm, loving heart especially right when I get home!
You are THE BEST MOM EVER because you say I'm perfect just the way I am!
LOVE,
Your 1st Daughter
Nicole

Nicole Paine
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 5

The Hawk in Me

There is a hawk in me
With beautiful, brown feathers like a yard of Japanese silk
And big glassy eyes like smooth stones found at the bottom of a waterfall.
Its screech is like the sound of an earsplitting scream after a child has fallen off her bike.
It soars through the sky like a colorful kite flying through the air on a windy day.
It lives in my soul
And makes me remember that I can do anything if I put my mind to it.
I wish that I could feel this way every moment of my life
And that it will be with me in my toughest times.

Megan Galvin
Big Creek Elementary School
Cumming, GA
Grade 5

Kelly

Funny, Nice, Smart
Wishes to…grow up and have a healthy family
Dreams of…becoming a teacher
Wants to…live a good life
Who wonders…what it's like to be famous
Who fears…tarantulas and any other poisonous spider
Who is afraid of…tragedies happening to her family
Who likes…fishing and being outdoors
Who believes …everybody should be treated equally
Who loves…hanging with her best friends, going shopping, and eating meat lovers pizza
Who plans…to grow up and be successful, live a healthy life, and go to Hollywood someday!!!!!

Kelly Katona
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Cats

Cats carefully clean counters
Bragging bees buzz busily but…
Lazy lions and lizards lick lollipops
Cats are crying 'cause
Bees are bragging and bees are bragging because
Lions and lizards are lazy
Soon something slithers and everybody stares
Screaming sneaky snake! Sneaky snake!
Then everything becomes busy again!

Chelsea Julian
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

Basketball Shoes

Basketball shoes are cool and nice.
They cost a lot but are worth the price.
You can wear them to games and to parties,
They have style and are shiny.
They can be big or tiny,
Basketball shoes are one of the best.
I think they are better than the rest.

Yohannes Ghenbot
Maternity B V M Elementary School
Bourbonnais, IL
Grade 6

My Life

My life as an outcast,
My life as a dream.
My life is nothing,
Compared to what it seems.

My life is in the shadows,
Staying away from the crowd.
My life is keeping its distance,
It wants to stay on the ground.

It wants to run away from here,
It wants to get rid of all the fear.
It wants to take away the pain,
It wants to get away from the shame.

My life as a beggar,
It begs for many things that it cannot have.
It needs to get help,
It doesn't want this evil wrath.

My life is dying in the dark.
It's lost its wings to fly.
I don't know why.
I just feel my life wanting to cry.

Elle Romero
Olivero Garza Sr Elementary School
Mission, TX
Grade 5

Not an Ordinary Day

It was an ordinary day;
people walking, talking, and having fun.
Just as the children began to play
passengers waved bye to their daughters and sons.

The normal day was put on hold
as they relaxed on their departing flight.
No idea about what was to unfold
just the awe of the brilliant city sight.

Then two men approached the cockpit;
fear and confusion filled the air.
Towards the towers which they would hit
innocent people…how could this be fair.

We're stronger now and will always remember
the dreadful eleventh of September.

Hoskins LAL2
Ann A Mullen Middle School
Sicklerville, NJ
Grade 6

My Angel

I asked God,
What the glimmering lights
Were in the top of the dark sky,
He told me so it was an angel's eye
Looking down on me,
God said they would be there
As long as I needed a special guardian,
But I know that eye shall never leave my shoulders
They will always stay above me,
Even though I may not see
That special angel shining down on me.

Samantha Szarmach
Bell-Graham School
Saint Charles, IL
Grade 5

Broken Heart

My heart is broken like a kite that can't fly
My father has passed to a place of beauty
Even though I know he is happy, I cry and cry and cry
Like a faucet that won't turn off.

Is this real? I feel like I'm traveling in a strange dream
Nothing feels right, nothing fits
My family needs each other for comfort
Like a warm blanket on a winter's night
"He is with us now in spirit, we love him and always will"
Only the power of love…
Will heal our shattered, broken hearts

Elif Humet
Harold D Fayette Elementary School
North Merrick, NY
Grade 6

The Lake

A lake is a shining flower
Dancing across the grass
I see it shining in the sunlight
On hot summer days.

The creatures among the water
Are hideous to me
While I am swimming they
Come and bite my toes.

The sun shining down on the water
Is such a pretty sight
I like to see it on the water
Sparkling like glitter thrown down
On the water, upon me.

Sophie Lawton
Breakwater School
Portland, ME
Grade 5

A Beautiful Day

Red roses
Rose from
The ground
While growing.

Green grass
Gazed at
The sky,
While being rooted
To the ground.

Sunny sun
Sat in the sky
Seeing a
Sunlit day.

Today was
A rosy,
Grassy, and
Bright day
Because it was
A beautiful day!!

Melinda Chittarath
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Gallant George

Gallant George glided on gliders
while gargoyles guarded
his golden gauntlet.

George Barber
Taylors Elementary School
Taylors, SC
Grade 4

Icy White

White is as soft as a blanket fresh from the dryer.
As dark as clouds sleeping at night.
White is very clear and light as a dove dancing around in the snow.
White is as strong as a princely horse trampling through ice.
But white will always be WHITE!

Allie LaSorte
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 5

My Name Is Jess

My name is Jess
The name I should be called is the man because I'm
Responsible
The animal that is inside me is a dog because I'm hyper
What is in my heart is my family because they help me in my homework
The sound I like is the ocean
The sound I dislike is fingers scratching the chalkboard
The smell I like is fresh grass
The smell I dislike is dead animals
I love to touch dog hair
I don't like to touch tarantulas
Something I like to look at is an ocean
I don't like to see an empty lake
My favorite memory is when my family gets together
My favorite thing is being with my family

Jess Harris
Whiteland Elementary School
Whiteland, IN
Grade 5

I Am...

I am a good person with a positive attitude.
I wonder what people think of me.
I hear music and laughter.
I see the sunrise and set.
I want to make my life worthwhile.
I am a good person with a positive attitude.

I imagine what life will be like in 100 years.
I feel what it's like to be pleased.
I touch the hearts of those I meet.
I worry when I think no one understands.
I cry when I am lonely.
I am a good person with a positive attitude.

I understand what teenagers go through.
I say "I can do anything."
I dream that one day I will go to heaven.
I try not to let what others think of me, destroy what I think of myself.
I hope I will die a happy and healthy person.
I am a good person with a positive attitude.

Kelley Ahlberg
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Old Clock

The old clock outside my bedroom
Tells me another second has gone by
When I walk by she tells me seconds have been used

I hear the clock breathing tick tock
Tick tock as she tells me seconds have gone

I listen every time I hear her breath going
She's starting to slow on her running
She'll be gone sometime soon

I'll remember the breathing as she dies
Slower and slower each day
She'll tell me the time

Kelli Shelton
Whiteland Elementary School
Whiteland, IN
Grade 5

A Job of a Toothpick

I am a toothpick don't laugh at me for that
It is a special job to pick out food and junk like that
Sometimes they have a big job interview,
And have something in their teeth and don't know what to do
So that's where I come in to help a tooth or two
So if you are in one of these situations you know what to do
Just pick up a friendly toothpick; he will know what to do
So if you need his help you can find him on a shelf

Adam Johnson
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

Colorful Dreamer

I am a colorful dreamer.
I wonder about rainbows like rivers.
I hear the sound of night dreams coming to my head.
I see lines of shining sun peeking out from under the clouds.
I want to pass all of the levels of life.
I am a colorful dreamer.
I pretend to sleep when a cold day is coming.
I feel that I'm in fields of rainbows.
I touch the air that's everywhere.
I worry about what's happening next.
I cry about the last days of other people.
I am a colorful dreamer.
I understand nature.
I say the truth and only the truth.
I dream the way the world goes.
I try to keep the best.
I hope someday I get a job and see how great I can do.
I am a colorful dreamer.

Demi Fohl
County Line Elementary School
Germantown, WI
Grade 5

Mother

A blessing of God,
A powerful figure
Each moment with her always seems less.
Her care, her love, her comfort
Always compensate her anger.
Tireless in her efforts,
To protect and raise her children.
As she passes by,
All of nature is at her feet.
With each morning rise,
She's up with the sun,
Works like a mill,
Always on the run.
None with her work,
All stressed out she sinks into,
A sofa lays down to rest.
Then the sun descends,
And the day is done,
Through with all her chores,
She's simply the greatest one.

Hina Khawaja
Public School 148 Ruby Allen
East Elmhurst, NY
Grade 6

A Tornado Has Hit My Room

A tornado has hit my room,
All my clothes and toys have met their doom.
My underwear is on the lampshade,
My porcelain doll cracked and needs first aid.
My dirty gym socks are on the dresser,
(I wish they smelled a little fresher).
I dropped my ant cage,
Now they are all in a rampage.
If mom finds out she will fall into a coma,
And then I will have to run away from homa.
My pet rat has gotten loose,
The cotton is coming gout of my stuffed Dr. Seuss.
When my mom saw the mess she threw a gigantic fit,
And then she said that was it!
Now I have to use a mop and broom,
All because a tornado has hit my room.

Katie T. Thibadeau
Erskine Elementary School
Cedar Rapids, IA
Grade 5

I Am a Dragon

I am a dragon, soaring through the blue-green skies.
I am a dragon, hunting in the rocky mountains.
I am a dragon, sleeping on the green grass.
I am a dragon.

Elizabeth MacDonald
Kenwood Elementary School
Kenwood, CA
Grade 5

The Big Fat Ugly Fish

Did you see that fish
That big ugly fish
The fish was fat
As fat as a cat
The fish always eats a snack
The fish is blue
As blue as you
And I cooked that fish
In a stew

Caleb McCormick
Freeport Elementary School
Freeport, FL
Grade 4

Beneath the Ripples

Beneath the ripples
I see a friend
someone helpful and wise
he comforts me when I'm sad
he helps me with my problems
as he washes my troubles away
the sun sets
and we part
until tomorrow

Cooper Carbone
Ossipee Central School
Center Ossipee, NH
Grade 6

Paradise

What is this place called paradise?

P alm trees
A bundant fish
R are birds
A ttractive flowers
D elicious fruit
I nspiring views
S hiny shells
E normous blue skies

Allison Foronda
Corpus Christi School
San Francisco, CA
Grade 6

Earthlings/Aliens

Earthlings
Soft, nice
Living, growing, dying
Colorful, caring, scheming, hard
Mean, green,
Aliens

Kristy Ferrari
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Behind

Behind these bars is a person.
Behind this person is me.
Behind this smile is a frown.
Behind the ups there's always a down.
Behind the door is a wall.
Which sits there so bold and so tall.
Which once had memories.
But now none at all.

Autumn Cobb
Hillcrest Elementary School
Oklahoma City, OK
Grade 5

Shadow

Shadow
One of my best friends,
He never leaves and I never leave him,
We agree on everything,
While night grows,
He grows larger while,
Other shadows bully down the sun,
But my shadow is my best friend.

Camryn Truban
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

The Beach

The waves on my face
Feel wonderful and so great
When I splash and play

Brittany Kinsella
Wapping Elementary School
South Windsor, CT
Grade 4

Tree Frog

Speckled green
Slimy skin
Dark red
Bulging eyes
Rattling voice
Large mouth
Sticky tongue
Nighttime feeder
Insect eater
Sticky orange
Flexible fingers
Three toed
Webbed feet
Tropical forest
Tree climber

Michael Stern
Hambden Elementary School
Chardon, OH
Grade 4

The Mackinac Bridge

The Mackinac Bridge
It stretches across the straits
It is a sweet sight!

Connor Doud
Crestwood Elementary School
Rockford, MI
Grade 4

A Fish to Remember

It happened on May fourth
In the year two thousand-four,
That was the date
In which my heart became sore.
My heart soon sank
Like a damaged boat,
Such as the Titanic
Believed to stay afloat.
Though fish don't seem important
My love for this one was true,
But no matter how much you love them
They will never love you.
Whenever I think about him
I start to cry,
And then I ask myself
"Why did Fantail have to die?"

Anna Fratianni
Donlin Drive Elementary School
Liverpool, NY
Grade 6

I Am

I am a wave,
Moving freely through the ocean.
I am a tree,
My branches swaying in the wind,
I am a river,
Twisting and turning down a mountain.
I am a prairie,
My grasses swaying in the wind.
I am a cloud,
Drifting through the sky.
I am a leaf,
Falling to the ground.
I am a sunset,
Making my way slowly down the horizon.
I am a person,
Moving freely,
Twisting and turning,
Swaying,
Drifting,
Falling,
And making my way through the world.

Alexis Wrem
Merriwether Middle School
North Augusta, SC
Grade 6

Birthday

B est friends come over,
I 'm jealous for presents,
R eady to see a movie,
T hanking everybody for coming,
H appy Birthday songs,
D ressing up,
A ll ready to go home,
"**Y** es, I got it!"

Michelle Carlson
Murray County Central Elementary School
Slayton, MN
Grade 5

Weather

The weather today was cold.
Rain falls down.
Bang, bang, bang.
The rain's raining fast.
Making sound, rain sound.
It sounds like a gun.

On the next day it snowed.
Ah choo, ah choo, and ah choo,
I have a cold.
Clank, clank, clank the snow hill fell.
It was making a timber sound.

Hail appears out of nowhere.
Click, click, click I'm hearing hail.
Hitting the ground.
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Thunder storming through the air.

Then it was raining.
Lightning lights your house with a bright light.
Ding-dong the doorbell rang.
As I watch the weather change.
Bang, clank; click, booms the sound of weather.

Alex Yang
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

As I Ride

Running through the grass so green,
Over hills and down the lane,
As I held to her silky mane,
More ground of the field we gained,
Running through the grass so green,
Heading to a place serene,
Where no one ever wants to leave,
While running through the grass so green.

Skye Pritchard
Crolancia School
Pickle Lake, ON
Grade 5

Donna the Mom

Here's the truth about Donna,
She's helpful, kind, and gracious,
Understands your every problem,
Listens to you with all her heart,
And gives the best answers.
Is a nurse to everyone,
Mends anything that ever hurts.
Also makes every last bit of food delicious.
Donna makes sure the house is running fine,
Makes repairs if ever needed.
These are just a few of the things that Donna the Mom
Does every single hour, of every single day,
All year long!

Marina McGrath
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Animals of the Sea

Sunfish, starfish, moonfish
These are animals of the sea
The sunfish make sure the light of day is seen down in the sea
The moonfish give off a glowing light during the very dark night
And the starfish — small they are — can swim very far

Snow fish, rain fish, cloud fish
These are animals of the sea
The snow fish are crystal white and bold
They can make the temperature very cold
The rain fish can simply create a very harsh storm
And the cloud fish just dance and sing until their voices ring

Fish of many colors
Fish of many names
Fish that do many different things
These are animals of the sea

Alixandre Azizi
Norwood Fontbonne Academy
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 6

I Am From...

I am from Inman, a good little town
Which is in South Carolina
Where everybody lives without a crown.
I am from the sound of my pet bird tweeting every day.
I see her sit and say TWEET! TWEET! TWEET!
I hear her tweet all day long.
I am from the feeling of hugs and kisses from my family.
Soft skin, hug again
I love them a lot.
I am from friends who help me a lot when things are tough.

Heather Haynes
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 4

Fat Ed

He stumbled into the restaurant his eyes were all aglow.
He wedged himself into a chair and began his dinner show.

The waiter used two notebooks to simply take his order.
And the wait time was the longest that's been seen along the border.

And when the food was finally done the boss lined up his cooks.
Under the weight of Ed's dinner the whole darn table shook!

There were five salads, six buttered rolls, twenty hush puppies, two clam bowls,
Ten pork chops, fifty hot wings, fifteen friend shrimp, and sixty onion rings.

Four buttered lobsters, nine cooked potatoes, thirty double cheese burgers extra tomatoes,
eighty deep-fried lamb chops, three chicken thighs, forty baby carrots, and two hundred salty fries.

And once the meal was finished, Ed belched an appreciative song,
but his joy was quite soon ended, The bill was two miles long!

Connor McMillen
Central Park Elementary School
Plantation, FL
Grade 5

Father's Day

Father's day is something to celebrate and listen to what your father says.
Whether you want to go out for a treat, or just to eat. Anything's good for your father, whether it's messy or neat.
Father's Day is something to have fun, think of it as a holiday, and look at what you've done.
A pleasant card to greet your father, it's better then doing something, instead of not to bother.
I'll make my father a spring card, I'll work so hard,
To make a card with light. When you open it up, you see something bright.
It's a red heart to show love, and look, there's something above.
It's a letter, that I'll make and then for dessert, I'll make a cake.
I want this day to be special, 'cause it's Father's Day, not a gesture.
I want everything to be nice and decorative, maybe I'll add something native.
I know everyone is happy about Father's Day, so they sit at their seat, and hear everything that their father says.
I know it's hard work, not easy as bending a fork.
I have to make my card and cake, make it real, and not fake.
My brother and I will do something, a surprise, or something to sing.
Well, I can't wait until the 20th, to surprise my father, me, my mom and my brother.

Pardeep Kainth
The Valleys Senior Public School
Mississauga, ON
Grade 6

Too Much Ice

The sun turned to ice.
The moon was so cold.
The Earth started to freeze.
Now there's no life or words.
There's a hush over the universe.
Everything is slippery ice.
After awhile the sun started to burn and everything became warm and snugly again.
All the people and children came back in a rush and the Earth was saved from another ice age thanks to the sun.

Abony Siguenza
Tucson Country Day School
Tucson, AZ
Grade 4

Sports

The clash of cultures!
Separates the good, hard working winners
From the sore losers.
We need sports, you see.
If you take them away,
You take away our childhood.
We need sports!

Chris Hayden
Chrisney Elementary School
Chrisney, IN
Grade 5

The Sun

Sun is a very happy guy.
Dances around in the sky.
Has a couple friends named,
Cloudy, Blue, and Air Plane.
The sun is a very bright student when it comes to school.

The sun is always smiling.
It only frowns when it is behind his friend, Cloudy,
Even though you can't see it.
But...usually he has a smile.

The sun travels across the sky for 12 hours every day,
And man does he get tired.
When he gets tired,
The moon takes over for him.
The moon is his cousin.

That is why the sun is so happy... he has all these friends;
He also is happy because
He is the person who made everything on Earth stay alive.
The sun is a very happy guy.

Jakeob Jones
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Snow Horse

There's a beautiful white horse
Galloping through a young meadow
His breath so hard
His hoofbeats like the wind
Pounding on the door wishing to come in
His mane and tail flying like grass waving in the breeze
His legs so strong nothing can slow them down
Like a freight train never stopping until it gets to its destination
His eyes so alive it looks as if he, himself holds the world,
His ears sensitive as ripples on a pond
His coat shining like new fallen snow
He is the Snow Horse

Kimberly Lewis
Spring Creek Country Day School
Fort Collins, CO
Grade 5

My Hero

My hero isn't Superman, or an NBA player.
My hero isn't going around trying to save the world.
She is right at home, near me, helping every day.
My hero is my grandma, and this she will always be.

Not only is she here for me, but everyone around her.
She is the nicest person you'll ever meet, I promise.
With a tender heart and gentle hands,
She tries to save the world.

My grandma is my hero, and this she will always be.

Annie Honebrink
Beechwood Elementary School
Fort Mitchell, KY
Grade 6

A Game of Chess

I'm ready to play, the board's all set up
But my opponent's as slow as maple syrup
As soon as he gets here, I'll be ready to play
I think this will be the match of the day

I start out with the "king's gambit"
But my opponent is eager to copy it
I move up the pawn in front of the queen
Then he takes it, now isn't that keen?

Now we've entered the middle game
But the score is still very much the same
Though I'm ahead by a pawn and a rook
My opponent's about to throw me in the brook

Now, it's the beginning of the end game
But I'm about to go down in shame
If my opponent plays Queen to B8
Then it'll be over, 'cause it'll be checkmate

When the deed was done and the game was over
I had won, using my "rook rollers"
But I knew before I was destined to win
And I sure put my opponent's head in a spin

Grant Yosenick
Marian Bergeson Elementary School
Laguna Niguel, CA
Grade 4

Winter

Cold winter
by the frozen lake
is snuggling by the fire
throwing snowballs, building snowmen, sleep
It's so cold

Sherry Williamson
Ponca City West Middle School
Ponca City, OK
Grade 6

The Bear

I see a bear eating everything
The bear I see is hunting for food

The bear is looking for something
The bear is roaring

The bear is noisy and black
The bear is eating a rabbit

The bear is resting
The bear is waking

The bear can hop
The bear can run

Matthew Crook
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Nikki

Nikki
Friendly, nice
Playing, eating, learning
Happy, excited, tired, joyful
Friend

Lindsay Taylor
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

First Things First

First the pig then the hog
First the puppy then the dog
First things first
First the good then the bad
First the happy then the sad
First things first
First the mean then the nice
First the water then the ice
First things first
First the sun then the moon
First the radio then the tune
First things first
First the study then the test
First the bad then the best
First things first
First our God then the Earth
First the mom then the birth
First things first
First the trapped then the free
That's the way it has to be
First things first

Matthew Daigle
Evergreen Elementary School
Saint-Lazare, QC
Grade 5

A Happy Moment

Once in my lifetime a Genie granted me three wishes,
If a Genie granted you three wishes would you be at home doing dishes?
I know my answer do you know yours,
I'd rather be at home cleaning the floors.
If my family couldn't be granted three wishes,
Then I'd like to be at home doing dishes.

Margaret Miller
Mount Orab Middle School
Mount Orab, OH
Grade 6

Where I'm From…

Where I'm from…
I'm from the splashing water of the river,
Kids laughter while playing in the rain,
The view on top of the hill in form of a chair,
The dog barking, the baby crying,
The doctor saying how she was,
The new neighborhood and kids,
The cold hospital rooms and hallways,
The tears of sorrow when my mom wasn't with me,
The size of her body as small as a doll,
Her small nose with tubes in them,
Her hands attached to those needles and her eyes wanting to say…
Help me!
Even thought she couldn't,
Sadness, pain, tears, loneliness, happiness and love
That's where I'm from.

Stephanie Salazar
Sidney Lanier Middle School
Houston, TX
Grade 6

Figments of the Past

Alone on my throne
No one is home
The silken cloth, no longer soft
The cherry wood, dusty and dull
My kingdom and I
Forgotten, abandoned
But I remember when it was full
The music floated through the air
People danced on fairy wings, their feet barely brushing the ground
The cherry wood glistened and polished
Everyone listened and laughed
My silken dress of the finest gold, a light, fluffy cloud
My heart pure as an angel's whispered love
What beauty comes from above
And I remember without remorse
And I will sit here waiting
Waiting, for a knock on the door, or anything more
Waiting for something of the past

Casey Jarvis
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 5

Laying in Bed

As day turns to night
Laying in bed what a wonderful sight
You can hear the cars honking as people head home
And see the stars and the moon filling the dark sky
You hear the dogs bow-wow and the cats meow
And the little crickets and the lightning bugs
And all the other creatures that roam the night
Finally you say your prayers and cuddle in bed
You can't wait until a new day
When you wake up and the sun is shining
Waiting for you to come out and play
You close your eyes to your surprise
You have wonderful dreams
And wake up ready to start a new day

Erin Hockema
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

Who Is God?

Who is God?
He is every cloud in the sky,
A bird on a rock,
An airplane driver way up high
He is the wind on your face,
Near your mom's antique vase,
By every single slit of grass on the ground
Watching over some things with a sound
God is a book
The little corner in your room,
A small, lonely brook
Soon covered in flowers abloom.
Who is God?
You might ask
Who is He?
Do you call Him a fraud?
Who is God?
He is everything you know of,
And He is inside of you and me
God is everywhere,
Can't you see?

Tori Richardson
Richlands Elementary School
Richlands, NC
Grade 5

Video Games

Video games are very fun.
There are different types of video games to play.
On different systems.
There are different views.
On different games.

Alejandro Quintana
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

Why

You look up in the sky and wonder why
Why are there so many stars in the sky?
So many stars up in space
Are they there to give us hope and faith?
I doubt they're there to make us hate
But every day we get worse and worse at a fast rate
And I think that if everyone looked,
Really looked at the starry skies
We would have faith in our eyes.

Aileen Gelb
Wake Robin Elementary School
Bellevue, NE
Grade 6

What Is Orange?

Orange is the color of an orange on a tree
Orange is the color of a goldfish looking at me
Orange is the color of leaves falling down
Orange is the color of flowers all around
Orange is the color of my lunch pail that I take to school
Orange is how you feel when you break a rule
Orange is the color of pumpkins in October
Orange I wish was the color of an Irish clover
Orange is the color of a rising sun
Orange is the color of summertime fun
Orange is the color of carrots that rabbits eat
Orange is the color of a band's music beat
Orange is the color of many things…
Oh, what happiness the color orange brings!

Lauren Henry
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Spring

I love the wonderful enchanted spring
It makes me feel euphoric and giddy
It comes in with a bouncy breezy fling
And I enjoy when the air is windy

The vivid tulips and daffodils bloom
And the leaves on the birch trees change color
The nice colors of flowers don't cause gloom
And the trees make the gardens look fuller

The butterflies with their cool colors zoom
Across the beautiful fields with birds
Their lighthearted songs fill a joyful room
And you notice that you're happy you heard

When you've had a sad and horrible day
You can go outside and play

Georganna Panos
William Spyropoulos School
Flushing, NY
Grade 5

Nature Is Great

Grass is green
Grass is hair
Grass is growing
Grass is there

Trees drink water
Trees grow leaves
Trees watch everything
A tree is a giant

Flowers could be red
Flowers could be green
A flower bed is a rainbow
With all the colors

Vegetables are healthy
They make you big and strong
They grow your garden
A vegetable is a guardian

Dylan Beresford
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

America

50 states full of red, white and blue,
From black and white,
From me to you,

United we stand,
Hand in hand,

Sea to sea,
From she to he,

So many important dates,
Though out the 50 states,

And here is one thing we can do…
We can keep this country true!

Kyle Leinhauser
Newtown Elementary School
Newtown, PA
Grade 5

Camping

See the s'mores
Smell the campfire
Hear the bugs
Touch the pine sap
Taste the fire cooked meal
It's all GREAT

Lisa Rosado
Shaftsburg Elementary School
Perry, MI
Grade 4

The Sound of Dancing Bubbles

Silver is the smell of icicles.
The sound of dancing bubbles.
Morning breeze against my face.
Silver, the twin to gray.

A bright lake trickling with shining rays.
The sound of dancing bubbles.
Tears that run down my face.
A silver medal I won.

Silver is the shine of a ring.
The sound of dancing bubbles.
Water running down my dirty hands.
The look of excitement in your eye.

Silver is the smell of dancing bubbles.

Grace Ralph
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Snow

Snow is sparkly as an ice cube.
Snow glitters like a shiny white diamond.
Snow is slippery like a skating rink.
Snow is as hard as a bowling ball.
Snow is quieter than a falling tree.
Snow is fun when making a snow fort.

Jonathan Dean
Glenrosa Elementary School
Westbank, BC
Grade 4

Sea Turtles

I like sea turtles.
They float in beautiful water.
They swim very fast.
Once I saw one in the sunset.
He liked the beautiful sunset.

Alex Molineiro
Lake Shore Elementary School
Pasadena, MD
Grade 4

Friends

Friends
nice, bright
caring, seeking, helping
friendly, help others, cares, peaceful
loving, celebrating, making friends
great person, sharing
Terrific

Renarda Johnson
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Proud

September 11th scared
us all, some joys of Americans
shall now all but I am proud
to be an American because of many
men who fought to save our country
and the lives that we live. Every time
I watch that tape I think I just
might cry because every now and then
I wonder why all those people died.
Did they do wrong were they to blame?
It could have been the terrorist only
wanted fame. It's hard to believe
there are people out there searching
for revenge and they'll find it in
the strangest ways by releasing it on
the land of the free. They
highjacked our planes for it was
insane for whatever reason will
never be explained.
September 11th scared us all,
one joy of an American did not fall

Courtney Ennis
Stuart Middle School
Louisville, KY
Grade 6

Bubble Gum

Bubble gum, bubble gum
Take me out of the wrapper
Crinkle crinkle
Bubble gum, bubble gum
Chew me up
Crunch crunch
Bubble gum, bubble gum
Blow me into a bubble
Blow blow
Bubble gum, bubble gum
Pop me
POP!

Terra Rhoades
Scottish Corners Elementary School
Dublin, OH
Grade 4

Getting Better Getting Worse

Getting better getting worse
I caught a butterfly but then the flu
Getting better getting worse
I learned to fly but broke a leg
Getting better getting worse
Learned to drive but drove off a cliff
Getting better getting worse

Daniel Konyk
St. Paul Lutheran School
Westlake, OH
Grade 4

Cars!

C ars roar as they race around the track,
A gonizing churning is heard when brakes squeal to stop,
R oad rash tires speed across the hot surface,
S wift speed consists of putting the pedal to the metal.

Will Barrack
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

I Praise All

I praise
the growing things around me.
I praise
life that takes me to the moon and stars.
I praise
the animals that surround me.
I praise
my family who follow each other.
I praise
the spirits I knew and will always remember.
I praise
the peace.
I praise
the flowers blooming with the trees in the meadow.
I praise all
young and old.

Ramsey Abushahla
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 4

Laura

Laura
Hyper,
Smart,
Crazy,
Wishes to be a pro basketball player,
Dreams of being on the Cosby Show,
Wants to be a professional photographer.
Who wonders what the future will be like.
Who fears car accidents.
Who is afraid of her being older.
Who likes to have justice in the world.
Who believes in ghost.
Who loves to watch comedies.
Who loves to read.
Who loves to dance to Latin music.
Who loves to go to North Carolina.
Who plans to get a good education.
Who plans to go to a good college.
Who plans to get a good job.
Whose life will change in the future.

Laura McClam
Taylors Elementary School
Taylors, SC
Grade 5

Basketball

Basketball is my favorite game,
I like the different colors and the team names,
I like the way the ball rolls off your hands,
I even like the way your arm expands,
I like how the crowds are all joyful and excited,
And I like the way our teams are always united.

Tabitha Leek
Fisk Elementary School
Fisk, MO
Grade 6

Mom

My mom is very special to me
She treats me good yes indeed.
She knows just when to cheer me up
When my boyfriend and I just break up.

My mom is a very good nurse
She saves peoples lives with the stuff from her purse.
She works at a hospital in the ER
She gets there fast in her car.

She's a loving mother that is true
I wouldn't want anyone new.
She's the best mother I could ever have
When I'm hurt she uses salve.

My mom is a wonderful human being
She's never very mean.
She will always be there for me
When I fall down and scrape my knee.

Rachel Holcombe
Turkey Creek Middle School
Plant City, FL
Grade 6

Red Rose

I am a red rose.
You know me for the love that I express
and the joy that I bring.
I am deep and passionate.
My greatest friend is romance,
giving me strength and meaning.
I bloom because of the love
shared by humans.
Deep down I have a complex heart,
a heart of joy and everything that stands for happiness.
It sings blissfully to the tune of amour.
My enemy is cold sorrow and hate, breaking hearts,
causing my petals to drop,
until all of my memories of romance
drift into the air and vanish.

Mihail Eric
Woodland Hills Elementary School
Woodland Hills, CA
Grade 4

From Basketball to Sports

Basketball
Fun, exciting
Challenging, testing, playing
Hobbies, wonderful, hard, tiring
Hurting, fussing, tackling
Energy, speed
Sports

Andrea White
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Walking and Running

When I walk and when I run,
I feel the air of the day
With the rush of wind.
I see the rocks and the nuts.
I see the trees and their leaves.
You can go as fast as you want
And you can treasure it all!

Kelsi Stephens
Deer Ridge Elementary School
Fort Wayne, IN
Grade 5

A Teardrop Falls

Walking alone
with a broken heart
footsteps silent
a teardrop falls.

No one looks for her
no one listens
no one cares
a teardrop falls.

The great have fallen
love cannot help
only a soul stands
a teardrop falls.

Raven Meredith
Stuart Middle School
Louisville, KY
Grade 6

Hockey

Hockey is a sport
eight players wearing helmets and pads
skating with sticks to shoot the puck
moving fast on the ice to make a goal
people watching and cheering
HOCKEY

Alejandro Rivera
J A Alford Elementary School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 4

Niagara Falls

In morning Liberty walks to Niagara Falls…bath time
people can't see her she's behind the water
she waits to go home
climbs up goes home kicks over a dummy and stands up like there's no tomorrow

Jenna Neuman
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Understanding

I don't understand why the wind decides to blow,
why the leaves decide to fall,
why true colors rarely show.

I don't understand why winter dies away,
why flowers decide to bloom,
why animals come out to play.

I don't understand why the grass is always green,
why the ocean has waves,
why perfect days are rarely seen.

Just because I don't know everything, doesn't mean the end is near,
for if I knew everything,
I would not be here.

Grace Chediak
Sacramento Country Day School
Sacramento, CA
Grade 6

Crazy Morning

I woke up in the morning
And my bed complained to me
"Ow, your knee is digging into me!"
Then the bed bounced me off with a boing

I tried to ignore it so I went and ate
My cereal had eyes and my milk was covered in fish bait
I screamed
And went to the bathroom

I was brushing my teeth when I heard a mumble
I looked at my toothbrush and it grinned at me as I was jumbled
With all its bristles and such it shined so bright
I dropped it and ran

What a morning I have had
I sure am glad
It's almost over
So I crawled in bed, figuring to do my chores later, getting ready to take a nap
I was interrupted by someone tickling my feet
It was my bed spread trying to get me to go to sleep

Jenessa Monson
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

The Tricky Fish!

One day I met a fish,
Who was swimming in a dish.
He said "If you give five dollars I'll give you one wish."
So I wished I could be rich.
He sent me to a mansion,
And it was bigger than I imagined.
I opened the door,
And there was a boy who looked about twenty-four.
I'm sorry miss!
That's one very tricky fish,
And he's tricked somebody into five dollars before.
He works for a froggy,
But I wouldn't go get your five dollars back
'Cause it might be soggy.

Caroline Swank
Trenton Middle School
Trenton, MO
Grade 5

Leaves Are Blowing in the Wind

Fall is coming, leaves are falling, cold is setting in.
Leaves are blowing in the wind.
Trees of green turning bare…naked, just standing there.
Brown and old, strong but wise
Standing there with helpless lives.

Trees turning thin, surrounded by leaves of red and orange,
Bright colors that are warm as the sun,
With a welcome for everyone.
Children playing and laying there,
Having so much fun.
Leaves are blowing in the wind.

The wind is breezing by silently as a drop of a pin.
Leaves are falling with a graceful dance.
With a long look of a winter's glance.
Now you see the pumpkins sprouting out from the ground,
With many colors of orange and brown,
And leaves are blowing in the wind.
Now-a-days the sky is turning dim.
…Leaves are blowing in the wind.

Angela Himenez
Holy Spirit School
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 6

Birds

B eautiful birds, fly around me in circles.
I nside cages where people keep them for pets.
R ed and green macaw — a colorful bird.
D eserts are where some roadrunners live.
S oft, colorful feathers.

Shelbi White
Pines Elementary School
Plymouth, NC
Grade 4

Dogs

I love dogs, big and small,
Great Danes can be very tall.
Poodles are known for fancy hair cuts,
And mixes of breeds are just called Mutts.
Wiener dogs were first called Dachshunds,
And rescue dogs are usually Newfoundlands.
Bloodhounds have a keen sense of smell,
But Beagles have strong senses as well.
I love dogs, big and small,
Golden Retrievers are my favorite of all.

Alex Mardock
Marian Bergeson Elementary School
Laguna Niguel, CA
Grade 4

What Is Red?

Red is the color of tender hearts
Red is a ruby like cherry tarts
Red is the color of lucky lady bugs
And house things like sofas and rugs
Red is the color of lipstick
And the color of the strawberries that you pick
Red is the color of cherries
And the color of raspberries
Red is the color of a stop sign
Don't cross the red line!
Red is the color of roses
In the winter people have red noses
Red is the color of a fire alarm
And a barn on a farm
Red is the color of apples
And the kind of Snapple
Red is the color of playdough
And the color of the Teletubby Po
Red is my favorite shade
I wish everything in red was made!

Mariah Ambrosino
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Friends Forever

Friends forever
Will stay together,
Through thick and thin,
For better or worse,
Through life and death,
Through there and back,
Through hard times;
We'll be there for each other at the drop of a dime.
No matter what,
No one can break our friendship.

Alice Ervin
Southwestern Middle School
Windsor, NC
Grade 6

What Is Blue?

Blue is the color of an inferno flame; blue is the color at a Yankees game
And the sky of the daytime show; a beautiful color in the rainbow
Blue is the color of a bluebird's feather; blue is how you feel when you're under the weather
Blue is the color of the flower's bloom; blue is a bright color in a painted room
A Blue Spruce may be your Christmas tree; when you're sad, blue is all you see
The ocean blue, you can see afar; blue is the color of a wishing star
Blue jeans you wear over your legs; blue is the color of the horseshoe pegs
Blue is the color of pipe cleaners forming my world – full of dreamers
Blue is the rain trickling down my face; blue is the color when you're full of disgrace
Blue may be so many things, but blue is the color of pharaohs and kings
Blue is the ribbon in my hair; blue is the fern – Yes, growing over there!
What can blue be? Blue can be whatever you see!

Wendy Cosselman
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

The Mess I Made in the Kitchen

The mess I made in the kitchen was one not like before
it traveled from the kitchen to my bedroom door.
The kitchen is so messy that I wish it was a dream
this mess is so big that it's sure to make my mother scream.
I have to hurry up mother's on her way
if she catches me I will be in trouble every moment every day.
I can't just sit here right now it's time to clean
all this mess that I have made can never ever be seen.
I have to get the broom and our brand new mop
I have to hold the plates carefully so they will never drop.
A plate falls and crashes to the ground
when it hit the floor it made a breaking sound.
Oh no my mother's here as she pulls up in her car
I am not even close to finishing I am still very far.
My mom comes up to me and I am afraid like a chicken
I should have thought of what my mom would do to me before making the mess in the kitchen.

Rafiq Nabali
Church Street School
Hamden, CT
Grade 4

When I Need to Be Alone

My favorite place to go when I need to be alone is the ocean with its gray beautiful sky
and its waves crashing and falling against the rocks in a strange and rhythmic way.
The sand is warm, clear and mushy — great for making sandcastles or for burying yourself in.
When I'm at the ocean I can't possibly feel lonely or scared because there is life all around me, nature all around me.
The seagulls sing their chants, there's the wind breezing through the palms and there always seems to be
an occasional sand crab that feels bold enough to come out of its hole and play its clicking songs for me.
Whenever I'm angry, the first place I go is the ocean. Sometimes I build a sandcastle, other times I play in the waves.
I stand up and let the soft foamy waves carry me to wherever they please.
Other times I walk along the beach and collect seashells
or just listen to the whooshing sound the ocean makes as it hits against the shore.
All of these things are very soothing to me, that is why I love the ocean.
That is why it's the perfect place for me when I need to be alone.

Julia Corliss
St Mary School
Portage, WI
Grade 6

The Mackinaw Bridge
Oh Mackinac bridge
So long so wide to drive try
Amazing design

Ben Pitts
Crestwood Elementary School
Rockford, MI
Grade 4

Pennsylvania
My birth state,
She is so beautiful,
With the Delaware River,
Her towering mountains,
Lake Erie, and the Mason Dixon Line,
I am hers, she is mine,
I was born there, I will die there,
I will be there for all eternity.

Robbie Ewell
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

I Saw a Clown
I saw a clown
at the circus
with a great big frown
his eyes were big and brown

I saw a clown
who was not happy at all
if he went on the trapeze
he would fall

I saw a clown
who was lonely and sad
it made me wonder
if he had a dad
I tried to ask him questions
but he was just mad

I saw a clown today
who was very very sad!

Nicole Virgen
Buena Vista Elementary School
Palmdale, CA
Grade 6

My Room Is a Mess
My room is a mess,
I must confess,
I won't grin,
If you come in!

Jack Narciso
Moscow Elementary Center
Moscow, PA
Grade 4

Puppies
Puppies
Fluffy, playful
Running on their small paws
Big black wet noses touch your face
Sweetness

Hannah Cox
Granite Quarry Elementary School
Granite Quarry, NC
Grade 5

Insane Rain
Rain is bad,
It makes me sad,
My dog gets mad,
When it rains,
You hear no trains,
When it rains,
Everything seems horrible,
When it rains,
Everything becomes terrible,
When we hear no trains,
When it rains,
I have some weird pain,
So rain, so rain, go away,
And don't come back another day,
When it rains we play no games,
We stay in the house and,
Feel our pain,
Insane pain!

Teisha Holliman
Dermott Elementary School
Dermott, AR
Grade 5

Smart and Brave
I am smart and brave.
I wonder about Mama's health.
I hear Miguel's voice.
I want Papa back.
I am smart and brave.

I pretend I am fearless.
I feel sorrowful.
I touch the thorns.
I worry for Mama.
I cry because I miss Papa.
I am smart and brave.

I understand how ill Mama is.
I say Mama will get better.
I dream of going back to Mexico.
I am smart and brave.

Patrick White
St Stephen School
Grand Island, NY
Grade 5

Cats
Tom Elliot said they were "Jellical!"
Adrian Dover cried "Diabolical!"
My friends say "Sensational!"
But I think they are more.

A cat is loving.
Not obedient, though clean
And if they wish
They cannot be seen.

Cats have claws that
Glisten when sharp
With these claws they catch
Trout and carp.

The Singapura or
Tortoise Shell
Kitten, Tom,
Or female.

The cats rule
Everywhere.
About the world
They don't give a care.

Savannah Tipton
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

Ocean Dreams
The ocean; so calm
waves come and go
fish swim
sharks eat
the whales sit in peace
as the dolphins jump
If I dare to go down
I'll never come up!

Abby Keller
Immanuel Lutheran School
Valparaiso, IN
Grade 6

Things Changed
Things are changing way to fast
I look at my life and my past
You were there when I came in last
But you're different now
You could not care
Then I wonder
When and where
Things changed?

Matt Sparks
Finley Middle School
Kennewick, WA
Grade 6

Pet Protector

Not like the brightest star,
But not the old dull shoe.
He will jump and growl as if he
Were the police.
And he will never give up,
In this large, strange world.
Down the alley and through
The streets.
He will not go down without a
Fight,
He will honestly put up his
Paw and say,
"I will always protect this world!"

Ashley Eason
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Teachers

Teachers teach lots,
They love to teach,
Most all love students,
What am I saying? Most all? ALL!
Teachers

Nicole McCroskey
Indian Valley Elementary School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 4

Tear*

Tears
Pour like blue
Raindrops,
Onto the
Flower blossom.
As my heart grows
Alone and sad
My tears
Grow more.
I miss your face
In a crowd
Or in line
But nowhere
Can you be found.
In my heart
You will stay
Forever,
No matter
How far away
You are from me,
I will always love you!

Brandy Samples
Stuart Middle School
Louisville, KY
Grade 6
**Dedicated to Karen.*

In Time

People say in time the world will be at peace.

How long is in time,
A year, five, ten, more, or even never?

If in time ever does come, it can never replace the sacrifices people made.

Wars were fought.
Lives were lost.
And why?
All for peace.
But is it all worth it?

In time, we will know.

Laura Ernst
Washington Jr High School
Naperville, IL
Grade 6

Homeless Man

Homeless man, homeless man, eating out of an old, empty can,
There I am sitting in the van, I wish I could help, possibly I can,
I feel so sorry, I feel so sad, I feel so enraged, I feel so mad.
I would give him a car, or a hundred dollars in a jar,
I would give him my house, I would go so far,
I might even give him a real gold bar.
He is so sick he might even die,
If he was my neighbor I would bake him a pie,
All to help that poor homeless guy.
He is so poor, he has no cash, there he is, digging in the trash,
He raids every waste basket in a flash,
Picking up mostly bits of mish mash.
There he is, sleeping on the bench, his poorness just makes me clench,
If only helping him would be a cinch,
Sleeping on top of him, a tiny gold finch.
In the city, he is like a dot, food is what he has not,
I'm sure he has a lonely spot, I bet in the summer, he's really hot.
I would give him all my money, I would give him all I had,
I would give him my home, I wouldn't make him sad.
If all that stuff is possible, to do to a homeless man,
I'm willing to try, all I hopefully can.

Ryan Hull
Spoede Elementary School
Saint Louis, MO
Grade 4

Rodeo

R ig up the equipment and we're on the way!
O ver the cattleguards and through the dirt, we're here to stay.
D irty and tired we need someone hired
E ek a skunk! He really stunk.
O ops! Almost fell off the ladder to my bed, laid down to rest my aching head.

Celia Garrett
Ninnekah Elementary School
Ninnekah, OK
Grade 4

Unexpected Expectations

Distance growing between us
Separation becoming common
As if it were an expectation daily met
Carried through out our lives
Cause by a lack of communication
The shortage of needed understanding
The differences becoming more apparent
Or maybe it was the similarities that were unexpected
Facing the same daily problems in a different perspective
Carried out with more or less emotions
Trying too hard or not even attempting
Expecting it to be handed to us
Expecting it to happen with out our effort
Maybe our hearts are in the right place
Maybe our thoughts are in the right place
Maybe it just wasn't meant to be, maybe it is clear to see
Maybe it is a puzzle never to be solved
Not needing to be solved
Not expecting to be solved, nor given
And if we don't act quick; not to be taken

Nicole Ammons
St Peter Lutheran School
North Judson, IN
Grade 6

Falling

everything is gone
I used to be flying
I recently landed
ever since then I hit the ground and ran
every second I get more tired and things get worse
falling
falling
down to nothing
more fighting
more stress more fussing
falling
falling
falling, once again
oh how I wonder when this will end

Peter Smart
The Village School
Houston, TX
Grade 5

Eternity

I saw Eternity the other night,
It was a twinkling light that shone so bright.
I was sitting on a chair with Ma,
When up to the heavens rose Grandpa.
He waved to me, Dad, and Ma,
He even waved to dear Grandma.

Kayla Seymour
All Saints Catholic School
Cresson, PA
Grade 4

Peace

Peace is something we all must share.
Peace is a burden we all must bear.
Peace we want to give.
Peace is something we should live.
Peace.
We should give Peace and Harmony.
This is more important than money.
We must have peace and not wars and fights.
Peace is like the sunlight.
We need the sun to live.
Respect is what we must give.
Peace.
Peace is something we all must share.
Peace is a burden we all must bear.
Peace.

Jillian Hassel
North Avondale Montessori School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 5

Thank You

Thank you mother for cooking me dinner,
for being nice to me,
and for buying me most of my things
but most of all I thank you for being my mother
and for taking care of me all my life.

Phillip Lantz
Pawnee Elementary/Junior High School
Pawnee, TX
Grade 6

Broadway

I love being on stage
My favorite place to be

Scary to some
Awesome to me

When it's all done, I hear my friends cheer my name
That's when I knew I was destined to fame

Acting, dancing and singing too
Whatever you want, I'll entertain you

Let's just say, Broadway is my "thing"
It makes me feel good just hearing them sing

Phantom, Beauty, Cats, Les Mis, Lion King
I hope one day Broadway gives me a ring

I'm an actress, yes it's true
I'll act and sing and I'll dance too!

Annie Skinner
Villa Cresta Elementary School
Baltimore, MD
Grade 5

Dogs
Tongue
Collar
License
Tail
Sometimes they go to get the mail.
Ears
Fur
Fun
Paws
Watch out because they have claws.
Cute
Fluffy
Teeth
Nose
Dogs like to play with the hose.

Lauren McNamara
River Oaks Baptist School
Houston, TX
Grade 4

Alone
I'm alone
why has everyone left me,
where is my mother,
father,
sister,
brother,
am I so bad that no one likes me,
how am I to live on the streets,
all alone,
by myself,
with no one,
to care for me,
how can I survive,
alone,
I'm all alone.

Tasha M. Carroll
Pleasant Glade Elementary School
Olympia, WA
Grade 6

Doesn't Matter
Doesn't matter what you do,
I trust that it's part of you.
If I die, dare not cry,
Because in your heart there I lie.
If you hate me that's the truth,
But on your heart lies a bruise.
When you die you will go down below,
And I will be not happy oh no no.
Lord oh mighty help my son,
To find his place in the sun.

Taylor Grennay
Leo Elementary School
Leo, IN
Grade 6

I Am
I am the Venus flytrap
Ready to snap closed on the fly
I am the snake ready to
Pounce on the unsuspecting mouse
I am the diamond inside the rock
Waiting to be discovered
I am the bull being taunted
By the red cape
I am the mountain
Waiting for death

Matthew Scoggins
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 6

Ode to Ocean
The ocean breeze
wipes through the trees.

The ocean's waves
against rocks make caves.

The ocean creatures
can be teachers.

The ocean plants
spread like ants.

The ocean sand
comes to land.

The ocean reeves
look like fall leaves.

The ocean view
still looks new.

Tyler Schulze
Crawford Elementary School
Crawford, NE
Grade 5

Football
I
run and
run telling one
of my teammates
"Over here!" He
throws the ball to me
I run fast to the goal.
My team wins. All
the audience
cheers!

Christian Feregrino
J A Alford Elementary School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 4

Veterans
Veterans
Responsible, trustworthy
Fighting, serving, loving
Respectful, heartfelt, caring, kind
Hero

Rachel Wisz
Crestwood Elementary School
Rockford, MI
Grade 4

Oak
I climb
The ancient oak, the ugly
Twisted oak, one who's lived
A hundred years, or more
I go to a fork
Unsure of what to do, and I rest
My hands on her rough
Scarred bark
I lay my head down, close
My eyes, and feel a warmth!
A steady beat, the tree's
Heart! Her reassuring strength
And I climb, up to the
Top, and gaze
Into miles and miles
Of endless blue sky
And I begin
To float
And my body
Just flies
Away

Katie Adams
Dripping Springs Middle School
Dripping Springs, TX
Grade 6

Sparkle
Chase a rainbow
Run through the dining room
Chase a rainbow
Little kitten Sparkle.

Sleep all day
Too old to play? No
Sleep all day
Little kitten Sparkle.

You were found
In the wood
You were found
Little kitten Sparkle.

Annie Howland
Breakwater School
Portland, ME
Grade 5

Special Moments

How many times have you heard the wind blow?
Value each moment for each moment is special
You cannot change what's been done
Or go back in time
So value each moment for each moment is special

Kaitlyn Chow
Hillhurst Community School
Calgary, AB
Grade 6

Summer

My favorite season is not winter,
Even though it always snows.
My favorite season is not fall,
But you might think it's best of all.
My favorite season is not spring,
Even when it's filled with beautiful things.
My favorite season is summer,
Because the season is no bummer.
The reason why I feel this way,
Is because I was born on a great summer day.
June 24th to be exact,
My mom had me that's a matter of fact.
Thanks to that summer day,
I get to run and jump and swim and play.
There is really no contest,
Summer is simply the best.

Samantha Paetow
St Joseph School
Cockeysville, MD
Grade 6

My Life

When my mom and dad weren't together,
I thought I would have to choose,
In my head I would think that,
Even if I did choose who I lived with I would somehow lose.

Then we started going to church,
My dad didn't want his wife,
A couple days later she moved out,
Although I thank him for bringing her in my life.

My mom would blast her radio,
She would always sit and cry,
I would hold her in my arms,
And tell her it would be all right.

Now they're back together,
And I don't have to choose,
Because they live together,
I will never lose.

Ember M. Travis
Martin Elementary School
Green Bay, WI
Grade 4

Lies

I hate spicy food, it gives me heartburn
I hate volleyball, I never get my turn
I love shots, I even like to prick myself
I hate Christmas because I got attacked by an elf
I hate computers because they always die
I hate the outdoors when there is a blue sky
I hate summer, it is too warm outside
I love some people, the ones who make me cry
I love shrimp, it tastes so good
I hate chocolate, everybody should
I hate gym, we never do anything fun
I hate writing poems, I wish this one was never done

Victorian Evans
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

My Family

Family, sweet family.

Though sometimes I may not always mind
You are patient and kind
You are like sugar and spice
You are ever so nice
You are joyful and fair
You are never greedy like a bear
You are respectful
You are wonderful
You are my loving, sweet family.

Katie Smith
Condit Elementary School
Bellaire, TX
Grade 4

My Friend Wes

I have a friend whose name is Wes
Out of the soldiers he is the best

He is in charge of an air force base
I wonder how the food will taste

The air force base is in Afghanistan
I think he is a really brave man

He went to the Middle East
To defend our country and hasn't been released

He is a Lieutenant Colonel
I wonder if he keeps a daily journal

When it's time to leave the bases
He'll want to see his family's faces!!!!!!

Jimmy Wooten
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

My Favorite Place

My favorite place is…
My grandpa's cabin sitting on the dock
watching the fish jump in the lake.

Rowing the boat in the lake weed,
Smelling the marshmallows
roast on the camp fire.

Listening to the motorbikes go by
and I think how lucky I am
to have such a grandpa.

April Davis
Ranch Park Elementary School
Coquitlam, BC
Grade 4

It's Not Fair!

It's not fair! It's just not fair!
Dogs eat kibble,
cats eat tuna,
hamster eat seeds.
But what do I eat?
YUCK!
Yucky, yuck, yuck!
Spinach, squash, tofu.
It's just not fair!

Abbey Feuka
Shaftsburg Elementary School
Perry, MI
Grade 5

Who Am I?

Who am I?
A mountain or a tree.
A bird or a bee.
I want to dig deep down inside of me.
Please tell me who I am.
Who am I?
Look at me!
I'm so confused.
God send me an angel.
To guide me to a path,
Which leads to my soul.
It must be found, I'm not old.
I want to know.
Who am I?
Could I have a chance to start over.
I'm so lost, so poor, so very blind.
Who am I?
Could you give me a sign?
Please help me.
Who am I?

Carolyn Davis
Manierre Elementary School
Chicago, IL
Grade 5

Because of You

One day a few years ago, I wouldn't touch the water
Now I'm swimming fast as the wind
One of the fastest on the team
Because of you

Before I couldn't kick nor pull
Now I'm winning races all over the place
If it wasn't for you I would still be swimming doggy paddle
Now my dreams are swimming
Because of you

Thank you Jen for getting me here
Thank you for being my first, favorite, and best swim teacher ever
Without you I'd have nothing to do
Win or lose it will always be for you
I love to swim and I win
Because of you

Julia Wedgle
Graland Country Day School
Denver, CO
Grade 6

Mackensie

Her face was sweet and soft, I watched her as she laughed.
As her mother cradled her in her arms. It was such a great day for everyone!

Her face was sweet and soft, as I held her in my hands.
I thought how small and beautiful she was.

Her face was sweet and soft, it was such a joyful day.
I was so delighted that she came into our lives.

Her face was sweet and soft, as I look into her eyes I thought
As her eyes sparkled and shined, how much fun it will be to help raise her.

Her face was sweet and soft, as I held her in my hands
As the sun blazed I laughed and played with her.

Her face was sweet and soft, deep in my gentle heart
I happily asked myself, can it get any better than this?

Her face was sweet and soft.

Cody Chavarria
Harrison Elementary School
Lexington, KY
Grade 4

Anger

I can see it in you; it's tearing you apart.
Unleash the fury, unleash the anger.
Cry, weep, let the poison drops of tears fall to the floor.
Say good bye to anger, the trait that rips out your soul, and can destroy your life.

Hunnando Brim
Bednarcik Jr High School
Oswego, IL
Grade 6

The Happy Tree

R ecycling saves the trees.
E veryone should do it.
C ause it is a good hobby.
Y esterday I recycled a lot of paper.
C an you please recycle?
L isten to me,
I know it will make the world happy!
N ow do you know what I'm saying?
G o do the world a favor and recycle!

Marty Clark
Community School of Bergen County
Teaneck, NJ
Grade 6

Grandma Ernie

I love my grandma with all my heart
I feel sad when we depart

She makes me feel special
I know her love is not artificial

My grandma is like my best friend
I know our relationship will never end

My grandma believes in me
She will always love me

It's hard to express
She is the best

Grandma, I love you so
More than anyone could know

Grandma Ernie I dedicate this poem to you
With hugs, love and kisses too

Emerald Velasco
Eldridge Elementary School
Hayward, CA
Grade 5

Lifestyles

Stalking through the tall green grass
A small smart furry orange mass
Pounces on its prey with glittering eyes
As the mouse looks up in fear and despise
The hunter eats its furry prize
Then rushes home to meet its friend
As she eats before the day's end
But she eats food out of a bowl
And his stomach will never be as full
They both lead different lives in that,
But they're both still friends, they're both still a cat.

Michelle R. Most
Greene Middle School
Smithville, OH
Grade 5

Money Doesn't Grow on Trees

Man, I hate that old saying!
That is the only way moms get out of buying us toys.
Nathan, I cannot get that toy
Because money doesn't grow on trees.
Man, I hate that old saying!

Nathan Cook
Casar Elementary School of the Arts
Casar, NC
Grade 4

Hitler

When Hitler was elected czar,
Some Jews were transported in a boxcar.
He was horribly cruel,
And a gigantic fool.
He started the Holocaust,
And a lot of Jew's lives were lost.
It was a time of distress,
And many Jews had a change of address.
Many of the ones caught were sent to concentration camps,
The small houses were wet and damp.
Most of them burned and killed,
And his goal to destroy all the Jews was almost fulfilled.

Travis Terry
Chrisney Elementary School
Chrisney, IN
Grade 6

The Truth About Sibling Rivalry

She takes my lip gloss,
I take her hair clip,
she took my hair brush,
she did it

she ruins my life
make me miserable in every way
makes me feel bad
every day

with our red faces
we slam the doors,
leaving each other
in tears

we don't care though,
we make faces at dinner
ignoring one another
until we can't anymore

then we make up
we kiss and hug
only to encounter another day of sibling rivalry tomorrow

Hannah Lachnit
Parkville Middle School
Baltimore, MD
Grade 6

Just a Friend

I'll run far from my feelings to your arms. When I crash and give up you hold me up you cheer me up because you're my friend, and people say you're so much more, but you're just a friend for me to lean on. When I'm upset, and no matter how upset I get you can make me laugh, but you're just a friend, and no more, or are you more?

Becca Haught
Mineral Wells Elementary School
Mineral Wells, WV
Grade 6

War

Walking through the battlefield watching every step. I look around me seeing nothing.
Soldier's saying "Run away, save your own life." Wounded soldiers everywhere crying for their lives to be saved. Bodies being burned for they are dead. Wives at home now become widows and husbands become widowers.
War is a depressing thing I warn you don't start one…

Andrea Ashie
Wiley Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 4

Without You

When I walk through the grass, I will always remember the past.
When you and me would play together, I thought it would last forever.
Our friendship was so strong, I thought it would never go wrong.
But when you left, I thought I had gone deaf,
Now the leaves are turning and my friendship is burning.
But I will always remember how you treated me and that is a memory to keep because you treated me so nicely.
I saw you the other day, I went to say "Hey," but you didn't see me so you drove away.
So now when I hear bells ringing, I think it's you singing.
And when I ride alone on my horse, I will always think of you of course.
There was a very sad newsletter, then I ran and got your sweater,
You were hurt very bad and I had never been so sad.
But when I saw you, I didn't know what to do.
I stand in your room when you sleep, and I couldn't look at you too deep
You opened your eyes and we exchanged cries.

Josie Schultz
Wynyard Elementary School
Wynyard, SK
Grade 6

Broken Buggy

Chitti Chitti Bang Bang
There go the windshield wipers…clunk!
Chitti Bang
And a hubcap too…thump!
Chitti Bang Chitti Bang
And the ignition…vroom!
Chitti
Oops!
And the steering wheel…plunk!

And the wheel came loose…whoosh! And the headlights shattered…clink! And the window won't close…nor will the trunk…swoosh! And there's a flat tire…screech! And the door came off…boom! And the gas tank is leaking…drip drop! And…the…car…won't…budge…jerk, screech, hiss, cough, cough.

Shauna Mitchell
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 5

In Memory

You gave me my voice.
You taught me to sing.
You gave me a choice.
You made my heart ring.

You touched my life.
You made me smile.
You helped me to strive,
Though you were sick for awhile.

Then one day you flew
Up into God's kingdom.
I will always miss you,
Carrilyn Prudhomme.

This special poem is in memory of you.
You said you loved me. Well, I love you too.

Emily Wright
Westdale Middle School
Baton Rouge, LA
Grade 6

Pixie Green

Pixie Green feels like sassy spring.
Pixie Green tastes like lime spritzer in a soda can.
Pixie Green is the personality of Key Western Palm Trees.
Pixie Green sounds like grass blowing.
Pixie Green's twinkling twilight shines in the spring in Ireland.
Pixie Green is the sparkling color of Tinkerbell's shoes.

Nastasia Ohl
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 5

Autumn

On a cold Autumn morning that was gray,
leaves were falling gently, touching the ground,
flowers falling, gracefully lying down.
The wind picked up, the leaves flew all around,
swiftly lifting me from the ground.

Maura Kanter
Bird Rock Elementary School
La Jolla, CA
Grade 4

Skiing

The glistening white snow
My friends and family cheering me on as they glide past me
Cold air in my hair as I zoom down the mountain
Steaming hot cocoa from the ski lodge
Freezing ice as my face lands in the snow
I get back up and try again

Talya Rejtman
Central Park Elementary School
Plantation, FL
Grade 4

A Pot of Gold

Follow the rainbow and at the end
magnificent treasure that you won't find again.

A black cauldron of gold you want it so bad
so shiny addicting you think it's so rad

Next to the pot stands a man dressed in green,
a little bit selfish and a tiny bit mean.

He takes you to the ocean
right on the dock.
Said to swim there and back
but you're racing the clock.

4 minutes tops but if you don't succeed
I get the gold and you may not plead.

So I said yah I'll take your dumb test…
I'll prove to you that I am the best

I finish the test, jump on the dock and wet back my hair,
I look around for him but he is not there…

Conor Oberlander
Hamagrael Elementary School
Delmar, NY
Grade 5

I Have a Dog His Name Is Sam

I have a dog his name is Sam,
He runs and jumps and shakes my hand.

I have a dog his name is Sam,
He fetches and catches fat sticks and hams.

I have a dog his name is Sam.

Somi Singh
Washington Elementary School
Fargo, ND
Grade 4

The Return of the King

Viewed it three times because it was so good,
Watched with friends every time,
Attended an epic action-adventure movie,
Battles between good and evil,
Success could only be achieved by,
Fighting, bravery, strength,
Dying, friendship, and sacrificing,
Success was achieved,
Battles of one soldier,
Dead were millions,
Performing an amazing victory.

K. Lefchak
Rosemont School of the Holy Child
Rosemont, PA
Grade 5

Fathers

F avorite people
A lways at your side
T houghtful
H as nothing to hide
E ntertaining
R arely mad
S o that's why I love my dad

Kacey Schroeder
St Catherine of Bologna School
Ringwood, NJ
Grade 5

The Sun

The sun colorful
Many shades such as orange
Falling to the ground.

Sara Hoffman
Indian Valley Elementary School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 4

Multiple Sclerosis

MS, it's no fun walking, no none.
It's hard getting by
You wish you could fly
Out of the chair
And into the air
No one knows
How hard it goes
To the point you think that you'll explode
It's not fun
You want to run
But you look down
See the ground
It's so high up
You're so low down

MS, it's no fun.

Elizabeth Ortwine
Orchard Hills Elementary School
Novi, MI
Grade 4

My Favorite

Guess my favorite planet,
It has some hints of granite.
It's sort of blue…
Do you have a clue?
Of who this planet is,
This is kind of like a quiz.
It's Neptune!
And it has more than one la lune.

Blair Decock
Happy Thought School #1181
East Selkirk, MB
Grade 6

Lemonade

Sweet as sugar
Tangy as a peach
Sour as a lemon
Cold as an ice cube
Fresh as the air
Refreshing cold drink
On a hot summer day
In my mouth with ice
Freezing cold.

Mary Ellen Jeffords
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 5

I See You

I see you
in my dreams
I see you
in my sleep
I see you
every day of the week
That is love.

Audrecia Nasasha Shephard
Whitesville Road Elementary School
Lagrange, GA
Grade 4

A Blend of White and Black

Collecting all the paints.
Looking at the grand colors.
Blues, greens, pinks, oranges
and the ugliest color, gray.

The blend of black and white.
Gray, awful on canvas.
Makes a dismal art-work.
A day goes by slowly.

A rainy, gloomy day.
When the sun disappears.
When my feelings are gray
that is when I paint gray.

Madelyn Mescher
Beechwood Elementary School
Fort Mitchell, KY
Grade 6

Summer

Summer days are here at last
Hope the days don't go by fast
There is so much we can do
Where do we start? I have no clue.

Mantoula Blumenthal
John H West School
Bethpage, NY
Grade 4

Spring Aroma

Spring is when the roses bud
The trees look lively, the snow is mud
Spring is when your spirit springs
It's time for a new beginning
The birds are singing
The air is bringing
The beauty back to life
The air is clean
The grass has a sheen
That grows more glossy every day
The streams are flowing
The boats are rowing
It's time for a new beginning
We all are singing
The chorus of bringing
The time of the new beginning

Taylor Tomaselli
Copenhagen Central School
Copenhagen, NY
Grade 4

Riding Free

Galloping through fields,
Where do you end?
You can't because you are

Riding Free

Walking through the woods,
Hitting every limb,
Who is there to call,
When you are

Riding Free

Trotting around the arena,
How can you make the turn,
You don't because you are

Riding Free

Ashleah Caldwell
Leeton Middle and High School
Leeton, MO
Grade 6

The Sink

The sink goes:
Drip, drip, drip;
Drop, drop, drop;
Splish, splash;
Splish, splash;
Glop, glop, glop.

Julisa Erby
Lakeview Middle School
Greenville, SC
Grade 6

School

Today's the day to face my fears,
And see my teacher's evil sneers.
There'll be homework way too much!
There'll be things that I can't touch.

There will be boys PE EWEE
But some nice girls might be there too.
The water will taste bad the hallways will stink
The teachers will hate me the rooms will be pink!

I'm not going to school No way that's that!
I won't go to school not even with Pat.
But…
I walk in the door; I hear a loud scream
I run back out and say, "They're mean"

I never went back I stayed in my room
I played with my games I swept with my broom

The conclusion…
I HATE SCHOOL

Kelsey Graham
Lakeview Elementary School
Quesnel, BC
Grade 5

Fly Like the Eagle

Fly like an eagle because you believe,
Fly like an eagle because you can achieve,
Fly like an eagle and make your way,
Fly like an eagle and do not stay,
Fly like an eagle because you care,
Fly like an eagle because you share,
Fly like an eagle and give life away,
Fly like an eagle and have some play,
Fly like an eagle because you believe.

Katie Hemming
Mason Middle School
Tacoma, WA
Grade 6

When

When: when is the question that puzzles us all.
When does life end, and when does it begin.
And does it end or does it just begin.
Or is life more like a wheel of time,
Like a river, like a stream,
Like a dream that never ends.
Is life living or dying, or just being?
Or is there no life, no death, no being?
Are we real?
Is there anyone or anything that is?

Ariana Holloway-Wilhide
Fayetteville Elementary School
Fayetteville, WV
Grade 6

Green

Green…

…Is born when the green grass grows in a field.
…Looks like a Christmas tree on Christmas Eve.
…Feels like a smooth pear picked off a pear tree.
…Tastes like a thirst quenching green apple.
…Sounds like a grasshopper chirping in the morning.
…Smells rotten at mucky swamps.
…Is sad when a green plant dies in a meadow.
…Dies when a caterpillar eats away a green leaf.

Nick Morgan
Jefferson Elementary School
Henderson, KY
Grade 4

What Is Blue

Blue is the color of sweet blueberries in a pie
Blue is the color of the crisp sky
Blue is the color of first prize
Blue is the color of my sister's eyes
Blue is the color of a very hot flame
Blue is my bruise…oh, the pain!
Blue is the color of spray paint in a blue can
Blue is a much prettier color than tan
Blue is the color of nitrogen in the lab
Blue is the color of my city's cab
Blue is the color of my pencil
Blue is the color like my stencil
Blue is the color of Sharpie pen
Blue is how I feel when this poem ends!

David Ernst
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Big People Little People

Tall people, small people
It doesn't make a difference.
Big people, little people
It doesn't make a difference.

Why do people judge?
Do they see what is really there
Or do they see what they want to believe?

Is the picture they painted true?
Did they paint you based on your size,
And missed the real you?

As long as you are loved, honest, and true
And your like who you are, it doesn't matter
What has been painted as long as you are truly you.

Tommy James Kister Jr.
Pinecrest-Valencia School
Valencia, CA
Grade 4

Anger

Anger is bold red,
It tastes like erupting hot sauce,
It smells like burnt toast,
It's hard as rubble,
It sounds like an exploding bomb,
Anger is a raging hurricane!

Richard Pennymon III
Cedar Grove Elementary School
Ellenwood, GA
Grade 4

Friendship

Friendship is for friends
That stay side by side
They play and laugh
Never in doubt are they
They stick together
And help each other out
Friends are so helpful
I guess everybody
Needs one of them!

Kate Anastasio
Spring Creek Country Day School
Fort Collins, CO
Grade 5

My Pear Tree

P ink blossoms
E arly summer pears
A home for squirrels
R ustling green leaves

T rees shelter humans and animals
R ustling branches on windy days
E legantly with green beauty
E mbellished with green pears
S ome become our own…

Shardaye Lee
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Blue

Blue, blue, blue.
Blue is the calm night air.
It is water both salty and fresh.
Blue, blue, blue.
Blue is the rainy day.
Clowns have blue faces.
Blue, blue, blue.
It'll be your friend.
Blue is spring.

Sofia Crist
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Love

Love is special in the heart.
You find someone that loves you and wants to be with you for the rest of their life.
Love is magical and powerful.
Love is something hard to find.
Love is something that is for life.
Love comes from the love ones who love you and your family!
Love is powerful in the heart and soul.
Love is about someone you care about and being there for you always!

Kalli Frane
Owen Withee Elementary School
Owen, WI
Grade 5

The Snow Is Like…

The snow is falling unhurriedly,
As I watched it out of my window.
"Crystals of ice cream" I thought to myself.
The snow is like a warm spongy cloud.
The glossy white sparkles were still falling silently,
The snow was falling slowly as I thought of what the snow can be.
I was imagining pictures in my head.
The snow is like fluffy cotton candy.
The snow was still falling as I watched it,
I glided through the snow
Like my pen would on a sheet of paper
My footprints are like elegant pen marks,
The snow is like a sheet of paper.
Slowly down the specks were still falling,
As I watched it glide over rooftops.
The snow looked like icing on a cake.
The snow is like sugar falling on a strawberry.
The snow was completely peaceful
As I watched it, I strolled outside
The snow is like an ice cream slushy yum
And then I tasted it.

Briauna L. Barnes
Harrison Elementary School
Lexington, KY
Grade 4

Lexi

Athletic, Funny, Weird
Wishes to stop all sicknesses.
Dreams of being pro in softball.
Wants to go to college at Lewis University.
Who wonders why people are like they are today.
Who fears tornadoes.
Who is afraid of getting murdered.
Who likes sports.
Who believes that people should not judge people if they are black.
Who loves sports, family, and friends.
Who plans on going to college, playing more sports, and doing more dancing.

Lexi Underhill
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Medicine

Medicine I guess you can say
It's kind of nasty in a way
I mean you need a prescription, and you need to pay
It may help you, and it may not
But sometimes you have to take whether you like it or not
Some are liquids and some are pills
Some are large and some are small
But I definitely hate the ones that are tall
And like I said, medicine is nasty
And that's basically all

Andrea Marroquin
Terra Cotta Middle School
Corona, CA
Grade 6

Our Baby Sister Erin

She is one year old and two feet tall,
And looks like a little doll.
She is so silly and funny,
She reminds me of a little bunny,
Hopping around nibbling food.
She likes Elmo, Winnie the Pooh and Tigger too.
She waddles around,
And sometimes, falls on the ground.
She likes to go outside,
And go for a ride.
She really likes to take her nap,
And also, loves to clap.
Her favorite food is yogurt and macaroni and cheese,
Now she is learning to say please.
She plays with her dolls, family, and friends
The fun with her never ends.
Every day she makes me laugh,
But doesn't like to take her bath.
When I go to school is miss her,
Erin is my baby sister.

Brooke Fisher
Ann A Mullen Middle School
Sicklerville, NJ
Grade 6

Snow

I've got my boots and I've got my hat.
I've got my gloves and baseball bat.
I'm going outside to play some ball.
Let the snowflakes come, one and all.
I get on out and I'm in left field.
It starts to snow so we come to yield.
When the big game ends I leave with my friends.
I have snow on my nose and water on my toes.
But I will always remember that last December
All the while I wore a smile.

Hannah Morgan
Rootstown Elementary School
Rootstown, OH
Grade 5

I Love Spring

Daisies blooming in the spring,
Crickets at night start to sing,
Roses are red as a bright apple shine,
Bluebirds singing in your mind,
Lilies show their four pink leaves,
When pollen spreads, I start to sneeze,
Spring is the best season of all,
When butterflies return, so pretty and small.

Katie Teremi
Beechwood Elementary School
Fort Mitchell, KY
Grade 6

Animals

Monkeys come in different kinds
Monkeys have some crazy minds
Female monkeys brush out their hair
Because their boyfriends really care

Pigs think they are really fat
They want to be a skinny cat
One pig decided to go on a diet
He told all the pigs and caused a big riot

Birds chirp in the morning sun
When they wake you up it's not much fun
Birds can lay eggs, but we can't
Birds peck at little ants

Elephants are the color gray
They get bigger by the day
Elephants want to have surgery on their gigantic ears
Because of their ears, they don't like looking in mirrors

Marina Maes
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Peace Is…

Helping the blind, the elderly the homeless, and the hungry.
Peace is caring for others.

Fluffy clouds in a quiet sky, a sunrise over a still sea,
a snow covered mountaintop.
Peace is nature.

Balloons, confetti, streamers, and good food.
Peace is celebration.

Working together to solve problems, and to avoid war,
to keep freedom, to get along with our neighbors.
Peace is world wide.

Mia Haberl
Marinette Middle School
Marinette, WI
Grade 6

Fire and Water

Fire
Hot, red
Burning, spreading, ripping
Fisherman, toad, fish, frog
Flowing, moving, running
Cold, blue
Water

Eric Hargrove
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Homework

Homework
Bad times
Writing, typing, trying,
Harsh, brutal, frustrating, mean
Work

Jonathan Powell
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Alone

The rain is falling
And I've been waiting for you

But you didn't come
And I don't know what to do

So, I started to run
And fell on my face

My face was covered with mud
It was such a disgrace

I lay there crying
Thinking what people think

I lay there feeling the rain
Dripping on my cheek

Alexandria Hedges
Piedmont Middle School
Piedmont, OK
Grade 6

Shark

Shark
Big, fast,
Quick, strong, powerful,
Mad, happy, alarmed, sad,
Fish

Nigel Correa
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

September 11th 2001

On September 11th our hopes went down as people rushed out of the buildings
But there was a wall of fire blocking the door
Those who died still remain under bricks and brush and other things
But we stood together with the help of our country
Even the president who stood tall
The people who did it know who they are
We can only hope they get the punishment they deserve
We hope they find our loved ones too

Megan Mattheus
Harmony Elementary School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 4

Home

Home sweet home is where I want to be
Forever and ever living my life happily continuously
It might not be my home forever
But I might stay for the weather
When I'm done with college I might move on and live vastly
But it will still will be my home sweet home and that's where I want to be

LeAnna Homandberg
Murray County Central Elementary School
Slayton, MN
Grade 5

United States

U nited We Stand appears on the one dollar bill.
N ew York City was targeted on September 11, 2001.
I ndependence Day celebrates the birthday of the United States of America.
T reasury Department holds the government's money.
E Pluribus Unum means "In God We Trust."
D eclaration of Independence was written on July 4, 1776.

S pecial Forces helped us fight in the war against terrorism.
T he White House is located in Washington D.C.
A merica is the place that Christopher Columbus discovered.
T homas Jefferson was the 3rd president of the U.S.A.
E lections held to vote for Republican and Democratic parties.
S tatue of Liberty stands for freedom, democracy, and international friendship.

Aaron Fleck
West Allegheny Middle School
Imperial, PA
Grade 6

All Blue

It's blue everywhere,
The room is blue, I say stop mom! Don't go in there,
When I walk in, it
Takes my breath then talks. I'm the only one who
Can hear him. People ask whom are you talking to, I'm just singing.
When a friend comes over they ask who are you
Talking to ooh I'm just singing the blue grass song to the old blue wall.

Sean Swann
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

I Used to But Now…
I used to have to sleep in a crib
But now I can sleep in a normal bed
I used to have to play the Sega
But now I can play my XBOX
I used to have brown hair
But now I have blond highlights in my hair
I used to play with action figures
But now I play sports and video games
I used to play soccer
But now I play basketball and football
I used to not have to go to school
But now I have to (unfortunately)
I used to only have one friend
But now I have about fifteen friends
I used to not listen to music
But now I do
I used to run slow
But now I run fast
I used to be three
But now I'm eleven

Brandon Heroth
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Senses
You smell those gooey mouthwatering marshmallows,
From the fire by cabin 316,
Where you find your friends sitting,
By that same smoky fire.
You hear the crackling of that fire,
Which flows simply south with the wind,
Making you float away
Behind the clouds.
Then you sit and feel the warmth,
Of the fire taking away the cold,
But as if it was late you fall gently asleep,
As the fire is taken out you still feel the warmth in cabin 316.

Katie Ewing
Milestones Charter School
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 6

Mother
Today I fought for someone I love!
My mother always taught me to stand up for the ones I love!
So I'm taking the chance to show my
Appreciation for my mother –
Who has done all she can for me!
So when times are rough –
I will return the favor and
Stand up for her!

Brittany Jennings
Sky Haven Elementary School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 5

Ode to Football
Football is rough.
Football is tough,
You can't play football if you can't do the stuff.
Football is painful with a capital P.
Football is me.

Joshtavius Cummings
Sky Haven Elementary School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 4

What We Do
Sometimes we sit and talk,
Sometimes we help each other with problems.
Sometimes we have loads of fun.
Other times we get in arguments,
But we always forgive each other.

Sometimes we test one another,
On play lines or math questions.
Sometimes we imitate things,
Other times we stay up till midnight at sleepovers.

Who are we?
We are friends,
Like two peas in a pod,
Or two flowers in a garden.
We help each other grow in many ways,
And we are always there for each other.
That's how all friends should be.

Polly Stidhem
Scottish Corners Elementary School
Dublin, OH
Grade 4

Soldiers
Soldiers are on the front line
Defending our country against crime

They're normal people like you and me
Back at home almost all of them have a family

Soldiers have done everything from fighting in Vietnam
To capturing Saddam

They risk their lives every day
Just for the U.S.A.

Some soldiers even give their lives in war
We couldn't ask them to do more

During war everything is do or die
No matter what situation, soldiers look danger in the eye.

Michael Cherwin
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Midnight

Midnight
Dark at the night
Pitch black and mysterious
Most people are scared of the dark
Scary

Emily Pirila
Winterquist Elementary School
Esko, MN
Grade 4

Summer

Of all the seasons in a year
Summer is the best.
With ice cream slushies
And a swimming pool
And all the things you need to keep cool.
Amusement parks
With big roller coasters
And sometimes you're as hot as a toaster.
Basking in the sun is harmony.
School is a distant memory.
When summer ends
And your new book bag's full
And you turn from happy to blue
Always remember deep in your heart
It will be back soon.

Jennifer Kissam
Queen's Grant Community School
Mint Hill, NC
Grade 5

Lies

I hate animals,
They are so smelly.
I love mushrooms,
They're so yummy in my belly.
I hate Burger King,
It makes me gag.
I love homework,
And a heavy book bag.
I hate my camp,
It's so muddy.
I love rude boys.
They're so funny.
I hate kids,
They're so mean.
I hate computers,
They make me want to scream.
I hate vacations,
I'd rather stay home.
I hate my friends,
I wish they'd leave me alone.

Nicole Javarone
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

My Family

My family is wonderful.
We play together.
We go to parks together.

My family is fun,
we even go out in the sun.

We go swimming in summer,
but when go to Mexico, we cut lumber.

My family is sweet,
but in winter we need heat.

When we go camping,
we go slapping each other.

Tony Lopez
Haugan Elementary School
Chicago, IL
Grade 4

Homework

I hate homework
Math homework
Reading homework
Any homework.
On Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday even.
Because it's such a pain,
Because you have to use your brain.

Paige Overman
Granite Quarry Elementary School
Granite Quarry, NC
Grade 5

Sassafras My Cat

Sassafras
Sort of sassy
Light blue eyes
White body
Tail striped gray and black
Siamese mixed
Trusting and happy
Sometimes sweet
Sometimes playful
Don't touch his belly!
He'll get mad
And kick
Grab
And BITE!!!

Raven Abbott
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Halloween

Halloween is scary
Werewolves are hairy.
Vampires come out at night
And fill me with fright.
You might see a mummy,
Eating candy that is yummy.
Frankenstein is green
Zombies look real mean.
Devils have red horns
And they eat candy corns.
Witches fly at night in
The bright moonlight.
Freddie Krueger looks cool
And makes ogres drool.
Goblins pound on your door,
Take your candy and want more.
Halloween is neat,
Because us kids get to trick or treat.

Taylor Whitaker
Ephrata Middle School
Ephrata, PA
Grade 6

Homeless

Late at night, I see the homeless,
makes me feel so helpless.
Here I want to help so many,
but I don't have but a penny.
I know they're hungry and there cold,
most die before they're old.

Diamond Pierce
Howe Avenue Elementary School
Sacramento, CA
Grade 5

Weather

Today I went
Outside; the
Weather was
So beautiful.

I like when
The weather
Is very, very
Sunny in the
Morning.

Sometimes I
Like when the
Weather is cold
Or when it is
Snowing.

Angela Hamilton
Norton Elementary School
Norton, VA
Grade 5

Summer Time

Summer time is here!
Us kids are giving a big cheer!
We like to swim and play all year,
But we only have summer.
Summer time is cool. Summer time is neat.
We get to wear, our bare feet.
No shoes, no rules, no teachers, no books.
Summer time really cooks!
Barbecues left and right.
My dad can cook, out of sight!!
Smoked fish, grilled chicken, ribs just right.
Makes me smile sunny and bright.
Summer is my favorite time of year.
I look forward to it every time school comes near.
Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!
Summer time is here.

Ashlynn Barnes
Manatee Middle School
Naples, FL
Grade 4

Spring

Finally, a fresh bud.
A fresh bud on the first flower.
Pollen is like an animal.
An animal that attacks the flowers.
Kind of like me.
There is a scent.
It smells like bitter flowers in the cool crisp air.
It is hot.
Not humid.
Not yet.
If you spot a meadow, its flowers will catch your eye's attention.
With flowers bursting to bloom,
Blossoms,
Roses,
Marigolds.
All of my favorites.
My eyes have been caught.
They don't look away.

Rachel Dimowitz
Brookside Elementary School
Yorktown Heights, NY
Grade 5

Respect

When you sit down in your seat,
Think about the people you will meet.
Tall, short, thin, or stiff,
Think about all the hearts you will lift.
Yes ma'am, no ma'am, no thank you, or please,
Everyone loves a little respect at least.

Claire Taylor
St John's Episcopal School
Abilene, TX
Grade 4

What Is Blue...?

Blue is...
A plump blueberry on a prickly shrub.
A clear sunny blue sky in spring.
A salty blue ocean churning with waves.
A new shiny blue car sitting in the driveway.
A tiny bluebird singing a sweet song.
Twinkling blue eyes on my little brother in the sun.
Dark blue Levi jeans at the mall.
My dad's smooth blue suede shoes.
Tears down your cheek when you have the blues.

Michelle Yako
Hambden Elementary School
Chardon, OH
Grade 4

Paper

I'm a piece of paper and I live in Mitch's desk.
My favorite color is orange. I wear blue striped shirts.
My job is to be something to write on.
My best friend is Pen. I go to a backpack over break.
My favorite holiday is Christmas.
I move by folding into a paper airplane.

Mitch Damm
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

Death

Death is nothing but darkness for a thousand miles,
a cry that cannot be heard.

Death is the fear in your heart,
all the peace and pain that you could ever imagine.

Death is what you will desire and fear most,
everything you have worked for shattered before your eyes.

Death is the gateway to eternal sadness,
the path that you will always deny, but will soon follow.

Death is your father dying in a war,
being alone forever.

Matthew Fernandez
Belen Jesuit Preparatory School
Miami, FL
Grade 6

Flowers

I have a seen a flower every day that I have lived.
This flower is very delicate and gentle.
Everyone loves this flower especially me.
This delicate, gentle, loving, caring, Flower is my mom.

Letha Desir
Central Five Jefferson Elementary School
Vauxhall, NJ
Grade 5

I Hope

I am talented and tough.
I wonder how I am so good in sports.
I hear the crowd roaring in football when I make the winning touchdown.
I see the Heisman trophy in my hands.
I want to be the best football player in history.
I am talented and tough.

I pretend to be Troy Aikman.
I feel proud being the best quarterback in history.
I touch the football in the last game of the season.
I worry that I will get hurt.
I cry when we lose a game that broke our winning record.
I am talented and tough.

I understand that there will be someone better than me.
I say before every game "Please, Dear Jesus, let us do our best and please don't let anyone get hurt."
I dream of winning Super Bowl XXXVI.
I try my best to stay calm when we lose a game and I try my best every game, too.
I will retire in peace someday.
I am talented and tough.

Tanner McFarland
Haviland Grade School
Haviland, KS
Grade 6

A Horse

The smell of musty horse, the sound of them nickering, the sight of them nuzzling each other,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The soft feel of a horse's ear, the sweet taste of the air, the thought of galloping over the meadows,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The feel of the saddle, the feel of the reins, the feel of the wind whistling through your hair,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The sound of the wind, the panting of the horse, his hooves hitting the ground with a rhythmic pulse,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The smell of the earth, the smell of the horse, the smell of the ground turned up by his hooves,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The taste of the air, the taste of the wind, the taste of the ever present taste of horse,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The thought of our meeting, the thought of our love, the thought of our spending our lives together,
Is enough to tug at a horse lover's heart.
The sight of the valley, the sight of the sky, the sight of your horse,
The love of your life.

Emily Honer
Buckingham Friends School
Lahaska, PA
Grade 6

Life

You think life is a game but it's not,
When you're a kid you'll make mistakes,
But when you grow up you'll learn from them,
When you're an adult you're going to be happy your parents taught you right from wrong.

Amal Ismail
American Islamic Academy
Dearborn, MI
Grade 4

It's Just Not Fair

It's just not fair!
Oh not to me,
that I get stuck with old, old beans
and my owner here gets jack rabbit and deer
with a fancy glass and a chandelier
oh it's just not fair,
I must declare
for a dog's life
my, oh, my.

Erin McCumby
Shaftsburg Elementary School
Shaftsburg, MI
Grade 4

Reunite

We ran, we jumped, we dived
Then sank into the deep waters,
All around, the waves crashed onto the rocks,
We kept sinking,
Then joy came from the fish,
They glittered as we watched,
It was peaceful yet we kept going down,
Then the colors stopped,
Sorrow filled our hearts,
Then everyone went to the surface,
Everyone but me,
I then knew my fate,
I knew I had longed for my Grandpa,
I knew I would soon be with him,
In a place high and not down far below the surface.

Samantha Cummins
Old Saybrook Middle School
Old Saybrook, CT
Grade 6

Sorrow Is…

Sorrow is,
Faded lilies dead from the cold,
One teardrop too many,
A once lush valley killed from heat,
A pale individual living without hope,
The sky when it is blank and emotionless,
When you feel as if you are a pumpkin,
With your happiness being torn out like it's pulp,
An old woman living her last days in a dead silent room,
The sun when it is cold and small, too sad to shine,
Your heart when it is trembling with sadness,
Shaking your rib cage with it,
Like a prisoner grasping the bars of a cell,
Unable to rise,
Unable to snatch at the sunlight,
Tremmoring right above it.

Susannah Benjamin
Greenwich Academy
Greenwich, CT
Grade 5

Day and Night

The sun is setting
The moon is bright
The clouds are floating by tonight,
The stars twinkle,
The clouds flow,
The ocean waves are gentle and slow,
The baby seagulls on the sand,
Dance along the shore and land,
Standing outside looking over the hedge
We will see this beautiful sight all over again.

Alison Murphy
St Anthony School
Nanuet, NY
Grade 5

What Is Red?

Red is a crisp apple, fresh from a tree,
Red is anger, are you mad at me?
In the fall, I can guarantee,
Red is the color of leaves you'll see,
In spring when a kite zips by,
The bow on the tail is red, like a cherry pie!
Red is the color of my new T-shirt,
Red is the color of boys' cheeks when girls flirt,
Red is the color of a cardinal flying high in the sky,
Rubies are red, so are balloons,
And so are the hinies of wild baboons,
Red is a rose on Valentine's Day,
Mittens on a chilly day,
Even at Christmas there is red all around,
On Santa's cheeks, and his belly round!

Alyssa Costanzo
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Wind in My Face

Feels like…
Your mom's hand brushing over your face.
The leaves tickling the tree branches.

Smells like…
The red roses blooming on a Sunday afternoon.
The dew on the bright green grass.

Sounds like…
The water rushing down the dirt cliffs
The lightning that sometimes strikes when it rains.

Tastes like…
The sweet, crunchy bacon in the morning.
The air you breathe every second.

Maggie Cox
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 5

War Is Evil
War is evil
War is awful,
But we are being
Consumed by
War every passing day,
People try to run,
But their homes become battlefields,
When it ends we rejoice,
Our troubles are gone,
Until the sound of death,
Consumes us again.

Tyler Callen
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

The Wind
A swift light breeze that cools me down,
It soars across that hot beach,
The wind, one that is always there,
The wind, one with the sky.

Angil J. Tate
Cedar Grove Elementary School
Ellenwood, GA
Grade 4

Horse Power
There is a horse inside of me
With hurtful hooves
Like burning coal
It sounds like brick
It moves like running water
It lives in my heart
And keeps me alive
It makes me feel free

Taylor Funk
St John's Episcopal School
Abilene, TX
Grade 4

Mom, Loving, Trustworthy, Caring
Wishes to fly like a bird
dreams of becoming a nurse
cares for sick people
who wonders what's behind the stars
who fears wars
who loves me
who loves my dad
who believes in God
who loves roses and sunflowers
who plans to get married
final destination Heaven

Antonio Paczkowski
Bullen Jr High School
Kenosha, WI
Grade 6

Gone
I stand here in the snow.
Watching as you walk away.
What will I do without you?
Will I survive?
Will I drown in the darkness of my own eyes?
Will my heart be trapped?
Will the ground be smothered by my tears:
Tears fall and feel like a river stinging my skin as it runs.
I don't care at all.
A million screams go on in my head.
A gust of wind pushes me down in darkness with pain on my face.
I don't know where I am going nor do I care.
Now you are gone and there is no way to get you back!

Natasha Sparks
Leeton Middle and High School
Leeton, MO
Grade 6

Riding the School Bus
I'm on my way to school.
What a bumpy ride.
What an annoying ride with little kids screaming.
I can't wait until I am at school.
All of a sudden a little kid bumped into me and I dropped my violin.
Oh no! I started to panic.
What if my instrument broke?
I really wish I was at school.

Meredith Anne Bennett
Albany School of Humanities
Albany, NY
Grade 5

Those Days
I woke up in bed today and I noticed my head was misplaced
I looked in the closet and under a bed but I simply could not find my head
I went to breakfast without my head I picked up an orange and place it on my neck
I said this is nice it's round and good-shaped
I had two kiwis for lunch today they looked nice as eyes
I looked in the mirror and something was missing
Two eyes and a head oh what could it be
Two ears I need me
I took a chip out and broke it in half
I now have ears though I still am quite sad
A mouth a mouth that's what I don't have
I took a banana said put her right there
I don't have a nose a nose I must smell
There was a pear I chopped off the top
It's on my face now but just for today I'll rest in my bed
I laid my head down and off my head went
My old head was back and right where I left
I guess I forget to screw it back on
I guess it was one of those days

Nicholas Mihalitsas
Harris Hill Elementary School
Penfield, NY
Grade 5

Springtime

Springtime is drawing closer
Winter is coming to an end
The grass is turning greener
The snow is turning slushy

Flowers are in bloom
Roses, daisies, and tulips
Birds return from migration
And bears wake from hibernation

From beginning to end
Spring is the season I like most
With the world at its best
So go outside and look at spring

Natasha Deacon
Marian Bergeson Elementary School
Laguna Niguel, CA
Grade 4

Camp

The lake is shining in the moonlight
As I crawl into my camp bed
When I awake I see the clouds
Blocking the mountain from sight.

As I run up the hill for breakfast
I can hear the sound
Of happy voices ready to eat
When I get to the top
I'm almost able to see above the clouds.

On a rainy day it's much different
You can see the rain falling from the sky
You hope the clouds break
So you can play
But it keeps raining.

Alicia Piccirillo
Breakwater School
Portland, ME
Grade 5

Tornado

A cyclone of doom,
The fear of all children.
A cyclone of doom,
Blacker than black.
A cyclone of doom,
A blizzard of junk.
A cyclone of doom,
A monster full of darkness.
A cyclone of doom.

Crew Kleiman
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Hurt

How does it feel to be hurt?
To be silenced?
Or to be living in a box of hopelessness
With no future for success?
How does it feel to be hurt?

Mahawa Sidibay
Mather Elementary School
Dorchester, MA
Grade 5

Christmas

Christmas
Christmas
Christmas
Wonderful Christmas
Big Christmas
Snowy, friends, family Christmas
Colorful, sunny, bright Christmas
These are just a few.

Cold Christmas
Sharing Christmas
Gleaming, shiny, lucky Christmas
Funny, surprising, joyful Christmas
Happy Christmas too!
Restful Christmas
Delightful Christmas
Don't forget long Christmas
Last of all best of all
I like cheerful Christmas.

Jacob Strunk
Tates Creek Elementary School
Lexington, KY
Grade 5

Dreams & Wishes

D rifting into dreams
R usty emotions
E ntering a new world
A sleep
M e
S cary

&

W onderful
I ndividual
S tars
H oping for heroes
E ternal
S erene

Aspen Lengyel
Fowler Middle School
Maynard, MA
Grade 4

World

The world is big,
The world is bigger than an oil rig.
The world has a lot of countries,
And some countries have buggies.

Rachael Nicole Lex
Crown of Life Lutheran School
Colleyville, TX
Grade 4

America

Stands tall
Never runs
Works together
Number one
Always finishes
Fierce fight
Helping hand
All might
America, America

Laura Straniero
Thorne Middle School
Port Monmouth, NJ
Grade 6

The War

The war.
Sounds of guns and cannons.
Black balls of fury
fly through the air.
A war has struck.
The sounds of explosions.
People falling.
Anger like a pack of furious wolves.
Screaming dying.
A time of sadness.
Horrified families
Siren alarms sounding.
The rampaging of an army.
The War.

Randy Garner
Cherryville Elementary School
Lumby, BC
Grade 6

Summer

Hot, humid
Heating, warming, gleaming
Pool, beach, school, teacher
Falling, raking, playing
Breezy, cool
Fall

Alex Childs
Ocean Township Intermediate School
Ocean, NJ
Grade 6

War and Peace

War
Horrible, evil
Glorifying, killing, shooting
Can wars make peace?
Befriending, law-abiding, calming
Peaceful, treaty
Peace

Benny Engel-Streich
Community School of Bergen County
Teaneck, NJ
Grade 5

Truly Heaven

When the Lord comes again,
We will make way,
We'll thank Him
For the beautiful day.
And all the creatures
That live on the Earth,
Will go to Him
For a holy rebirth.
The trees will sway in greeting,
The birds will sing in praise,
And up in the Lord's arms,
His children He will raise.
This…would be truly heaven!

Colleen Kane
Lynn Road Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 5

If It Kills Me

I'm gonna write a good poem
If it kills me
But I've already tried it
Five hundred and three
If I try one more time
I'm pretty sure I'm gonna die
So I might as well
Say good bye
Bye father
Bye mother
Bye sister
Bye brother
Bye person
Who's reading this
I'd love to give you
A kiss
So here I go trying to make
A poem on my last night
Oh wait a sec…
I already made one, quite right

Nafis Zaman
Truman Elementary School
Norman, OK
Grade 4

Lonely Child

Lonely child is mad
Lonely child is sad
Lonely child wishes she had a family that didn't treat her bad.
Lonely child is tired, she can't sleep at night
Lonely child wishes she had a family that tucked her in at night.
Lonely child walks, lonely child sees.
She knows what her mother and father did, but she can't believe.
Lonely child begins to walk. Lonely child begins to leave
As she walks she falls down on her knees.
She started crying and asking God for His attention
Now lonely child is strong
She has the power to see what went wrong.

LaDonna King
Mather Elementary School
Dorchester, MA
Grade 4

The Boys*

Two boys on a raft floating away, wishing and fishing,
Weeping and sleeping because they are lost, they are hungry and dirty.
They are sad because they ran away from home.
The puppy wants the fishy.
The cans of worms are ripped open.
The butterfly takes a rest on the ripped umbrella.

Molly Hayes
Indian Valley Elementary School
Overland Park, KS
Grade 4
**Inspired by a picture by Norman Rockwell*

The Horn of Africa

The horn of Africa
sounds like a stampede of animals,
it looks like the smallest horn on a dinosaur's head,
it feels like the spear on the elephant,
it tastes like fear,
it smells like dusty wind.
The horn of Africa stands tall and listens well to the rattles of the Earth.

Nick Eggleston
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Don't Go Away

Don't go away, don't go away
I need you to stay, because I am not okay.
You were my favorite house shoes and I really miss you,
Now I don't know what to do without you.
Do I have to watch Winnie the Pooh to keep you,
I miss walking around the house on that same old dirty mouse.
Boy…I really miss you and I wish you could stay,
But Mom said no you gotta go away so maybe I will see you again some day.

Brandi Rivers
Academy of Detroit West (1-6)
Redford, MI
Grade 4

A Turtle in the Sea

I am a handsome turtle in the sea.
As green and turquoise as the ocean can be.
I swim with big, gigantic strokes,
Always impressing fans and folks.
I spend my days with peace and ease.
All I need is the ocean breeze.

Olivia Gotwald
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 4

The Old Black Barn

Up in the top field sits an old black barn.
Its big wood frame structure,
Cold metal poles that hold the barn up.

The cracked boards that swing
Just as they were falling like a bird
Swooping through the air. Inside sits a log pile
With an ax by it and an old rusted tractor.

No one goes up there
Just an old black barn
In the top field of the farm.

Daniel Zerbusen
Beechwood Elementary School
Fort Mitchell, KY
Grade 6

What Is Orange

Orange is the color of a flower,
Orange is toy blocks, making a tower.
Orange is the color of a fire's heat,
Orange cheese snacks, good to eat.

Orange is the sand on the beach today,
A tiger cat, with orange yarn it likes to play.
Orange could be the color of a hat,
Orange is a brick doorstep, where a pumpkin sat.

Orange is Doritos, yum, yum, yum!
Orange is the color of the big, bright sun.
Orange is the color of a redhead's hair,
Orange is the color of the fall leaves over there.

Orange is like a splashing goldfish,
Orange is oranges in a dish.
Orange is a bright, hot fire,
Orange is a balloon, let go, getting higher.

Orange is orange, not more, not less,
And orange is the color of happiness.

Sammy Bielli
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

death

as i sit here and watch my mother suffer i see pain
if she were dead she would be an invincible cloud
never hurt to never feel the pain
but she takes the pain
the hurt
and the constant feeling of pain in her eyes
for me

Desiree Toliver
Pleasant Glade Elementary School
Olympia, WA
Grade 6

Me!

My hair looks good, my lips are tender,
my eyes are sparkling, girl is my gender,
my brain is smart, my thoughts are bold,
my ideas are sweet, not to be foretold,
teeth are shiny, nose is fine,
face is round, I look divine,
personality cool, muscles strong,
spontaneous smile, legs and arms long,
now you know just who I am, now you know who's me,
but what is my name, what could it be,
it starts with an A, and ends with a L,
did I give you a clue, can you guess it well,
I gave you a clue now I'll give you a hint,
it rhymes with maple yet, I smell like mint,
if you give up now, read the rest,
but if you don't, guess the test,
for I am April, a poet I say,
who has written this poem without a delay,
my age is ten if you want to know,
my poem is finished, you can depart now, go!

April Pruijs
Marlborough Elementary School
Burnaby, BC
Grade 5

Stars Above

You can't go back to the stars.
If I look up all I see is the ground below.
I can't find inspiration even on a shooting star.
I can't fly to the right answer.
The right answer is inside of you
Whether you like it or not.
Don't go asking one from the future
To help with the present.
You can't see the past of another soul.
You've got to look in your mind if it's not weak.
To unlock the door to all that you know.
But I see now your mind is weak.
So look under your sheet of belief.

Jeffrey Allen
Robert Louis Stevenson Intermediate School
Saint Helena, CA
Grade 6

Play Parts

She reads out the parts
She looks at us all
She asked, "Who wants to say,
Who is the fairest one of them all?"
I raise my hand
And hope for the best
Do I get the part
She says,
"Yes!"

Madison Rupp
Scottish Corners Elementary School
Dublin, OH
Grade 4

Soccer

Soccer, soccer get a goal.
Soccer, soccer don't hit the pole.

Soccer, soccer kick the ball.
Soccer, soccer try not to fall.

Soccer, soccer you need to run.
Soccer, soccer have some fun.

Soccer, soccer after the game.
Soccer, soccer you'll be glad you came.

Kendre Kwiatkowski
Westview Elementary School
Warren, MI
Grade 4

Turtles

Totally tubular turtles watch toons
Love to swim
Color of the light green grass
Very kind animals

Two turtles turn together
Have a hard shell
Love to munch on lettuce
Have their homes on their backs

Come in all sizes large and small
Go very slow when they walk
Many different names
Make great pets

Lives in the ocean
Swimming and playing
Hurtle in the water
Turtles rock the ocean

Samantha Campbell
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Halloween

On Halloween night
There are scary Jack-o-Lanterns in sight
Trick-o-treating children are to be
Oh what a night to see

A frightening voice speaks
A mouse squeaks
Boys making sounds
Girls in freaky ugly gowns

All around there are black cats
In the air are noisy bats
Lightning strikes on the ground
People running all around

Ghost say BOO
Goblins do to
Nasty skulls seen
Have a happy Halloween

Nicholas Oifoh
Cecil B Stowers Elementary School
Cerritos, CA
Grade 6

Birthdays

Birthday
Fun, interesting
Competing, playing, moving
Happy, fun, growing, learning
Special

Adam Heacock
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Rainbow

Rainbow, rainbow

I close my eyes
dreaming of a secret place
I want to hide.

Dreaming of a rainbow,
it brightens my eyes.
I slide along the arc
looking at my lost love.

Rainbow, rainbow
of our day
you are the shiniest
one of the day.

Zekina Townsend
Sky Haven Elementary School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 4

Koko

I have a dog
Her name is Koko
She is two years old
And is coal black
With a little white spot on her tummy

My dog loves her treats
And always wants more
She loves to play fetch in the yard
And play with her favorite toys
Her favorite chewy toy is her bone

I love my pet
And hope she can
Always be with me

Melissa Blackburn
Norton Elementary School
Norton, VA
Grade 5

Ice Cream

Ice cream Ice cream
Vanilla, chocolate strawberry swirl
There's so many flavors
I could not say them all
Moose tracks, cherry jubilee
They all sound really good to me
Cookie dough, superman, rainbow,
Mint chocolate chip, cookies and cream,
Cotton candy,
I just want to eat them all.

Devyn Fisk
Shaftsburg Elementary School
Perry, MI
Grade 5

Ode to Nature

Nature is a wonderful thing
It gives us paper, water,
Desks, food, air, animals, and
Plants

It makes the land wonderful
By supplying us with wonderful
Things such as trees, flowers and
Bushes.

Now your know some of the things
Nature gives us so go out there
and save all nature if you
Want it to stay wonderful.

Eddie Powell
Christ the King School
Coplay, PA
Grade 4

The Monster

There's a monster in this house.
I don't know how to get rid of it.
It sleeps in the boiler room,
And screams real loud.
I think I'll go shut it up!
So I opened the door and turned on the light,
And there it was the…heater.

Steven Guerra
Ann A Mullen Middle School
Sicklerville, NJ
Grade 6

Bobcats

There's a cat that roams in the desert called the Bobcat.
He is not that fat but jumps high like a bat.

The Southwestern deserts are his homes.
In Henderson is where he does not roam.

He is a carnivore that does not eat plants.
To watch him eat will scare you out of your pants.

The bobcat will use his large teeth to eat.
His main meal is tender young meat.

This animal has thin fur.
So it can keep warm and won't say brrr.

The bobcat has large paws.
When it attacks it uses sharp claws.

The name bobcat comes from their short tail.
The tail is skinny like a skateboarding rail.

So watch for the big bobcat.
But do not squeal like a rat.

Clint Thrasher
Bend Gate Elementary School
Henderson, KY
Grade 4

I Am Me

I am a white tiger waiting to pounce
I am an eagle soaring proudly in the topaz sky
I am a dolphin leaping into the sea with delight
I am a slow turtle crossing the highway
I am a sun waiting to shine
I am a silent drizzle that will not stop
I am a sweet treat with a chocolate heart
I am a loud, alert dog, but quiet sometimes
I am death waiting to happen
I am me and nobody else

Taylor Alexandar
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 6

Winter

Winter is like heaven to me.
It makes me smile with joyful glee.
Playing with cousins in Plymouth, Vermont.
Sitting by the fireplace in a warm cozy spot.
Playing board games all night long,
And cheerfully singing a bedtime song.

Kori Fannon
Forest Avenue Elementary School
Hudson, MA
Grade 4

Orange Is a Bonfire in the Middle of September

Orange.

Orange is a bonfire
in the middle of
September.
The sister to yellow
the daughter to red.
Orange.
Orange is
The color of trees in the fall.
The third color in a rainbow,
and, yet, you get it
when you mix yellow and red.

Orange.
You could call it
a sunset or a bonfire in September,
but you can never
change orange to blue because
orange is ALWAYS a bonfire in
September.

ORANGE

Paige Pelton
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Happy Halloween

I open the door, what do I see?
Some crazy looking monsters, staring at me.

They look really mean and awfully scary,
one has horns, another is hairy.

I shake in my boots, I don't know what to do.
Then a white little fellow shouts out a loud, "BOO!"

I slam the door shut, my heart skips a beat.
The next thing I hear is a loud, "TRICK OR TREAT!"

Jeanine Sarno
Central Five Jefferson Elementary School
Vauxhall, NJ
Grade 5

Being Apart

You know how much I love talking to you heart to heart, but I miss being with you face to face.
Sometimes our being apart is all I think about.
I wish I had a wand and you can appear right by my side so I can hold you tight.
It seems like time flies when we are away from each other.
As much as I love talking to you I can't wait till we are together in each others arms where we belong.

Kimberely Merida
Academy of Excellence
Phoenix, AZ
Grade 6

Sanctuary of the Deer

Light wind passes through a quiet meadow, lingering for a moment like a shadow,
Then slipping away into the fathomless deep of the forest.
Moonlight shines through an open canvas, in the forest rooftop.
The light, playing on the silver trees; their leaves dancing in the wind,
Glittering like the stars in the sky, moving as if they are the very heartbeat of the forest.
The air is thick with oxygen; clean and fresh as the morning dew.
The silent mystery and beauty beckoning to any animals wandering near.
A cautious doe is lured into the clearing.
The grass moving beneath her feet in graceful waves, like a sea of green water.
The silent security of the forest, telling her petrified heart that nothing will harm her.
She gently lays herself upon the grass, the green waves caressing her body, luring her to sleep.
She closes her eyes in peaceful bliss, lost forever to the sanctuary of the deer.

Brianna DaSilva
Sam Sherratt Public School
Milton, ON
Grade 6

Daddy's Little Girl

I remember feeling gentle humungous hands.
Rocking me back and forth.
I remember feeling a bushy rough beard.
Holding me this mysterious person saying…
"You are daddy's little girl you'll always be my baby."

I remember a special person walking me across my bedroom floor feeding me my milk,
When I wore my pink little dress with kittens on it.
I remember him picking me up like an airplane
Swooping me down like a bird and saying…
"You are daddy's little girl you will always be my baby."

I remember it was my birthday when I was turning 3.
That's when I was starting preschool.
I was getting to know about his personality and kindness.
Giving me my lunch money and kissing me on my forehead and saying,
"You are daddy's little girl, and you will always be my baby."

Now that I am 10 years old and a big fourth grader,
I've learned that my dad had a lot of interest in me.
I admire him because he still has a place in his heart for me always.
And I will always remember that I am daddy's little girl
And I will always be his baby.

Darionna Logan
Harrison Elementary School
Lexington, KY
Grade 4

Lost Father

Dawn of daybreak had hit on the horizon.
The Assiniboin Tribe's men go on a buffalo hunt
While the rest of our tribe would set up camp near by.
I was a child of 14 summers.
My name is Spear Dust.
Today I helped my mother,
Spring Women,
Load our travois,
But dreaming of hunting buffalo
With Horse Breeder, brother of my mother.
For my father has been killed in a raid
For food, for horses, for weapons.
My father tried to stop them.
He had been scalped right in front of me.
My father was killed for trying to help my village
In an attack by the Crows...
An enemy of everyone.

Cody Halpine
South Elementary School
Brighton, CO
Grade 5

What Is Friendship?

Friendship is something that comes from the heart.
Friendship is a truly unique and fine art.
If you have one friend you're doing just fine.
But having more friends is even divine.

Your friends take the time to help you.
So take the time to help them too.
It doesn't matter if you have a friend here or there.
All that matters is that you care.

Gabrielle Booker
Panther Valley Elementary School
Nesquehoning, PA
Grade 4

Lain to Rest

She sits staring at her bedroom wall
Hiding from the world and away from it all.
As the moonlight shines from the window
She puts up her hair with a bright red bow.
She dries off her tear streaked face
Thinking of a nice warm beautiful place.
She was an orphan yet no one knew
They couldn't find her and she didn't know what to do.
She ran outside with freezing feet
Looking up and down the abandon street.
She walked around and found a bed
And laid down to let thoughts stew in her head.
She never awoke the following day
She had been lain to rest and she flew away.

Kristan Morris
Honey Creek Middle School
Terre Haute, IN
Grade 6

Beginning

When the world has calmed,
There is a new beginning.
All bad thoughts are pushed away
To make room for this new beginning.

Sonia Feldman
Hawken Lower-Middle Elementary School
Lyndhurst, OH
Grade 5

Dark Little Corner

My dark little corner
In my dark little world
Where light is extinct and the world's just a blur

Where the pain and the sadness
Wallows in its own madness
The sorrows surround me

Time moves too quickly
As so I can hardly breathe
Disappointment and fears
Deliver my tears

But the light peers in
It burns the tears
And heals the pain

The light clears my tears
It brightens my darkness

Now it's my light little corner
In my bright perfect world

Lauren van Vliet
Old Saybrook Middle School
Old Saybrook, CT
Grade 6

Pages of Imagination

Pages of a book
The first word you're hooked
Imagination soaring
The wonder is growing.
Not knowing what is next
Keeps my nose inside the text.
You might like magic
Or stories that are tragic.
There's a rainbow of words
Like the jungle of birds.
The worlds that they take me to
Are all waiting for you.
And remember, don't judge a book by its cover
And you'll soon be an imagination lover.

Nettie Rountree
Spokane T.E.C.
Cheney, WA
Grade 4

Food!!!

Bananas, apples
Lemon or lime
Every day
At breakfast time!
Egg or tomato sandwiches
Of course not sour
I'm ready for it
At lunch hour!
Beans, pizza
Or spaghetti
All for me
When supper is ready!

David Noel
Ste-Foy Elementary School
Sainte Foy, QC
Grade 5

El Convento

Outside Mexico City
Stands an old church
Hidden by skyscraper trees.
El Convento, a place of peace,
Underground passageways
Lead to cold, dark rooms
Where it always seems
Like midnight.
Robed monks
Walk slowly,
Living simply,
Living silently.
A place outside Mexico City,
El Convento.

Mateo Cisneros
Polk Elementary School
El Paso, TX
Grade 4

Unworthy

Millions of houses cover
what used to be billions of trees.

Hundreds of gray smoky puffs
cover what used to be
the sun's greatest home.

Thousands of unworthy people
destroy what used to be
mother nature's life.

Does that mean
we are unworthy
for what we have done?

Holly Kellner
Woodmen Roberts Elementary School
Colorado Springs, CO
Grade 5

Me

My hair is a pitch black night without streetlights.
My eyes are the sweet chocolates you get at the store.
My sisters are the mosquitoes being as annoying as can be.
My mom is a beautiful rose without thorns.
My dad is a strong tiger prowling the forest.
My skin and culture are a mix of the freedom of the American flag
and the happiness of the Vietnam flag.
I am a girl that is as proud as a lioness who just brought home a great dinner.
A girl who is a proud of her hair, skin, eyes, mom, dad, herself,
and maybe even her little sisters.

Linh Tran
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 5

War Zone

Why do people hate?
Why do people kill?
Why do people find pleasure in terrorizing?
Why can't we have different opinions about the world without fighting?
Will the war ever end?
Will we ever get along?

I don't want to hate.
I don't want to kill.
I don't want to experience terrorism.
I want to express ideas without fighting over it.
I want the war to end.
I want everyone to get along.

Neal Ryan
St Andrew's Episcopal School North Campus
Ridgeland, MS
Grade 6

Camp

Camp, camp you play all day
Eat me up the food will say

Jump the blob or make a castle
On circus day you'll all be razzled

If you go to Jewish camp you pray
Every single solitary day

You wake early 6 or 7
When it's time for bed it feels like heaven

At the end the girls will sob
When you eat corn at home it won't be like camp's corn on the cob

You'll look back at camp and summer break
See how good it was miss your swims at the lake.

Zach Cantor
Doherty Elementary School
West Bloomfield, MI
Grade 5

Sweetheart Shavonda

Shavonda
Friendly, smart, honest
Sibling of Milton and Kelly
Lover of twirling majorettes on hot summer days
Who feels kindness, love, friendship
Who needs a friend who cares when I am sad
Who gives hugs and kisses
To my wonderful family
Who fears the deep darkness of death
And the huge bombs of the evil terrorists
Who would like to see the Statue of Liberty
On the New York Harbor
As the red, white, and blue fireworks
Burst over head in the exquisite sunset
Hypes

Shavonda Hypes
Zela Elementary School
Summersville, WV
Grade 4

Be One Hand of God

Be one hand of God,
God will be the other.
God is like an infinite number of angels,
He will always be there for you.
He will never let you down.
God will put his hand around you when you are sick,
And he will always love you.

Anastasia Lindquist
St Benedict Elementary and Middle School
Seattle, WA
Grade 5

Angel

A ngel was a very special cat.
N othing will stop me from remembering her.
G ood times and bad times.
E very day I think and think about her, not a day goes by.
L oving her won't bring her back.

T houghts run through my mind each day.
H ow could she survive the pain?
E ncouragement describes her.

C ounting the days since she has passed away.
A ngel was her name altogether.
T houghts and feelings really hurt.

What would you do without your cat?
You tell me.
Think about it.

Samantha Duncanson
Mount Orab Middle School
Mount Orab, OH
Grade 5

Little Mouse

Here I sit upon the couch,
I thought I saw a little mouse,
I called my mom,
I called my dad,
and told them of the sight I had,
they tried to kill that little mouse,
to squish and squash it in the house,
but I was glad when I saw that little mouse,
sneak quietly out of the house.

Kaylee Kallas
Pleasant Glade Elementary School
Olympia, WA
Grade 6

The Four Seasons

The four seasons give me greetings
Like I never had before.

Especially when Winter comes
Fall's walking out my door.

Winter gives you snow
And Summer gives you heat.

Spring gives you rain
And Fall gives you orange and brown leaves.

My favorite of all four because:
Winter gives you snowmen.
Summer gives you swimming.
Spring gives you towers of flowers that smell so sweet.
Fall gives you piles and miles of leaves.
So, put on your coat, it's almost Winter's Eve.

Kiana Walker
Baden Elementary School
Brandywine, MD
Grade 6

Names

Names.
You must learn.
Names.
You know are something special.
Some can be given down from your parents.
Names are something you should respect.
Some people's names can even be the same.
I believe every name means something.
Even if you change your name,
The name you were born with won't change.
So people,
Remember your name!

Chelsea Ector
Cedar Grove Elementary School
Ellenwood, GA
Grade 4

When I Dream

When I dream,
all my problems are gone.
When I dream,
life's control is in the palm of my hand.
When I dream,
the Lord is with me.
When I dream,
inspiration is all that anything is.
When I dream,
I can do anything.
When I dream,
there's not only life within me,
but life within my thoughts and words.

When I dream.

Kelsey Elise Lacourrége
Clearwood Jr High School
Slidell, LA
Grade 5

I Wonder

I wonder what it was like back then
When war had just began
I wonder what it was like back then
When freedom was everything for one
I wonder what it was like back then
When hate was a common word
I wonder what it was like back then
When horrid cries would be heard
I wonder what it was like back then
When fairies were true to the eye
I wonder what it was like back then
When Ogres roamed around the world
And people could never die
I wonder what it was like back then
Dinosaurs roamed the land
I wonder I wonder I wonder I wonder
What life was like back then?

Kristen Narum
Mesa Elementary School
Boulder, CO
Grade 5

Missing You

She sat in her bedroom.
Her face buried in her hands
Crying, like she never had before.
She lost someone dear to her.
She cries until she can't anymore.
She says, through her tears,
"I'm missing you Papa."

A. Hahn
Beckley Elementary School
Las Vegas, NV
Grade 5

Peace

Peace is good
War is bad
We are lucky
We are
Safe
Who?
Canada!

Julie Robertson-Moore
St Mary's School
Prince George, BC
Grade 5

Cheetahs

Cheetahs are fast cats.
They have very slender legs.
They are very cool!

Carmen Rivera
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

A Difficult Frog to Draw

Mouth is croaking
Turn left and right
Chin or cheek?
Stay just one moment
Your head is almost done

Toes are dancing
Hop up and down
Belly or back?
Stay just one moment
Your body is almost done

I have you on the paper
Yellow, green and black
But everything else is out of place
You are a difficult frog to draw!

Amy Chyao
Stinson Elementary School
Richardson, TX
Grade 5

My Dog Coda

The wind moans to my dog
My dog cries to the wind
All through the night she
Howled a dreadful sound.
The wolves join my dog
but she just kept howling
The dreadful tune.

Kevyn Leeanne Davis
Sagle Elementary School
Sagle, ID
Grade 5

Dylan

Dylan
Crazy,
Eager,
Funny,
Wishes for no more school,
Dreams not to have a crazy sister,
Wants to play baseball.
Who wonders what life will be like.
Who fears his future wife.
Who is afraid of the future.
Who likes girls.
Who believes in God.
Who loves girls.
Who loves God.
Who loves himself.
Who loves food.
Who plans to look good.
Who plans to have money.
Who plans to have a good house.
Whose dreams could come true.

Dylan LaGore
Taylors Elementary School
Taylors, SC
Grade 5

Peace

Help us work for peace
Bless us and heal our nation
God, our creator.

John Martinez
St Benedict Elementary School
Blue Island, IL
Grade 5

Party

Skating
Exciting, painful,
Opening, rolling, playing,
Eating a delicious, creamy cake.
Party

Dylan Swofford
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 4

Ginger

Ginger
Energetic, trained,
Sleeping, running, barking,
Exciting to be around.
Dog

Tierrhane Huff
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 4

Football

Football
Tackling, bragging
Rivalry, hatred, and blind refs.
Spiking, TD dancing, and cell phone ringing.
Tutus, ribbons, and girly girl stuff.
Ballet

Thomas Nunez
Mooreland Elementary School
Carlisle, PA
Grade 4

The River

The wind said, "I'll be your guide"
The sun said, "I'll keep the time"
The stars said, "I'll be your night light"
The bank said, "I'll be by your side"
The trees said, "I'll watch over you"
The boulder said, "I'll stay out of the way"
The ground said, "I'll provide a soft path"
The mountain said, "I'll flatten out"
The weather said, "I'll give you water"
The heat said, "I'll cool down."
The leaves said, "I'll float along with you"
The clouds said, "I'll give you shade"
The lake said, "I'll start you off."
The stream said, "I'll beat you there."
The ocean said, "I'll be waiting."
For the river must flow on.

Cody McFarland
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

The Obnoxious Fire

The fire always asks why he was put out
He threatens that he will attack
I cannot stand his fiery act
He wants to be free and not controlled
He says he gets bored every day
He is going crazy I am telling you lad
He keeps asking me when he will be lit
I just cannot stand his complaining
He keeps saying he will sue
I just don't know what to tell him
He is so immature and asks too many things
If he keeps this us he will drive me crazy
One day he even asked how old I was
He is on my nerves and says he will quit
He has gone to far and I kicked him out
After he said to stop looking about
I hope you do not mind but I could not stand him

Will Precup
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

If

If everyone got along
would the world be the same?
If nobody had an enemy
would there be a bad name?

If you had a chance to fly
would you take that chance and run with it?
If you felt you were alone
would you take the thing next to you and talk to it?

If life seemed too hard and you were stressed out,
would you sit, take a breath, and let yourself rest?
If you were president
would you think of yourself as best?

Asking a question
is the ultimate task,
But if you had a question
would you be scared to ask?

Jade Traylor
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

The Farmer

A farmer is someone who is taken for granted
'Cause he knows when to get everything planted,
Everyone thinks that a farmer is dumber
Than a carpenter, electrician, and a plumber,
Just a farmer, you said, and I laughed 'cause I knew
All the things that farmers must be able to do,
I guess when God needed folks to care for His Earth
He chose "just farmers" 'cause He knew their true worth.

Lindsey Mauk
Riverview Middle School
Plymouth, WI
Grade 6

Emotions Inside

How can you love someone like you love yourself?
Knowing that she's not like you in any way?
Knowing she is a dog.
How must you overcome feelings of her death?
In your heart an everlasting ache.
You know she loved you, and you loved her.
This attack to your heart, coming from your soul.
Why did I have to be so young?
This pain I feel is so amazing for such a creature.
How can you feel such emotions for a creature, a dog?
Yes a dog, a creature, so, so unlike you.
You had your emotions for another day, hoping they go away.

Kourtland Hite
Griffin Middle School
The Colony, TX
Grade 6

Grapes
purple, delicious
munching, dissolving, nibbling
it makes me feel refreshed
Grapes

Devon Reeves
Loring Flemming Elementary School
Blackwood, NJ
Grade 4

Puppies
Funny moments
Playing, sleeping, drinking,
Happy, cute, cuddly, sweet
Dog

Samantha Gibson
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Shannon
Shannon
wonderful, outstanding, exercising,
playful, cooking,
loves her family, and friends
Mom

Holly Bufkin
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

Hobbits
Hairy, short
Running, smoking, burgling
He is a thief
Bilbo Baggins

Nick Kolkin
Breakwater School
Portland, ME
Grade 5

Oh Moon...
Oh bright moon how you shine
With the stars who follow
Through the night
The sun will rise soon
So shine for me
As long as you can
And before you go
To light up the night
For someone else
Good night...
Bright moon

Simone M. Mellert
Richmond Cons Elementary School
Richmond, IL
Grade 4

The Little Rosebush
The little rosebush sways in the wind.
A little boy has a letter to send.

Oh no! Look storm clouds are coming near!
The little boy clenches his letter with fear.

The lightning flashed, the thunder roared!
The rain came down slowly, and then it poured!

The little boy didn't know what to do!
He couldn't get his father's green thumb birthday card in the mail.
"Oh boy! A rosebush! I'll take it home to him! Wahoo!"

He put the little rosebush in a pot.
On his way home, the rain stopped and it got hot.

The rosebush started to wilt, and fade.
The little boy went to a pond in the shade.

He filled the flower up, and then he was on his way back to his house.
On his way home, he spotted a mouse.

Father was very happy over his rosebush that his son had given him.
So was Mommy, Kim!

A'mie Pickeral
Danville Seventh Day Adventist School
Danville, VA
Grade 6

Never Happy
The mountain said to the desert
I wish I were you
I know said the desert
I do too

You are so high he cried I know cried the mountain
But, you are so low
I wish it would snow I know said the desert it is so dry.
At least you get to see up so high

And the Lord heard all this, so He made it snow
And the mountain and the desert were oh so happy
About a day into it all the animals froze
So the Lord thought hard so what should I do?
The animals needed it hot and the desert wanted it cold

So the Lord thought about it, He knew what to do
He made the desert a deal there would be seasons
So, the Lord said just wait awhile
So the desert did what he was told and before he knew it God made it snow
The animals all learned to sleep until it was all gone
And God helped them all He fulfilled His job.

Emily Sum
Zionsville Middle School
Zionsville, IN
Grade 6

Snow

Snow is like a field of flour,
With it you can make a tower.
Even though it is really cold,
It is still not meant to be sold.

With it you can also make a snowman,
On it's head you can put a pan.
In snow you can have lots of fun,
But remember snow melts when its hit by the sun.

Some people don't like snow,
They just don't want to know.
Snow might give frostbite a bit,
If you want to warm up just keep a candle lit.

Dennis Gadulka
St Raphael School
Garden City, MI
Grade 4

I Have a Cat

I have a cat whose name is Mr. Licorice
he follows me around the house and waits
for me to get done brushing my teeth
and when I go to bed he follows me
when I cover up and lay down
he jumps up on my bed
and goes above my head
then in the morning
he wakes me up for school by licking me

Ashley Dennis
Wayland - Cohocton Elementary School
Cohocton, NY
Grade 4

Winter

I look out the window,
And see snow drifting slowly to the ground.
It's pitch dark outside,
But I can only see the blanket of snow

The winds are cold.
It's like a frozen world.
The lights are nowhere to be seen.
All you feel is the warmth of the fire.

It's winter,
It only comes once a year
The snow,
The ice,
Even the very strong and cold winds.
Could we ask for a more beautiful season?

Lily Van
Griffin Middle School
The Colony, TX
Grade 6

The Color

Blue is a crab crawling on the lighthouse rocks.
Blue is a great white looking for trouble.
Blue is an angel fish looking for its destiny.
Blue is the water sparkling like a star.
Blue is the marlin on the end of my hook.
Blue is a tang fish thin as a plate.
Blue is the sky that paints the ocean.
Blue.

Alek Mateus
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

I Am

I'm from a hot summer day
A broken air conditioner
A swing set I swing on every day.
I am from a garden with flowers and vegetables
Beautiful as can be.
I'm from a family who loves me so
I feel their hugs.
That is where I'm from.

Elizabeth Hill
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 4

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

He was a man who loved baseball,
He fought for equal rights for all.

He wanted everyone to be treated the same,
No one will ever forget his name.

This brave man won the Nobel Prize,
And made everything suddenly rise.

He was a special man who had a dream,
And went to college at only fifteen.

He was a boy who turned into a man,
And did everything as fast as he can.

He was the best minister in town,
And never let his people down.

He died at the age of thirty-nine,
He had a good and brilliant mind.

He was a man who let freedom ring,
His name was Martin Luther King.

David Crespo
Benjamin Rush Middle School
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 6

Anxiousness

I'm anxious
What am I getting for my birthday?
Maybe a track phone or a dog! Or a ticket to go see Clay Aiken at the Pepsi Arena
41 days 'til my birthday!
I can't wait! 24, 23, 22…

I'm anxious
What am I getting for Christmas?
Maybe another vacation from my sister and my brother-in-law! Maybe another trip to Florida!
211 days 'til Christmas!
I can't wait! 211, 210, 209…

I'm anxious
For next year to come
I will be in 7th grade
More grown up, bigger responsibilities!
What fun that will be! 42, 41, 40…

I'm anxious
I'm going to play on the school's sports team!
I can't wait to play
Field hockey, basketball, and softball! 51, 50, 49…

I'm very anxious!

Cassie Hennessey
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Stop and Smell the Roses

I stop to smell the roses, on the side of the street. I can even hear the sound, of passing feet.
If I take the time and look all around. Up in the trees, in the sky, and on the ground.
You'll see things that will blow your mind. You never know what you'll find.
You'll see things that are happy, and things that are sad. And sometimes you see things that can make you quite mad.
You see beautiful butterflies flying free. Then you see all the damage and the debris.
People are destroying the world under your noses. So please do me a favor, stop and smell the roses.

Deon Wadsworth
Oil City Elementary/Middle School
Oil City, LA
Grade 6

In the Country

I lie down in a soft wavy grass in the country.
I shut my eyes. I sweetly drift off in a soft, sweet state of dream in the country.
I still can hear the wind flying, floating around me lifting me off the ground. I'm flying! I'm flying above everything.
Above war and hatred but I'm not scared I'm safe in the country.
I still can hear the faint cry of the coyote for her baby. But I'm not scared I'm safe in the country.
I still can hear silence. No car horns honking, no one yelling No one fighting.
Maybe this is what makes me feel so safe out here in the country.
I wake suddenly to the faint call of my mom and wonder was it all a magical dream?
I shut my eyes once more and I still hear the whispering winds, the searching coyote, and the country silence.
Then I wonder how could this be a dream? I'm in the country!

Hannah Smith
Chrisney Elementary School
Chrisney, IN
Grade 6

April

A lmost summer
P retty flowers bloom
R abbits come out
I t's Easter time
L ots of sun

Tarisa Anderson
Maple Lake Elementary School
Maple Lake, MN
Grade 4

Brooke

Brooke is
My sister
She is so much fun and when
I am scared she makes me happy
My sister

Jesseca Martin
Freetown Elementary School
East Freetown, MA
Grade 4

Dogs

D oes funny things
O ught to learn to catch the ball
G oes with me
S ees everything

Erica Kelley
Northfield Elementary School
Northfield, OH
Grade 4

The Mackinac Bridge

The Mackinac Bridge
Spread out across the waters
Isn't it so cool?

Justine Hernandez
Crestwood Elementary School
Rockford, MI
Grade 4

Rain

Rain can be fun,
But not all the time.

When you splash in a puddle,
You get muddy.
And everyone will think you are sloppy!

When it hits a tin roof,
It sounds nice and puts me to sleep,
Rain can be fun!

Jacob Conner
Leeton Middle and High School
Leeton, MO
Grade 6

Spring Feeling

Spring is coming!!
Birds are humming
Plants are talking
The animals are walking.

Trees have leaves
Beehives have bees
The sun has a smile
It will last quite a while.

The warm air blows
Grass is in waiting rows
Everyone is excited
We are now delighted!!

Mikell Schlumpf
Avonworth Elementary School
Pittsburgh, PA
Grade 4

The Guitar

The guitar is fun
I think it's great
I am not the best
But I try to be
I work and work
I always get better
But it's so hard
To be the best
It is hard to learn
But I try and try
I am not the best
But I'll play till I die

Connor Greear
Norton Elementary School
Norton, VA
Grade 5

basketball

always great,
always fun –
hoping for a win –
but –
sometimes getting,
disappointed.
winning,
losing,
rebounding,
shooting
timeouts and half time,
challenge and entertainment,
it's all part of the game!

Nate Stasik
Brimfield Elementary School
Kent, OH
Grade 5

Skiing

When I ski
I feel like I own the mountain
I'm suddenly the best
At first I was all shaken and afraid
But soon enough I could
Do the bunny slope.

The next time I went
I was more confident
I almost forgot how to ski at first
But as I got better
I could go on intermediate slopes.

Now the third time I was feeling great
I was going to the top
I finally got to the lift
And it took sooo long.

Soon after I did my first black diamond
I tried the mini terrain park
I left feeling great
I could ski the mountain.

Ian Karby
Breakwater School
Portland, ME
Grade 5

Homework

Homework is good when it's done
But if it isn't it's not a lot of fun
Then at school the next day
Your friend asks you if you want to play
Then your teacher says to stay
Then you cry until the end of the day

David Ward
Madison Elementary School
Madison, WV
Grade 5

Teachers

Teachers are fun.
They listen to everyone.
They teach kids
Math
Science
Social Studies
and
Reading

I wonder what it would be like
If we did not have teachers?

Juliana Soto
J A Alford Elementary School
Lawrenceville, GA
Grade 4

What If

What if we had no money.
What if we had no food.
What if we had no home,
Or only one mood.

What if we didn't have school.
What if we didn't have a bed.
What if there was always war,
Or we didn't have any hair on our head.

What if we didn't have medicine,
What if there wasn't electricity.
What if we had only a sheet to wear.
What if we had no family.

Luckily we do have all these things.
So be thankful for what you've got.
Some people have very little,
And believe me you have a lot.

Harley Labbe
JW Walker Public School
Fort Frances, ON
Grade 5

Sheep

I prepared for many years
for this very big show.
I wanted to buy new shears,
so my sheep would be ready to go.

The woolly Dorset placed first
at the Indiana State Fair.
And the icky Southdown did worst,
but we really didn't care.

Michael Pope
Morristown Jr/Sr High School
Morristown, IN
Grade 6

My Puppy

I have a puppy,
His name is Scruffy.
If something's coming,
He pretends like he is rough,
That's why I love him so much.

He likes to eat,
But he doesn't like meat.
We go for a walk
And we sit under a tree.
That is why I love,
My puppy Scruffy.

Kelli Younce
Norton Elementary School
Norton, VA
Grade 5

My Home Town

My home town is clean most of the time
Everyday when I go to town people are smiling and laughing
It just makes me happy about where I live
Makes me think about people that are not happy about where they live
And why they don't keep their home town clean.

Samantha Cain
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Colors

She sits at her desk, all the colors a blur.
She chooses the red ones first.
She tosses them down her throat.
Then she takes a breath.
Now she does the same with the yellow.
With every color that goes down her throat,
She slips further and further away.
Her room is a spinning black blur.
She doesn't know what happened.
But she wakes up to find herself surrounded by even more color.
White walls…blue tears…purple medicine.
She now knows where she is.
She's in a hospital, rushing down the busy halls,
She's coming back, slowly.
Finally she goes home.
She starts to find that the life beyond her bedroom walls,
Isn't a horrible dark place…
That she's surrounded by good, and bad…
Colors.

Ashley Bolton
Charter School of Morgan Hill
Morgan Hill, CA
Grade 6

Storms

A storm moves like a tiger after its prey in the dark and cloudy sky.
A storm is like a fish battling a hook as moving this way and that way.
A storm sounds like a fierce lion's roar.
A storm is like a wild animal that prances around the sky.

Griffith Raaberg
Mont Vernon Village School
Mont Vernon, NH
Grade 6

Winter

Winter is the warmth in your home.
Winter is the holiday spent with your family.
Winter is playing in the snow.
Winter is greeting cards that make you happy.
Winter is spending time with your friends and to have a good winter.

Shanel Sorensen
Ppep Tec Virtual Interactive Program
Tucson, AZ
Grade 6

Purple

Purple feels like velvety blankets keeping me warm at night.
Purple tastes like sweet juicy grapes bursting in my mouth.
Purple is plums hanging on a tree on a fall day.
Purple tulips getting planted on a chilly spring morning.
Purple rainbow stripes peeking through the raindrops.
Purple horizon ending the day at sunset.

Rachel Taylor
Hambden Elementary School
Chardon, OH
Grade 4

Wind Can Whisper

Wind can whisper,
Wind can yell,
Spring is in
And winter fell.

Wind can yell,
Wind can cry,
Wind will tell
Us no lies.

Wind can cry,
Wind can sing,
It is time
For bike riding.

Wind can sing,
Wind can moan,
It is fun
To bike ride home.

Wind can whisper,
Wind can yell,
Spring is in
And winter fell.

Erica Friedhoff
Hardyston Township Elementary School
Franklin, NJ
Grade 4

Hurricane

The wind is like a wailing soul.
The rain is like God crying.
The thunder is like a boulder falling.
My window is rattling like a drummer drumming.
The grass is gone, lost in the wind.
The trees are bare and sad.
The sky is screaming out lightning.
My tears run down my tearstained face
As I see innocent people getting lost in that black crying sky.

Molly Valcour
Sutton Elementary School
Sutton, MA
Grade 4

Why!

How did it happen?
Why did it happen?
I can't realize why!
If only you were here and then you would show me the way.
How did you leave please show me and give me an answer.

I can't believe you did that to me and I can't think of why
But, you hurt me a lot.
How come you told me that you would always be there
And always love me.
But I never thought you would leave like you did.
You never left my side,
But now you left both of our sides and I wonder why.

Suzanna Buesing
Murray County Central Elementary School
Slayton, MN
Grade 5

Spitting Cobra

Spitting Cobra
Poisonous, hideous
Coiling, spitting, hissing
Snake, reptile, cold-blooded, amphibian, frog
Jumping, chirping, hiding
Colorful, deadly
Poison Dart Frog

Kathryn Beausoleil
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Wolf

The air was brisk on the winter's night
The sky like a black velvet blanket that covers the sun
The mountains stood waiting
For morning to light their rugged beaks
The silent tees stand half burnt from a fire
Which came long ago a distant call pierces the thin air
Atop the mountains
A wolf cries to the moon
Her eyes show like the rising sun
Red teeth are bared in a threatening growl
Blood drips from her mouth
As she defends the freshly caught fawn
Pups run in and out of the pack fighting over a bone.
She picks one up and gently walks to a lone rock
The whir of helicopter blades startles the pack
A shot echoes though the forest
A wolf drops dead
As blurs of gray, white, and black fly past
Suddenly all is quiet and nothing stirs on this winter's night.

Maia Ashbach-Sladek
Spring Creek Country Day School
Fort Collins, CO
Grade 5

Penguin

The little penguin body was like
a man wearing a tuxedo.
His waddling was as slow
as a turtle walking through the sand.

His little flippers went up and down
like papers flapping.
He glided as smoothly through the water
as seagulls soaring over the sea.

Audrey Kiefer
St John of the Cross School
Western Springs, IL
Grade 5

Orange

Orange is fall.
The summer sunset,
And goldfish racing in the water
Orange smells like flaming fire
The fierce tiger.
Lemon's best friend
Feels like fireworks bursting
The pumpkin glowing
Orange is the happy sun
Orange is fall.

Laura Vogelsang
Knapp Forest Elementary School
Grand Rapids, MI
Grade 4

Blue

Blue is the sea,
By a boat far away.
Blue is the sky
On a clear, clear day.
Blue is a feeling
When you are sad.
Blue is a pen
On a paper pad.
Blue is music
When you are alone.
Blue is a sapphire,
A precious stone.
Blue is a bird
That likes to tweet.
Blue is a berry,
Juicy and sweet.
Blue is a color
I like to see
Through clear blue eyes,
A part of me.

Zachary Czachura
St Lawrence Elementary School
Indianapolis, IN
Grade 6

The Storm

The rain, the sleet, the hail,
Hardly pouring down,
The snow gently falling,
The wind gently blowing,
The storm stops, and it is peaceful again.

Erin Burke
Prince of Peace School
Lake Villa, IL
Grade 6

Summer Days

Shining days,
Shimmery, hot, hazy, heat
Blazing, bright, summer

Ivy Swortfiguer
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Mantavious

Mantavious
Curious,
Smart,
Crazy,
Wishes to work in car insurance,
Dreams of going to the NFL,
Wants to make all A's.
Who wonders if he will pass his grade.
Who fears killers.
Who is afraid of the king.
Who likes NFL Football.
Who believes he'll become a millionaire.
Who loves money.
Who loves God.
Who loves his family.
Who loves school and good grades.
Who plans to be in the Army.
Who plans to play football.
Who plans to make a lot of money.
Whose life is on a good track.

Mantavious Mack
Taylors Elementary School
Taylors, SC
Grade 4

World

W hite clouds cover the earth;
O cean seas,
R ocks,
L and,
D irt.

Lieb Mathieson
New Country School
West Baldwin, ME
Grade 5

Telephone

I love the summer.
Swimming!

Summer will be fun forever.
You can go on vacation.
Sleep.

I go to Six Flags America.
I like to ride water rides!
I love the summer!!!

Brittany Matthews
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Venezuelan Forest

A forest with trees of different kinds,
The scent of pines in the air,
Chattering squirrels and birds singing,
A refreshing breeze,
Humidity in the air,
Nature is God's art.

Gabriela Iglesias-Mendoza
St John Vianney Catholic School
Orlando, FL
Grade 6

Untitled

It's chewy,
It's tasty,
It has many different flavors,
This is a taste that you should savor,
You can eat it anywhere,
Even when you sit,
But whatever you do don't swallow it!
What am I?

Dane Mizutani
Bednarcik Jr High School
Oswego, IL
Grade 6

Tomorrow

Tomorrow is another day;
Just get in the car and drive away.
Don't be afraid of your past.
Follow your dreams, and you'll go fast,
Be the best that you can be,
And I think you'll see,

Tomorrow is another day.

Emily O'Connor Seay
Thomas Jefferson Elementary School
Louisa, VA
Grade 5

True Love

Every day I walk by her and don't know her name,
My heart is breaking because I can't have her,
I see her every day in classroom but it might be too late,
I want her, I need her, if only she would say hello.

I'm not the kind of person who will start a conversation,
My mind goes blank and I can't stand the frustration,
My heart starts pounding and I lose all feeling,
I think right now I just need some healing.

What do I do, do I go up and talk?
Take a chance at true love,
I mustn't, I wouldn't, I couldn't,
I guess I will never have someone like her.

Although I could sit by her and see what she says,
Oh yes, that will work, we might become friends,
Or get married and be together 'til death do us part,
That's it; oh yes, I know this will work.

Now I know what you're thinking, I'm just in sixth grade,
A little young for this whole love parade,
But if I talk to her now it could change my whole life,
This is definitely true love in a twelve-year-old's eyes.

Tyler Kurland
Jay Stream Middle School
Carol Stream, IL
Grade 6

The Future

Go back to the past to change the future,
But the future retold must reflect a retold past.
Like dominoes falling.
If you change the beginning of a story, you also change the end.
And likewise, you will change your own time,
The Present.
Technology will not save you, it is weak.
Nature cannot,
For that is what you have altered.
You must turn to a different source: your own mind.
That can only take you halfway.
You can think of what you could change,
And not accomplish anything.
So do not wish to play with the fabric of time.
If you do, you
May
Not
Come
Back.
Be careful what you do this instant,
In a moment, it too will be the past.

Amy DiPierro
Our Lady of Mercy
Park Ridge, NJ
Grade 6

Who I Am

Genevieve,
Blonde hair, blue eyes, talented,
Daughter of Jayme and Jim,
She is blessed with family,
And she loves animals, especially dogs,
She always feels happy,
Who enjoys hanging with her friends,
She would benefit from going to Princeton,
And she needs a vacation,
She gives smiles all the time,
And she dreams of becoming a lawyer.
Genevieve.

Genevieve Campagnola
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Fights

When you hear
the high pitched voice
of an angry person —
you're in a fight.

When you stomp away
like a elephant in a herd –
you're in a fight.

When someone yells out your name
like you're then blocks away —
you're in a fight.

But luckily there always
a great thing about fighting —
You'll always make up
at the end.

Felix Castro
Public School 186 Dr I A Gladstone Elementary School
Brooklyn, NY
Grade 6

My Hamster Harry

My hamster Harry is really neat
He's kind and funny and really sweet
As the sun rises I can see
Him in his cage right beside me
When he eats it sounds
Like lightning crackling to the ground
His fur is as fluffy as a cotton ball
His tiny hands are sharp but that doesn't matter at all
Sometimes he can seem mean and scary
But he will always be my hamster Harry

Hayley Jones
Grandview Elementary School
Chambersburg, PA
Grade 4

The Flowers

Flowers are colorful
Flowers need water and sun
Flowers are very cool

Ray Patrick
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Colors of a Clown

The sky is blue,
His eyes are too.
The grass is green,
But he's not mean.
A rose is red,
Like the hair on his head.
Now to wrap my story,
Which I hope did not bore
Don't put a frown,
These are just colors of a clown.

Liza Miranda
Gerard A Guilmette School
Lawrence, MA
Grade 6

Friends*

To a friend,
Who's gone far away,
I still remember her smile and wave,
When she comes it's really fun,
We hang out everywhere under the sun,
We go to the mall,
We have a ball,
I still miss her every day,
Wishing she could come and play.

Libby Shull
Southwest Middle School
Searcy, AR
Grade 5
**Dedicated to Brandi R.*

A Shark in the Ocean

I am the killer of the ocean
I live in the deep dark waters
Where no one will bother me.
The scent of blood
Makes me so crazy
I swim as fast as I can
To find its source
When I come upon my prey
I silently sneak up behind it
And…SNAP, CHOMP, CRUNCH,
Yummy!!!

Tianna Merrill
The Academy of the Palm Beaches
West Palm Beach, FL
Grade 4

What Is a Friend

A friend is someone who holds your hand when you cross the street.
Someone who dreams with you when you fall asleep.
A friend is someone who encourages you.
And keeps you company when you're feeling blue.
A friend is always on your side.
Someone who has never lied.
A friend is always nice too.
That is why I'm friends with you.

Jennifer Florio
Northview Elementary School
Valparaiso, IN
Grade 5

A Teenage Life

As the salt tears run down, they burn my cheek.
My heart aches in pain, but I don't know why.
My mascara smears, and my pillow is wet from the tears that I've shed.
Emotions screwed up, with my parents not helping.
I just want to cry my heart out.
I want my friends – that's all I want, to cry in their arms
That's all I want
They make me feel good about myself -+
That's all I want
I want to be free, wherever that may be.

Erica Sandoval
Griffin Middle School
The Colony, TX
Grade 6

Colours Flash! Colours Spread!

Scarlet is what brings us to life,
it is the colour of fresh rubies slipped onto fingers,
and berries popping out of bushes in bunches.
Copper orange is the sand resting on earth's floor in the evening,
as well as the mighty sun beaming its last before retiring for the day.
Gilt is the colour of the hearts of flowers,
and tree stomachs used to keep objects in,
and shiny citrus glowing as if it were made of fire.
Turquoise lives in the great sea, but it cannot hide,
it stretches out, far and wide, over the world.
Green is also an earthly mark, it lays on the floor of the earth,
and waves and thrives, before it turns brown,
before it sleeps in its cold white gown.
Maroon is the sunset spreading,
but can also be flashing and scaring,
calm or restless is maroon.
Black is the colour that comes after day, still it stays
black is the colour that you close your eyes and see,
never will it be gone.
All of these colours need each other,
if they want to be colours at all.

Shane Lewans
Mother Teresa School
Medicine Hat, AB
Grade 4

Winter in Heaven

You're like a shining star in the sky
The biggest and brightest to my eye
I loved spending time with you
And all the fun things that we do
I really miss you and wish you were here
Around you, nothing I will fear
I always know you are there
And that you are the one that will always care

You're like a snowflake in the sky
The biggest and beautiful to my eye
With your gentle kiss and loving sent
Up to heaven I know you went
I love you papa with all my love
You're like my good luck golden dove

Amanda Cirami
Public School 36
Staten Island, NY
Grade 5

Yellow

Yellow is for the smiley face at Wal-Mart
Or the yellow handle on my shopping cart
Yellow is for the yellow star in the sky
For the little fishes in my bowl swimming by
Yellow is for my shirt
For the yellow flashing light…ALERT!
Yellow is cheese. American or Swiss?
Yellow is the tennis ball that I always miss
Yellow is the color of a highlighter
Yellow is the color of rotten apple cider
Yellow is the color of crispy leaves falling down
Yellow is the color of everything all around
Yellow is the color of my room
Or the bristles on a broom
Yellow is a color that is warm and bright
Yellow makes you happy. Delight! Delight!

Crystal Baumes
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Love

Love is created by power and will,
The love of the Lord will be here and will still.
You praise on His name and He'll save you from sin,
But first of all, you have asked Him in.
Your heart will be saved and you will be free,
From sins that arise and the love right from me.
Remember the love that is created each day,
And love will be here and it always will stay.

Alycia Dort
Lewisville Middle School
Moncton, NB
Grade 6

Pictures

As the saying really goes
A picture is worth a thousand words.
Take a second to just think…
What would happen
If there were no pictures?
No way to preserve the past,
No memories, no happy times you can remember.
Take a second just to think.

What would life be like with no memories?
Take a second just to think…
What would life be like?
Just think if you couldn't remember
Past friends or past family.
Take a second just to think.

Lauren Johnson
Memorial Middle School
Joplin, MO
Grade 6

The Color Green

I like the color green.
Green frogs, green remote control cars
Soft green grass.
Tall and small green glass.
My glasses give me green eyes.
I wash green beans, peas, collard greens.
I use green egg dyes.
I see green shirts, fish and snakes every day.
I eat chicken and tuna with green salad every way.
I like green Jell-O, punch, apples, and cake.
I see green at the bottom of the pond and lake.
I love the color green.

DeQuan Edward Jones
Sky Haven Elementary School
Atlanta, GA
Grade 4

All of Time

All of time can go away, but a lie is still a lie,
every day is a new day, but each day is a life.
All of time passes by, but a friend is still a friend,
and we cannot now die, thinking death is not the end.
All of time now may stay, but all things are not the same,
it is not time for play, 'cause our life is not a game.
All of time may now run, but a life can stay right here,
so we can hide from none, because time is never near.
All of time has a plan, all these ideas are not for me,
time is shared with no man, but still am filled with glee.
All of time has to stop, and all of me simply dies,
this Earth is yet to drop, but to last is what man tries.

Linz Rabiega
Ephrata Middle School
Ephrata, PA
Grade 6

Water vs. Ground

Water
Cold, smooth
Flooding, sinking, smashing
Hurricane, wave, earthquake, crack
Crushing, smashing, destroying
Rough, warm
Land

Tommy Klein
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

My Puppy Cody

My puppy Cody
So kind, cute, and cuddly
Whenever he sees me,
He puts his ears back
And wags his tail.
He is a watchdog
Even though he weighs only
13 pounds and is 1
He protects me
He plays with his
Toys and chases me.
I love my little Carin terrier puppy
Cody
And I always will.

Kaitlyn Moore
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Do You Like What I Like?

I like to watch grizzly bears,
I like to run down the stairs.

I like to tame a beast,
I like to eat a feast.

I like a lot of turkey,
I like perky beef jerky.

I like to be kind of funny,
I like to be a funny bunny.

I like to be rich with money,
I like the show called "Bugs Bunny."

I like to be teacher's pet,
I like to build a big jet.

Do you like what I like?

Adel (Eddie) Misleh
Curie Elementary School
San Diego, CA
Grade 5

To See You Again

As I sit here with my paper and pen
I realize I just want to see you again
And say that I feel so blue
Without you
I sit and say my prayers and as I say Amen
I know I'd do anything just to see you again
When I think of you my eyes get teary
As I remember how you used to play catch with me
Make me laugh when I was sad
And how when I got hurt I knew I could always cry Dad
I just want to see you again
I wish I knew that the last year I'd spend with you was when I was ten
So instead of always saying hi I'd be able to tell you good-bye
So I'd be able to sit and cry
Knowing that you knew I cared
So I'd be able to feel less scared
But I guess what I'm really trying to say is…
That I really just want to see you again

Britt Mikajlo
Cedar Grove Elementary School
Toms River, NJ
Grade 6

Divorce

Why did you always say everything was all right, when it wasn't?
Then one night I realize that it isn't.
When I heard you yelling one night,
You gave me a fright.
I wondered to myself,
How can somebody say those things to each other.
But now that has all changed.
Both my mom and dad are happy
Even though they aren't together.
They both found a way to find somebody else.
For once I felt a feeling that I have never felt before
Love for each other.
Thank you guardian angel for making my dreams come true with my mom and dad.

Josh Onken
Murray County Central Elementary School
Slayton, MN
Grade 5

September 11th

September 11th the day that we didn't finish what we had to say,
Took lives, took people, but it wasn't with knives,
Plane crashing into the buildin' people losin' their wonderful children.
People fallin' off the Twin Towers, the plane had so much powers.
September 11th was a day that we were not ready for some got left poor.
We remember the plane and we also felt the pain
Innocent people dyin' people on cameras that is not lyin'.
September 11th, September 11th, still remembered.

Karina Mercedes
St Martin of Tours School
Bronx, NY
Grade 6

Washington

W ashington has Maryhill Castle.
A griculture is important.
S tate has Redwood trees.
H as Space Needle in Seattle
I slands are part of this state.
N ational state bird is Willow Goldfinch.
G orge is on the Columbia River.
T ourism is popular.
O ranges are grown here.
N o deserts in this state.

Garrett Pettyjohn
Briggs Elementary School
Maquoketa, IA
Grade 4

In Search of My Lady

I walk in search of my lady,
She had been out to sea for longer than she said.
Is she lost at sea or just leaving me?
The storm is coming with her right in it.
She's lost at sea never to be seen.
Only in the clouds of heaven will we meet.
Then a thought came upon me,
We shall meet now in the clouds of heaven.
The undertow was strong so I jumped in the water.
I was at the verge of death,
When I saw the ship with my lady aboard.
She was not dead,
Not lost at sea.
I swam out of the water.
I held her in my arms.
I felt odd,
Are we on Earth?
Or are we in the clouds of heaven?
Then I noticed the light shining from her,
I had met my darling angel,
In the clouds of heaven.

Ben Doucet
Ossipee Central School
Center Ossipee, NH
Grade 6

Little Sisters

Little sisters like to bug,
Little sisters always hug,
Little sisters are always spice,
Little sisters are sometimes nice,
Little sisters really aren't so bad,
Little sisters cheer you up when you're sad,
So when you feel like you're gonna die,
Remember what I said and why.

Chelsey Fagan
Griffin Middle School
The Colony, TX
Grade 6

Dreaming in a Desert

Megan walks in blazing fire.
The droplets falling from her forehead.
Drip, drop, drip, drop everywhere.
She sees things that are not there.
"Water!" She cries.

The sand burns her feet.
Nothing but silence.
She may be walking forever.
Suddenly she wakes up with relief.
She says "just a dream," but she is left with a fever.

Tiffany Ricks
Hannah J Ashton Middle School
Reynoldsburg, OH
Grade 5

Clocks

My grandfather clock's voice is getting deeper through the night
His heart is beating tick, tock, tick, tock
Its hands are just now striking 12:00
Its face in my mind; his many expressions are in my head
I can hear his voice trailing off while I walk up the stairs
I hear him counting the seconds till 1:00
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 Ding dong!
1:00 he said.

Emma Wells
Whiteland Elementary School
Whiteland, IN
Grade 5

A Thunderstorm

There I was standing in the hall
Doing nothing but looking at the wall.
Suddenly I heard a big kaboom!
I thought I should run to see what it was soon.
I ran out there…it was a big thunderstorm.
Boom! A big lightning!
It was very frightening!
It was finally over.

Tristan Maurer
Wiley Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 4

Seaside Park

The clear blue ocean,
The wonderful smell,
The waves swishing up and down,
The sound of silver tickets falling from the slot machine,
The taste of the full moon shining bright in the sky.

Dennis-Michael Sullivan Jr.
Long Meadow Elementary School
Middlebury, CT
Grade 5

Good Friend

Every day I see your warming smile
It makes me want to jump a mile
You always help me with my troubles
We walk together like we're doubles
Your pretty voice as sweet as honey
Give me your voice, I'll pay you money
Thanks for being there for me
Friends is what we'll always be.

Melanie Pluta
Crescent School
Sandy, UT
Grade 6

Mom*

I know we got off to a rough start but,
we get along good too,
we get mad at each other
for days, weeks, but, never a month
we go down the road of forgiveness
we go down the road of pain
we go to the road of sorrow
we go down the road of grief
we go down the road of love!
You may not see it but, I do
we go down each road together
we're never apart, and,
we go down each road together

Martina Barela
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

**Dedicated to Maria Barela, my mom*

Lies

I hate tacos
I'd rather eat broccoli
I hate PS2
I'd rather play Monopoly
I like homework
And going to school
I like my dad's truck
And I like the pool
I hate Good Charlotte
Their music is boring
I love rainy days
When it's pouring
I love math
It's my favorite class
I hate gym
My team always comes in last

Tabitha DeVoe
Gloversville Middle School
Gloversville, NY
Grade 6

Roses Bloom

I can see the roses bloom
That shows spring is coming soon.
When all the buds shoot out
It makes me want to shout.

Spring is here!
It's here! It's here!
Daisies, sunflowers, and roses
It feels soft when it touches
My toes.

Kelsey Hood
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Colorful Forest Animals

In the forest there
are a lot of animals
some are colorful

The animals are
as colorful as rainbows
which makes them stand out

The animals have
stripes and they also have spots
and even more things

Lots of animals
hear a buzz or a bang sound
from chain saws and guns.

Alexandra Reynolds
Farmington Elementary School
Germantown, TN
Grade 5

Keys

Piano keys
Up the keys
Down the keys
White keys
Black keys
You use
All the keys
Why are there
So many keys?
Do they ever stop?
When will
They ever
Stop?

Caty Hosking
Leeton Middle and High School
Leeton, MO
Grade 6

Butterflies in the Sky

Have you ever seen anything like it?
The way it moves the way it grooves,
Look at it fly soaring in the sky,
So radiant the wonderful colors
In the light.

Shanise Jones
Lancaster Middle School
Kilmarnock, VA
Grade 6

Nature

Laying on the grass
Looking up
To see the sun smiling down on me
I smile back

I look to the side
To see the wind whispering to the world
Blowing through my hair
I giggle and whisper back

I look behind me
To see the trees wrestling
Tugging the branches of each other
I walk over and jump in the tree
To release the two branches

I look down at the grass
Watching it get shorter and shorter
The blades swinging round and round
I watch the grass fly into the air

Kelsey Skrbina
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

September 11

People crying,
people dying,
smoke filling the street,
people running,
people praying,
nothing is neat.

People singing,
people screaming,
building's falling down,
people pushing,
people fighting,
everything's a frown.

Alexa Hampton
Ranchvale Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

Ten Little Puppies

Ten little puppies found a gold mine,
One didn't share the lot and then there were nine.
Nine little puppies liked to animate,
One couldn't do it and then there were eight.

Eight little puppies thought they saw heaven,
Of course they were wrong and then there were seven.
Seven little puppies found some bricks,
A lot fell down and then there were six.

Six little puppies took a dive,
One couldn't swim and then there were five.
Five little puppies waxed the floor,
It was too slippery and then there were four.

Four little puppies took a vacation to ski,
One lost their balance and then there were three.
Three little puppies took kung fu,
Some had bad aim and then there were two.

Two little puppies called 9-1-1,
But it was too late and then there was one.
One little puppy was having no fun,
He got so bored and then there were none.

Nicole Dayag
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

War and Peace

War
devastating, violent
fighting, running, dying
destroying, capturing, cheerful, compromising
helping, caring, surviving
bright, happy
Peace

Jeane Holt
Jim Thorpe Area School District Penn-Kidder Campus
Albrightsville, PA
Grade 5

Spring

I'm ready for spring,
If you know what I mean.
When the tree tops are full,
And nothing is dull.
Where you see bright colors everywhere,
And when you just have to stop and stare,
At the beautiful spring around you.

Ellen Stevenson
Trenton Middle School
Trenton, MO
Grade 5

Trees

Trees make me feel like breeze.
My trees look like knees.
When I am bored I like to hold my keys.
I love lookin' at trees.

It's time for Arbor Day so give a big hooray.
When it's Arbor Day I give it a hip hip hooray.
I really like to recycle.
I will recycle all day.

It's Arbor Day but not yesterday.
I have a beautiful tree.
Whenever I'm around it's Arbor Day.
Next time its fall you are going to think it's Arbor Day.

Yohance Williams
Ann A Mullen Middle School
Sicklerville, NJ
Grade 6

The Place Where the Wineberries Grow

I walk quietly to the place where the wineberries grow,
Peeking to see if they're there.
I gently grab a berry and drop it in my basket,
Taking one more for my mouth.
So I keep picking berries,
And into the basket they go,
And all of a sudden,
My basket! It's full!
So I dash right away to the door of my house,
Looking back only one time,
And I know I'll soon return to that pretty little cove,
The place where the wineberries grow.

Amelia D'Angio
Home School
Black Mountain, NC
Grade 6

Pink Is Quiet and Calm

Pink is quiet and calm
Bringing peace in the morning, evening and dawn
Pink is a pearly light lace
Swinging from side to side
Pink is strawberry ice cream
On a hot summer day
A flamingo's bright fragrance from far away
A rose strawberry red proud to show its glow
So take a chance let it show
Pink is beautiful you know
Quiet and calm
Pink will start a new dawn

Katie van der Sloot
Mother Teresa School
Medicine Hat, AB
Grade 4

Friends

Friends,
jewels that sparkle
with their own uniqueness.
Always there
to share their soul.
Lifting your spirits high.
Letting you soar freely.
Always welcoming you
to a world of paradise,
where every day
is an adventure.

Hand in hand,
a blossoming flower,
one-of-a-kind
and beautiful.
Creating a knot,
that cannot be untied.

Alexandra Golway
Shelter Rock Elementary School
Manhasset, NY
Grade 5

Pigs Are Pink

Pigs are pink
They tend to stink

They love to roll in mud
Then they heard a great thud

It was a huge rock
That was thrown off a dock

One pig had a large nose
And one fell in love with some crows

Most loved to sleep
But one would rather leap

They may all be odd
But all the pigs are loved by God.

Kelsie Maxwell
Immaculate Conception School
Union, MO
Grade 5

The Bumblebee

The bumblebee
Yellow and round
Flies and stings
Swiftly
Insect

Lauren Sigler
Holy Name of Jesus School
Harrisburg, PA
Grade 6

Dreams

This girl her heart was broken, her feet chained to the ground,
always told what to do, and to never make a sound.
She wanted to fly away, like a bird trapped in a tree,
to be free of what she thought, as magic puppet strings.
She danced along the earth, but never knowing why,
until at last she could not dance, and then began to cry.
She knew just what she wanted, as she looked up in the sky,
she shed her tears, and looked up towards the eastern morning sky.
And for all of you who saw it, you know just what I mean,
as the early morning dawn, swept her from her dreams,
and as she shed her body, and disappeared through space,
she shed just one more tear for the entire human race.
And as she looked down through the clouds and saw us fighting wars,
she knew someday she would return to spread peace throughout the world.
Some say you shouldn't wish too hard because it just might become true,
cause it seems like all your problems, just come again anew,
and for all of us who wish it, and as we long for it to be true,
we all know she'll come again, and start us all anew.
So all of us now know, when autumn days grow near,
that not to wish too hard,
cause you might just disappear.

Alaina Germano
St. Francis Middle School
Palo Cedro, CA
Grade 6

Mom

Mom you brighten me in every way!
And you're always there for me every single day!
You make me laugh no matter what you say!
When you have problems I'll be by your side!
So don't fill up with tears and start to cry!
As I sit here and write this poem I know there's one more thing to say
Happy Mother's Day!

Karen Torres
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

Wind Wind

Wind whispers through the air in early morning naps
Howls through the trees like rocks crashing through glass
Children relax or shiver when it blows through their windows

It could blow from the Tropics smelling of fruit and feeling quite warm
Over the North Pole smelling and feeling like ice
If it comes from the West it could feel like movie stars
From the East could be the scent of jungles and giant cats
Wind is many things but always
AWESOME

Gretchen Kohler
Hayes Leonard Elementary School
Valparaiso, IN
Grade 5

Easter

On Easter I get a baby chick,
Sometimes I have a big picnic,
My mom gave me a chocolate bunny,
Some eggs have money,
We fill the basket with confetti,
That night for dinner I had spaghetti,
My house was covered with Easter decoration,
During Easter I get a vacation,
Easter is a holiday to enjoy,
That day I got a toy,
On Easter I like to watch Bugs Bunny,
Bugs Bunny is funny,
Today I won the contest,
Today I was the best

Mike Gonzales
Polk Elementary School
Clute, TX
Grade 5

The Lonely Creature

There was a dark shadow lurking in the fields.
Next door a poor little creature, left to fend for itself,
Once a majestic looking black horse,
And now it is no more, once a pert little colt,
With his head held up high, is just lonely,
And shadowy figure against the dark setting sky,
A droopy little figure walking in the night,
With his saddle and his reins still on tight,
A lonely little figure hidden from sight,
His pen covered in vines that get longer by night,
A poor little creature left in the world all alone,
With no one to help it along the road,
A poor little creature that is just skin and bones,
A poor little creature with no where to roam.

Destini Spencley
Alvarado Intermediate School
Alvarado, TX
Grade 6

Spring

Spring, spring, spring,
You're a minute away.
Open your arms and get ready for play.
Trees' buds will be budding into beautiful flowers
And will seem like winter stayed just a couple of hours.
Spring, spring, spring,
You're a minute away.
I just can't wait for tomorrow's spring day,
I could go to the park with a couple of friends.
And hope springtime fun never, ever ends.

Joseph Balich
Edgebrook Elementary School
Chicago, IL
Grade 5

Family Member*

So much depends upon
A family member that helps you all the time
So much depends upon
A family member who wasn't yet family
So much depends upon
A family member who is gone
And is never coming back

Alex Stearns
Wayland - Cohocton Elementary School
Cohocton, NY
Grade 4
**In memory of Jeremy Dutton*

Seabiscuit

No one thought Seabiscuit would be that great,
they eyed with great wonder as he ran past the gate.
Most horses ran at first the whole entire race,
but he was the one that set the pace.
You have heard the saying, big things come in the small,
Seabiscuit was an example of them all.
He was not eager, so they took him off the track,
until he met Tom Smith, and they brought him back.
The crowds were running and hurrying to see,
the biggest horse races in history.
The race against War Admiral was the most famous of them yet,
it was worth a lot of money, so they took on the bets.
They have had some troubles along the way,
but Seabiscuit won and he saved the day.
Without Tom Smith there wouldn't have been this,
because with Seabiscuit he was feeling such a bliss.
When it came for Seabiscuit to become old and die,
Mr. Smith was the first one to say goodbye.

Kelly Beech
Murray County Central Elementary School
Slayton, MN
Grade 5

Megan*

Megan
Wished you stayed
Hoped you were here today
I have a frown on my face
But today that will all change
I know you are with me today
But I still wish you were *Really* here right now, but how?
You're up in heaven
But I don't care, cause one day I'll be up there
So here it goes, I'll say it slow because I know that we
All have a missing part in our heart!

Claire Fick
Sacred Heart School
Rich Fountain, MO
Grade 5
**In memory of Megan Katrina Boehm*

Divorce

What if your parents told you they were divorcing
You'd be blue too
You'd want to scream
'Cause it would seem like they didn't care about you
I know this from experience and believe me it's not fun
When you go downstairs and you see your dad packed his clothes and gun
You just want to run and hide away
And spend a day hidden away from the world
And it's hate and it's cruelty
And you feel rebellious and rule less
But they tell you that it's for the best
And there's nothing you can do

Prudence Bickhaus
St Boniface Elementary School
Quincy, IL
Grade 4

Shades

When I look around, the world I see is pretty harsh.
There are fences put up to keep people from escaping.
Large holes in the ground for people to fall in.
I see rivers that separate people from one another.
Walls are built that keep people out.
Signs are everywhere telling us
Do Not Enter, Keep Out, One Way, Not Allowed, You Can't, We Can't, NO THIS, NO THAT,
cruel signs everywhere…
Let me put my sun glasses on.
The shades I have on help me see the world without the glare.
The fence has a gate to let people out.
The hole has a ladder to help people up.
The river has a bridge to connect people to each other.
The wall has a door to let people in.
And yes, signs ARE everywhere.
They let us know it's a two way street and help give us directions when we're lost.
Through these sunglasses I only see shades of gray — no red or yellow, no black, brown or white.
When I put on my shades I can't see color — I only see light.

Melissa Gallagher
Helen Hansen Elementary School
Stoughton, MA
Grade 5

5th Grade

As I left 5th grade last year, all I could do was fill my eyes with tears.
I could not believe that I had to go.
I was not sure if I was ready to be a 6th grader.
All my friends I left behind, because we all went to separate schools.
I could not believe that I had to say goodbye to all of my friends.
Middle school is rough but I think if you put your best smile on, you will make some new and genuine friends.
Now I am going to seventh grade with ten of the best (NEW) friends I have ever had…

Corina Montgomery
Alice Vail Middle School
Tucson, AZ
Grade 6

Gold

Odd, intriguing, fantastic, extraordinary.
Sparkling, shiny, touchy, feely.
Yet no one knows the secret
Of the burnished gold and Me.

There was a burst of light
A day after Time was done.
Though not the Sun, nor the Moon,
But the shimmering gold of Me.

I held the rock gently in My hand,
As it slowly turned to yellow.
No one knew of the greed to come,
From this poorly pebble of Mine.

Could you imagine
The way things were?
As I watched from above
Upon My beloved Earth.

Brooke Hartnett
Mendoza Elementary School
Mesa, AZ
Grade 6

Rainy Days

Those rainy days,
those dark and dreary rainy days
without a speck of light.
It always seems to happen
on those rainy, rainy nights.
The rain is coming down
in a quick and steady pace
just like those drops of tears
running down my face.

Jenni Chiarello
Delran Middle School
Delran, NJ
Grade 6

The Fall

The fall is windy
Cold!

The fall is very chilly!
Chilly!
In the fall it has at least five leaves.
In the fall the wind will blow me away.
Windy!
Cool breeze!
Windy breeze!

Brittney Mansfield
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Cool

Cool.
What is cool?
Is it the way we wear our clothes?
Is it the way we exclude people?
I'll tell you what I think cool is.
I think a cool person is someone
who is funny, compassionate,
and who doesn't exclude people.
That's what I think cool is.

Alexandra Bauer
Valentine Elementary School
Valentine, NE
Grade 4

What a Friend

Oh shell, oh shell
once in the sea,
Instead you brought
the sea to me.
Such a hard cover,
but so soft inside.
Now I recognize
you're more than a shell.
You're a friend.
Oh shell, oh shell.

Myia Williams
Fairview Magnet Elementary School
Roanoke, VA
Grade 4

Max

Max, my dog, he is so cute!
You should see him in a suit!

Max, my dog, he is so cool!
He always wants to jump in a pool!

Max, my dog, he loves food!
He always puts me in a good mood!

Molly Hahlen
Scottish Corners Elementary School
Dublin, OH
Grade 4

April

April.
Rainy, sunny.
Growing, colorful, smelly.
Watching the flowers bloom.
Springtime.

Alyssa Pinter
Barbitte Elementary School
Burton, MI
Grade 4

Blue Jays

Blue jays are beautiful
Blue
They're graceful as a swan

Majestic as an adult tiger
Fast
Light navy blue
So that only if you look, very closely look
You can very easily tell,
Just how great they are.

M. Nicole Heil
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Basketball

Basketball's an awesome sport,
I like to dribble down the court,
I shoot free throws just in time,
And then I know the game is mine,
Then I shoot from the half court line
And soon the score is 10 to 9.

Brett Snyder
Rootstown Elementary School
Rootstown, OH
Grade 5

Gone So Long

I've grown six inches since he's left.
My brother to a man.
Will he know me, when he sees me.
My brother man.

Three years have passed,
one more to go.
Bring him back safe, sound...
and bring him back whole.

He's been in Iraq,
Hell and back,
A place of
eternal torment.

Let the moon shine on me,
and carry me to his side.
Let him feel me near him,
even from the sky.

Hope he doesn't feel my tears,
the ones that fill my eyes.

Samantha Park
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Forest Life

The wind is always blowing
The animals are so peaceful
The grass is so green
The trees are so pretty
The water is always flowing
The flag is flying high

Brianne Schroeder
St Catherine of Bologna School
Ringwood, NJ
Grade 4

Gravestone and Earth

Gravestone
As ancient as Earth.
Oh so different
Yet oh so alike.
Gravestone is Death,
Earth contains Life.
Look around at things
That you haven't passed.
You know your next step
Well could be your last.
If that ever happens,
You have failed to beat them.
For you couldn't be older than
Gravestone or Earth.

Lorae Schafer
St John Fisher School
Portland, OR
Grade 6

A Bad Deal

I paid twenty five nickels
To see the largest meal
But when I ate the pickles,
It wasn't a good deal

When I went home to find
My face was pale green
The pickles made up my mind
That they were really mean

Shelby Emerson
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Mother and Friend

Mother
tender, compassionate
loving, caring, teaching
as sweet as candy
Friend

Nicole Dicrecchio
St Madeline-St Rose School
Ridley Park, PA
Grade 5

Fourth Grade*

A new year
A new teacher
New subjects
New friends
Happy, fun, exciting
Math: fractions, division, multiplication, new games
Science: electricity, land forms, dissecting eyeballs
Social Studies: health, Ohio, World War I, World War II, the Great Depression
Language Arts: cursive, handwriting, spelling and learning new words
Reading: great new books, reading responses, read-a-loud, old books over and over
Magazine: Wright Brothers – the best!
Punch parties, movies, snacks, drinks, punch cards
Letter grades, coupons, morning work
Specials: art, phys ed, music, library, extra
Learned a lot
Won't forget
Special year
Moving along
Now…5th grade

Matthew Serio
Scottish Corners Elementary School
Dublin, OH
Grade 4
**Dedicated to my Fourth Grade teacher, Miss Dingle*

Childhood Dreams

I am sitting in a garden right outside of my old memories
My sage house,
And my eyes wander to a rose.

Its red petals remind me of
The hearts I used to draw when I was a kid.

When I sat at the granite counter top, sniffing the smell of chicken
Cooking in the blue oven with rosemary and basil.

The green stem winds itself into a knot.

Yellow specks of powdery pollen float in the air,
Like balloons trying to escape the rose's clutch.

In my childhood dream,
I let go of the purple lacy string attached to the pink bubble swaying in the wind.
Not wanting it to pop or float away.

As I think and wonder what it would be like to be a child again.
Roaming free in the fields right outside of my house.

Will I ever touch the delicacy of this beautiful rose,
Swaying in the wind on this August afternoon?

Bridget Hanley
Convent of Sacred Heart School
Greenwich, CT
Grade 6

Snowflakes

A snowflake slowly drifts down!
down!
down!
Falling slowly it turns and twists,
Dancing in the air.
I catch it on my tongue – it melts
Into water in my mouth.
It means winter is here
And Jesus' birthday is coming.
No two snowflakes look the same.
I love snowflakes!
When it is hot I think of snowflakes
And they make me smile.

Brooke Allen
Central Elementary School
Okeechobee, FL
Grade 4

Our Star

I still have in mind when you loved me and I loved you,
And when our star was shining in the darkness every night,
But now that you forgot me, our star is out of sight.
I remember when you told me our star would always be there,
But now it's not there anymore, and you don't even care.
I know you would always tell me we shared a star,
But now our star has somehow gone far, far, far.
We shared that star every day and night,
And we loved each other, with all our might.
The beautiful love we had for each other is so irreplaceable,
I know that someday you'll come back to me,
And I'll see that star again, we'll all be happy,
And share our star forever!

Analleli Gallardo
Haven Drive Middle School
Arvin, CA
Grade 6

Memories — the Pieces of My Life

I am like a puzzle —
You must fit my pieces together
I am like a bird —
Flying back and forth gathering bits and pieces
I am like a mystery —
You must piece the words to write the story
Pieces —
Of the puzzle
From the bird
In the story
Of my life
My memories are the pieces that complete me.

Hannah Moyles
Stagecoach School
Selden, NY
Grade 4

What Is Friendship?

Friendship is when two people care
Friendship is commitment
Friendship is what people need for a happy life
Friendship is what people want and have
Friendship has its ups and downs
Friendship is new adventures
Friendship is happiness
Friendship could be the best thing that ever happened to you
Friendship is a circle that never ends.

Christina Bracero
Eagle Point Elementary School
Weston, FL
Grade 5

The Swimming Pool

Swimming, splishing and splashing is a lot of fun.
As is getting wet.
Turning hot days into cool.
Summer days should be at the pool.

Swimming laps and diving far.
Jumping in and doing cannonballs.
Flying high off the board.
The swimming pool is for everyone.

Hip hip hooray.
That's what I say.
When the pool opens.
And it's time to play.

Laughing playing with everyone.
All having lots of fun.
Jumping in and getting wet
The swimming pool is loved by everyone.

Matthew Eastman
Century Middle School
Thornton, CO
Grade 6

Heartache

The people are shouting out with glee,
You're down there pouting unlike me,
I whistle a tune
during June.
Then you start crying,
I'm not buying.
I bet you lost a loved one, it's stuck in my head.
Tonight you're tired, so jump in bed.
But still shout, out with glee,
you're a girl, that still likes me.

Hunter Brown
Taylor Elementary School
White Hall, AR
Grade 4

Mother

M y good friend.
O n the other hand, she is mean.
T o give my pizza.
H er last name is Bierma.
E ating she likes.
R esponsible.

Gerben van der Ploeg
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

July

The flag is in the air,
How peaceful it will glare
While the fireworks are coming;
It will be stunning!
I'll never forget July
For it is sweet as a piece of pie.

Natalie Rivas
Stewart Elementary School
Hitchcock, TX
Grade 5

Strike

S *triking out*
T he heat is on
R acing across the bases
I can't get out
K icking it into high gear
E xcellent

Dillon Floughton
Netherwood School
Hyde Park, NY
Grade 5

The Itty-Bitty Stick Man

The itty-bitty stick man,
Composed of dots and lines,
He may not seem like much to you,
But you only see outside.

Inside this little stick man,
He dreams big dreams, and then,
He acts on them, quite simply,
By nabbing his creator's pen.

Then, oh! How very lovely
This stick man makes himself.
By taking what he was made of,
To build upon his wealth.

Hannah Charlton
Morgan Middle School
Ellensburg, WA
Grade 6

Grandpa Miser

Now Grandpa Miser,
Why do you hoard your money?
Golden coins and crisp, green bills,
Carefully hidden in your titanium safes.

Even the locksmith can't open them.
Convincing your son
Not to go to college,
Saving ninety-five percent of your dough.

A desolate life.
Valuing money greater than happiness.
Do you have any friends?
Do you love anybody?

Like a child, never sharing.
As cheap as you are old.
Millionaire already, billionaire next year.
And all for what?

Benjamin Schreck
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 5

Sleepy Head

One day early morning,
when I got out of bed,
I noticed something awkward
was perched upon my head!
It wasn't really purple,
it wasn't really green.
It had a weird expression
that made it look real mean!
I shook it off in a flash
and in surprise I said,
"Oh my goodness gracious!"
It was just a hat instead.

Molly Tibbs
Taylor Elementary School
White Hall, AR
Grade 4

Dogs/Cats

Dogs
Fun, cute
Barking, howling, playing
Shepherd, lab, siamese, black cat
Meowing, hiding, sleeping
Curious, weird
Cats

Nathen DeLaO
R Q Sims Intermediate School
Mexia, TX
Grade 4

Cats and Dogs

A fter
B ed
C ats and
D ogs
E at
F ather's
G enuine
H airpieces (sometimes).

Ian Gill
Ridgeway Elementary School
Severn, MD
Grade 4

Friends

Awesome, friendly,
Trusting, practicing, sharing,
Brother, sister, neighbor, classmates
Caring, playing, helping,
Nice, kind,
Family

Jacob Swanson
Crestwood Elementary School
Rockford, MI
Grade 4

In My Brother's Box

In my brother's box
There are some rocks
A bar of soap
A jump rope

A pork chop
A dirty sock
A few worms
That have germs

An egg yolk
A Diet Coke
A pair of clothes
A fire hose

Some applesauce
And dental floss
A dried up roast
A scary ghost

An apple core
And a dinosaur
And it all started off
With that STUPID BOX!

Tori Johnson
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Nature

The wind blows,
Running through the trees,
Whispering, whispering,

The sun glows,
His rays dancing with the clouds
Dancing, dancing,

The river roars,
Rushing to a wonder filled place we call the sea,
Roaring, roaring,

The eagles are soaring
Magically as they fly,
Soaring, soaring,

This is our nature,
We must protect her,
For she is,
Disappearing, disappearing.

Zoie Rountree
Spokane T.E.C.
Cheney, WA
Grade 6

We Miss You

I hope you miss us "you bet,"
Who are you hanging out with those new friends you met,
All your old friends are hurting inside,
I don't know if it's all in my mind,
I don't know who you are anymore,
When I see you I feel sore,
I don't know what to do,
Today I found old pictures of you,
But they look brand new,
I just wrote this poem to say that I miss you.

Brianna Reis
Holy Spirit School
Philadelphia, PA
Grade 6

It's Not Fair

Is it fair when cats scratch the couch
but don't get put out in the rain? No.

Is it fair when rabbits make a lot of noise
they don't get punished? No.

Is it fair that when dogs bark they are banished outside?
I don't think so. But it's not always fair.

Kristen Henner
Shaftsburg Elementary School
Perry, MI
Grade 4

Whoosh

As I lay in bed hidden snugly under the covers
I hear the thunder, boom, bang, splash of the rain.
I wish I was with my parents in their room
I feel so safe there
I can only hear the drip drop drip drop
Of the rain falling on the window pane
Splash! Goes the puddle as a car runs over it.
Distracting me from m y thought.
Thump. Swing. Screech. Goes the gate outside
Where I play. Whoosh.
Slam. The wind blew my window open.
I struggle to get it closed
I let out a great sneeze through my nose a-choo
Soon the splashing, the thunder
And the rain is over
I'm falling fast asleep
All I can hear is the sound of me breathing
And there goes my alarm clock, beep, beep, beep

Diana Flores
Big Springs Elementary School
Simi Valley, CA
Grade 6

Gifted

Everybody's gifted.
Some people are gifted
With the talent to write.
Some people are gifted with the talent to sing.
Some to dance,
And some to work,
It doesn't matter what you do,
But somehow everyone is gifted.

Sydney Reade
Jericho Middle School
Jericho, NY
Grade 6

Luck

Is there such a lovely thing?
That every time you have it it makes you sing,
Have you ever had such luck?
I have never had such luck,
Has luck ever been real?
Something that you could really feel?
Of course not,
Or maybe I just have not had a lot,
Maybe it is just my imagination,
Or maybe just exaggeration,
But whatever luck really is,
This is all I have to say,
Don't go thinking luck is real,
It is not something you can feel.

Emilee Harding
Guardian Lutheran School
Dearborn, MI
Grade 5

Beach

Beach
wind blows
through my hair
sitting on warm sand
near clear water
I jump in
almost stepping
on a star
watching fish
dart below me
the day is done
I leave
refreshed

Kelsey Koehn
Hayes Leonard Elementary School
Valparaiso, IN
Grade 5

A Swimmer's Victory?

The swimmers brace themselves
As they climb on the starting block
Some swimmers wiggle and jiggle
Others stand stiff like a rock

They tense their fists and muscles
And hope that they might win
They see the judges talking
It is time for the race to begin

Then the whistle blasts
And off they go
Each swimmer having
Their own winning hopes

Each head bobs up
And then goes back down
They finish the first lap
And turn back around

And Lane 4 is the winner!
Who should get the prize
But – oh no, look what's happened
The swimmer has been disqualified!

Neha Kumar
St Mary's Episcopal School
Memphis, TN
Grade 6

Bays

Rapid flowing bays
cool from the afternoon breeze
wash up speckled shells.

Mary Boomer
Courtade Elementary School
Traverse City, MI
Grade 6

If I Could Grant a Wish for You

If I could grant a wish for you,
I would have a thrill or two.
May all your days be bright and sunny,
May you never, ever run out of money.
May all of creation be revolved around you,
May you do well in work like you always do.

May you have different flowers of all kinds and all color,
May you have red roses that represents you like no other.
May this wonderful day be special to you,
May I bring beautiful gifts maybe one or maybe two.
May you do as you desire for all eternity,
May your life be filled with much prosperity.

May you call President Bush just to say hi,
May you hopefully get to have a conversation before he says bye.
May we have a party with balloons and so much more,
May you have a lot of friends and cakes galore.
May you have something that you will never regret,
May I let you receive this gift that you will never forget.

Joanie Policandriotes
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Who Cares? You Don't!!

You drive down the street and we look at you with smiling faces!
Who cares? You don't!!
Most of you have put us in our place!
Who cares? You don't!!
We come up to you to get some food and you scold us!
Who cares? You don't!!
We get ignored by humans every day!
Who cares? You don't!!
We would love to have a home with you!
Who cares? You don't!!
We have one wish, to be loved!!
We are the feral dogs from the United States of America!

Dee Bartlett
Charles W Sechrist Elementary School
Flagstaff, AZ
Grade 6

My Mom

She held me in her arms for the first time
She is there for me when I'm in need of her
She will always love me even if I have done wrong
She puts whatever she has down for me
She is the sun that breaks through the cloudy sky
She is the sparkling light in my eyes
She is there for me no matter how much we are different from each other
The she I'm talking about is my mom!

Cassandra Gonzales
Lockwood Elementary School
Clovis, NM
Grade 6

A Day at the Park

Back and forth on the swing
the feeling of being able to fly
sitting on a bench watching the clouds roll by
seeing kids play
running bases
hitting homeruns
hide and go seekers around corners
shooting a basket
make a swoosh
kicking a ball
scoring a goal
skaters skating, bikers too
who knows it may be you

Danielle Millett
Holy Family Elementary School
Rockland, MA
Grade 6

Nine Little Otters

Nine little otters swimming in a lake
One swam away and then there were eight
Eight little otters playing with Kevin
One left with Kevin and then there were seven
Seven little otters played with a stick
One went to find it and then there were six

Six little otters swimming in the pool
One otter went to do a dive and there were five
Five little otters did a chore
One didn't want to and then there were four
Four little otters drinking tea
One didn't like it and then there were three

Three little otters eating stew
One got allergic and then there were two
Two little otters having fun
One got lost and then there was one
One little otter said this is no fun
He swam away and then there were none

Ashley Price
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Writer's Block

There is an excruciating pain in my head,
As I lay in my extremely cold bed.
It is ten, as I look at the clock
Man, I cannot do this homework
I have writer's block.

Tavon Bogues
Public School 203 Floyd Bennett School
Brooklyn, NY
Grade 5

My Best Friend Chester

Chester he is my best friend.
Whenever I get hurt he helps me.
But he always plays with Ben.
He always thinks he's a good friend.
He always has known him since 1-8th grade.
He comes over once in a while.
Without a happy smile.
Then he comes over when his other friend gets mad.
When they fuss over toys and saying, "that's mine!"
I don't know why he frowns.
He frowns cause he doesn't want to play.
But one day he came with a smile.
He thought I was lonely now he plays with me.
That's the end of Chester.

Dominic Laron Young
Cedar Grove Elementary School
Ellenwood, GA
Grade 5

Jessica

Understanding/funny/honest
Wishes to have a billion dollars
Dreams of being a lawyer
Wants to be successful
Who wonders why people lie
Who fears spiders
Who is afraid of their parents dying
Who likes traveling
Who believes in God
Who loves monkeys, family, and friends
Who plans to be a lawyer, a mother, and a millionaire

Jessica Giarrante
Holy Family School
Shorewood, IL
Grade 5

Quite Diverse Dynamics

An average adult walks by, and takes time to have a look.
To a toddler it's code, embedded in a book.
To a chef, it's an opportunity
To learn how to cook for his community.
To an ant it's simply nothing at all,
For the paper is usually so, so, so tall.
For an intellectual child it's good for learning more,
To an old man it can sometimes be a bore
Now you ask what mystical object I'm enumerating?
This simple thing of which I talk and say,
We take for granted every day.
And what I really am reciting
Is, well, writing.

Bill Pomerans
Wonderland Avenue Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 5

And They Were Gone

Footprints in the sand
Walking hand in hand
Leave the world behind
A clean new journey they can find

They step on summer's day
On the shore their memories washed away
They run, run for love
To the high, high heavens above

The world has shunned them from our group
We pushed them too far off the stoop
So they leave us to forget
Of the world so horrid, horrid debt

And they were gone, and they were gone

Alexandria Rodriguez
Greeneville Middle School
Greeneville, TN
Grade 6

Swimming

Swimming is a dreamlike world
Filled with adventures not found on the surface
As if in an oceanic wonderland
Filled with mystery and awe
Drawing you closer
With its fantasizing motions
Swimming is addicting
Like the juiciest candy

Jared Craig
Encampment K-12 School
Encampment, WY
Grade 6

Storm

A dark and dreary sky watches from above,
Rain falls like tears from an ended love.
Cars are rushing quickly past,
The trees are waving oh so fast.

Flowers are getting drenched with rain,
The wind is howling like in terrible pain.
A cat is hiding under a car,
The gutter is up way too far.

Shannon Todd
Robious Middle School
Midlothian, VA
Grade 6

Young Poets Grades K-1-2-3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

Orange Is Sweet

Orange, orange, the beautiful sweet orange
Looks like carrots growing in a field,
Tastes sweet, sour, and fresh in your mouth,
Paints the picture of a pumpkin in a pumpkin patch
With the orange sun leaning on it.

Annie Adachi
Mount Washington Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 1

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

Yellow

Yellow peeks at our side of the world
then quickly dives back;
gets ready to rise.
Then slowly, very slowly,
walks away from the other side of the world,
as if it is to be angry at that side.
It gets very happy on our side.
It shoos away the tiny sparkly things
that you make those wishes on.
Yellow yells for you to come out.
Yellow gets very, very happy
when you come out.
Yellow begins to love you
as you play under it.
Yellow scampers to the other side of the world.
White appears.
It stays 'til morning.
Then yellow comes and shoos away the white.

Addie Blondefield
Sakamoto Elementary School
San Jose, CA
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

The Tree Person

I sway to and fro in the wind
Listening to the heartbeat of the forest.
I am patience. I am time.
People...they are like the busy bees
Rushing to and fro,
Trying to achieve everything
In the time they have to live.
They do not take time to be still
And listen to the forest, to life.

Fiona Woods Dunn
Wiley Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

Night Scene

At dusk,
when the street lights
flicker on
like candles,
stars will magically
appear in the night.
They wink at me,
and glitter like gold.

Soon…
the sun will melt
like butter,
into twilight's
darkness.

And then…
suddenly…
when the clock
strikes 12:00,
it will be as quiet
as silent silence.

Michael Frederick
Somerville Elementary School
Ridgewood, NJ
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

Rules

No bouncing the ball in the house
No eating from the floor
No talking back to your father
No slamming of the door!

Listening to all these rules
Is really quite a bore
I wish I could stray away
And give them to the person next door

Elizabeth Gordon
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

My Dream

I dreamed I was a mermaid,
Swimming through the sea.
Combing through the sand,
As happy as could be.
I dreamed I was a centaur's colt,
Running like a lightning bolt.
I dreamed that I was in my bed,
As quiet as could be.
I dreamed that I was everyone,
Everyone but me.

Rachel Hanzek
Trinity Lutheran School
Neenah, WI
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

Nightfall

The night is a whisper
Is a whisper in my ear.
The night is a whisper that you can hardly hear.
The stars shine so brilliantly.
The night falls so suddenly.
Upon the great watercolor sky
Of orange, red and the moon comes out so shy.
First faint, then brightly shining here.
And the whisper you can hardly hear
Comes out and makes a soft, soft sound.
A sound that lifts off from the ground
And spreads upon the open fields.
Like a knight with a silver shield.
Galloping, galloping ever so fast
Across the moonlit open path.
Dawn breaks the silent whisper.
And then awakens brother and sister.
Of the great sleep sleeping light
From the whisper that gazes upon the night.

Amanda Harkavy
John D Hardy School
Wellesley, MA
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

Sleepwalking

As I fly 'mong towers high,
I see what no one can,
through fragrant fields joyfully run I
past flowers onto sand.
The water, clean and fresh and blue,
I wade through with a wish,
a wish that I could be with you
to give a lovely kiss.
I fly alone, without a sound,
world secrets I shall pry,
I sweep from the heavens to the ground –
for me the limit's not the sky.
So I shall fly forevermore,
until the time I wake,
and golden skies and grassy moors,
in sweet dreams I shall make.
So I will live in dreamland,
where I can jump or fly,
the power's practically in my hand,
but love is what I'll try.
I'll abandon golden skies and grassy moors for you.

Arden Joy Metcalfe-Roach
Cherrywood Acres Public School
Niagara Falls, ON
Grade 3

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

My Angel Granny*

My Granny Nita,
Is one hundred and one years old.
She's always so nice,
With her heart of gold.
She's really an angel,
From Heaven above,
And always forever,
She is someone I'll love.

Charles Peyton Register
Seminole County Elementary School
Donalsonville, GA
Grade 2
**Dedicated to Mrs. Nita Harrell.*

Top Poem Grades K-1-2-3

It's Hard to Think of a Good Poem

It's hard to think of a good poem
It's hard to think of a bad one
It's hard to think of a poem today,
But yesterday I had one.
And even if I think of a poem
Should I make it rhyme?
I really should be thinking hard
'Cause I'm running out of time
Ah finally!
I've got one!
It's perfect
Here it is!
It's a poem about how hard it is
To write a poem like this.

Emma Wilkinson
Simon Fraser Elementary School
Vancouver, BC
Grade 3

Water

Crystal clear water,
Small waves swaying through the wind,
Helping us through life.

Rosie Davies
Eagle County Charter Academy
Wolcott, CO
Grade 3

Spring

Spring is warm and spring is fun.
I love spring and it's shining sun.
Spring is joyful and happy, too.
It's a nice season for me and you!

Annabeth Miller
Seminole County Elementary School
Donalsonville, GA
Grade 1

Horses

Horses rule
Ponies are cool
They run freely
By the evening light
Their manes rustle
In the breeze
Forever free

Ana Botto
Crystal Lake Montessori School
Woodstock, IL
Grade 3

Art

Art is talented
Art is fun
Art is colorful
And made for everyone

Art shows imagination
Art shows creativity
Art shows the world
The artist you can be

Olivia El-Nimeiri
Southwest Chicago Christian School
Tinley Park, IL
Grade 2

Love

Love,
love is a powerful thing,
It controls me and you,
Love,
It's waiting for you.

Miranda Michajlyszyn
Parkside Elementary School
Coral Springs, FL
Grade 3

Leaves

Leaves are silky
And crunchy too.
We jump in leaves
And rake them too.
We put them in a pile
And spread them out again.

Kylie Cogswell
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

Cat

Cute and furry,
Soft and warm,
I love cats so much.
Eating softly,
So beautiful all the time.
Playful and kind,
Just for me.

Enida Aganovic
Wheeling Elementary School
Aurora, CO
Grade 1

Ballet

Ballet comforts my heart.
— Its beat is smooth.
— It fills my mind with flowers.
— It has that tingly feeling inside me.
Ballet comforts my heart.

Sarah Greene
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 3

Amber

Amber
Funny, happy,
Playful, cheering, laughing,
Makes me happy to be around her.
Cantrell

Ashlea Hunter
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 3

The Rain

The rain falls down.
The wind slows down.
I just like the rain and
The wind so much.
And the storm dies down.

Hannah Brautigan
Bradford Academy
Montclair, NJ
Grade 1

Family Trips

Family trips
give fun things to do
to my family
on a hot, sunny day.

Devarte Watson
Taylors Elementary School
Taylors, SC
Grade 3

Soccer

I like soccer because it is fun.
My game is on Saturday.
I'm going to win.
I hope I get a kick
In soccer this day.

Bailey Fox
Daniel J Flood Elementary School
Wilkes Barre, PA
Grade 1

What Is in a Pizza

Dough and cheese
may I please?
Take the crust
if you must.

Pepperoni might I add,
I really, really want them bad!

Jessica Shepherd
Matteson School
Richton Park, IL
Grade 2

Sports

Basketball dribbles
Baseball catches
Hockey skates
Football kicks
Tennis hits
Soccer goals
Track hurdles

Nicholas Raber
Shipshewana Scott Elementary School
Shipshewana, IN
Grade 3

If I Were a Kitten

If I were a kitten,
I'd play around all day,
I'd be soft like a pillow,
I'd be gray, black, yellow, and white,
If I were a kitten.

Holly Ann Williams
Eagle County Charter Academy
Wolcott, CO
Grade 3

Mom

I hold your hand
I think of all of the things you've done for me.
You and me sitting on the beach looking
Out, out, out
At the ocean.
I want to say something but
Somehow I don't want to ruin the silence.
Then I watch the seagulls pass by
That's a great memory.

Elizabeth Hunter
Minnesauke Elementary School
East Setauket, NY
Grade 3

Winter

Winter is building a tall snowman in the cold snow.
Winter is like a white bunny rabbit hopping in my grass.
Winter is me in my warm bed.
Winter is my brother, Jalen, and me freezing in the snow.
Winter is me throwing snowballs.
Winter is me drinking hot cocoa by the hot fire.

Legacy Lewis
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

Iditarod Race

I ditarod is a dogsled race.
D ogs run in the race.
I hope I win!
T he lead dog is important.
A dog gets hurt and drops out of the race.
R un, run, dogs!
O h my, my dog is hurt!
D ashing we go through the snow.

Isabella Soluri
Central Elementary School
Riverside, IL
Grade 2

Blueberries

Blueberries are great
Good and sweet
It is a treat
Treat so good
Don't want to share
That's really unfair
Blueberries are good
And cool and great
You'll have fun eating them
That's why they are great
Blueberries

Tyla Lane
Public School 154 Harriet Tubman Learning Center
New York, NY
Grade 2

Mom and Dad

Moms smell like roses.
My mom smells like wet kisses.
She reminds me of a lovely dress.
Our noses touch when we kiss.

Dads smell like hearts.
My dad calls me cutie pie and chunky monkey.
I giggle and laugh when he tickles me.
Our hearts are one.

My mom and dad are special.
I feel warm and sweet inside.

Liyah Lewis
St Gregory Nazianzen School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 2

The Grass Grows

The grass grows and the water flows,
Springtime is here, so give a cheer!
The grass grows and my mother knows,
Spring, oh spring, is here!
My nose smells flowers and my ears hear the spring,
The sounds of birds chirping make me sing!

Mason Welch
Seminole County Elementary School
Donalsonville, GA
Grade 1

Water

Water is clear blue.
It is fun to splash water.
We are swimming now.

Troy Wynn
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

Quiet

Quiet is a skunk coming at night.
Quiet is the sun coming in the morning.
Quiet is me reading a book.
Quiet is raising my hand.
Quiet is me waiting in the room.
Quiet is a leaf falling on the ground.
Quiet is when we have a spelling test.
Quiet is me thinking.
Quiet is our class putting our heads down.
Quiet is a phone ringing softly.
Quiet is the wind coming at you.
Quiet is a class coming by our room.
Quiet is me riding my bike in the morning.

Keneesha Gatlin
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

Yellow, What Is Yellow?

Yellow is the sun a star
Also the best face you can get
When you get a golf par
Corn on the cob
A rainbow that lasts
Yellow is Florida, Washington, Arizona,
California, China, and all of France
When you think of yellow you could
Think of a golden delicious apple
A grapefruit cut in sections.
A duck in a puddle on a sunny day
Tweety bird having a good fair play
Yellow is not dull, drab or dry
Yellow is playful, cuddly, a sweetie pie
Yellow is warm, most likely peppy
Always super happy
Gold, yellow's mother
Always says go play with orange
Till the day begins and ends

Thomas Cunningham
Cotuit Elementary School
Cotuit, MA
Grade 3

Red Is a Color

Red is pretty as a rose.
Red is the color of love.
Red like a heart and crayon,
Red like a truck and toy,
Red is scissors.
Red like paint and flower petals.

Nicolette Langley
Mount Washington Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 1

My Garden

My garden stands out day or night,
and sparkles in the sun light,
glittering roses look like gold,
marigolds going to the top,
beautiful sunflowers shining in the sun,
my garden glitters with light.

Elizabeth G. Meynardie
Wiley Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 3

Rainbow

Look up at the sky
A rainbow is colorful
As it meets my eyes

Sidney Adams
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

War and Peace

War, it's like being in a place where there is hatred.
Peace, it's like a bird singing in harmony.
War, the population is being taken over by evil and guns.
Peace, setting people free from their dark side.
War, the evil, the guns, the bombs, and the evil killing people.
And peace, it's like God our Father, letting the spirits, the angels out to keep peace.

Brandon Waeyen
Father James Whelihan School
Calgary, AB
Grade 3

Cinnamon and Sugar

The sweet smell of the cinnamon and sugar
Is always a wonderful greeting to the dinner table
And as the scent travels up into my head
It takes over…it is bringing me to a world of smells.
All the different smells remind me of the candle store in the mall
And as we are shopping I think of cinnamon and sugar.

David Starr
Parkside Elementary School
Coral Springs, FL
Grade 3

Mysterious Plant…

Salty, tasty, yummy, scrumptious.
I am the mystery plant, the tallest of all, the thickest of all, the tastiest of all.
What am I? What am I?

I grow fast and strong if you give me water and light.
I have fuzzy leaves.
What am I? What am I?

Salty, tasty, yummy, scrumptious.
I am edible.
What am I? What am I?

Answer: Sunflower

Karin Perk
Wiley Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 3

A Pumpkin

A pumpkin is a pretty thing, unlike other things.
When you carve it, and put a candle in it, I think it looks like it sings.
A pumpkin is not a veggie, it is a fruit.
Sometimes you can get it so dressed up, it'll look like it is in a suit.
If I were to choose a sketch, a one of a kind.
I'll take long to make up my mind.

Emilie Betters
South Allegheny Elementary School
Port Vue, PA
Grade 3

Colors

If I were red I would be a juicy apple
Or I'd be a beautiful rose.
If I were pink I would be a muddy pig
Or I'd be a pink octopus.
If I were yellow I would be a sweet banana
Or I'd be the bright sun.
If I were green I would be the grass in the cold wind
Or a pear hanging in the summer.
If I were brown I would be a gorilla.

Kade Johnson
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 1

I Am a Mermaid

My bed is like an oyster shell
I rolled over and the lamp fell.
I am now a beautiful mermaid
playing hide and seek with baby mermaids.

I race with dolphins to Pizza Hut
and all the doors shut.
I collect pretty shells from the ocean floor
and then look for a treasure store.

I am yawning it's time to go to bed
I look my pearl pillow in my oyster bed.
I am waking up
the sun is up!

Natalie Cabe
Bethlehem Elementary School
Bethlehem, GA
Grade 1

If I Were a Leaf

If I were a leaf,
I would hang in a tree.
I would change into red, orange, and yellow.
I would fly high in the sky.
I would lay on the ground.
I would sit in a nest and a bird would lay on me and
I would stay warm and cozy.

Devin Baker
Sabal Palm Elementary School
Jacksonville, FL
Grade 2

Animals

As tall as a giraffe, as small as a mouse,
As heavy as an elephant, as light as a hamster,
As fast as a cheetah, as slow as a turtle,
As pretty as a unicorn, as ugly as a rat.

Thomas Jamieson
Ranch Park Elementary School
Port Coquitlam, BC
Grade 3

Love

Love is a special thing,
It is a part of your life,
Love is everything,
You cannot explain it,
But love is not hatred,
You might have a crush or it is just love,
Look up above there is love,
Love is all around,
Everywhere in town,
Look around, look around,
Love is all around, everywhere there is love!

Victoria Allen
Trinity Catholic Academy
West Seneca, NY
Grade 3

Happiness

Happiness is the wind breezing in my face.
Happiness tastes like spaghetti in my mouth.
Happiness sounds like the music in my car.
Happiness smells like C.J.'s cologne.
Happiness is my dad spending time with me.
Happiness is my dad kissing me on the cheek.

Jaylin Palmer
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

About My Baby Brother*

My name is Alissa
And here's what I have to tell you
I have a cute baby brother
It's true
I really do

Robert Jr. likes to talk
And laugh all day
He eats the same food I do
And likes to play

My favorite color is red
While his is blue
My sister's is white
Hey!
Red, white, and blue

I love my nine-month baby brother
Because he's so cute, smart, and fast
My mom says I can bring him to school
So I can show him to my class
Whoo-hoo!

Alissa Arunarsirakul
Castelar Street Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 2
**Dedicated to Robert Galanukan Arunarsirakul Jr.*

If I Was a Flower

If I was a flower
I'd sway in the wind,
Spin like a ballerina,
Dancing on a cloud
I would be the ballet teacher
And teach my petals
How to dance, dance, dance
To dance.

Brianna Behrens
Ridge Ranch Elementary School
Paramus, NJ
Grade 3

Red

Red is hot like the sun, the sun,
And like the burning fire, the fire,
Like a heart, a heart for Valentine,
And an eraser, an eraser,
And like lips and roses,
Roses and apples,
Apples and the American flag,
American flag and red paper, paper,
Like a red crayon, red crayon,
Like red paint, red paint,
Like red shoes.

Claire Barnes
Mount Washington Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 1

Shadow

S ilent
H igher than me
A ttached to me
D ark
O n the ground
W ith you all the time

Keira Hassel
North Avondale Montessori School
Cincinnati, OH
Grade 2

Winter Tree

Winter tree
in a soft sleep.
Where are your leaves?
How high, how deep?
Where should I go?
Are you alone?
You softly
sleeping
tree.

Sadie Elliotte
Fairview Magnet Elementary School
Roanoke, VA
Grade 3

There Is a Lion in Me

There is a lion in me with black eyes.
He lives in my head.
He goes in my eyes to catch food.
He eats ducks and he sound loud.
He leaps out when he is thirsty.
He makes me feel like I am happy.

Trey Vaughn
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

Sports and Me

I like to skate and I like to ski.
Will you come play in the
winter air with me?
I like to golf and I like to swim.
Will you come play with me
under the summer sun's grin?

Neil Yahn
St Joan of Arc Elementary School
Hershey, PA
Grade 1

Butterfly

B eautiful
U nique
T ree
T ickles my face
E normous
R ed
F ly
L ives outside
Y ellow

Philippe Labruyere
Whittier Elementary School
Oak Park, IL
Kindergarten

Springtime

Spring is fun,
I love to run in the sun,
Where the flowers bloom.

Ayanna Emi
Elementary School 20
Albany, NY
Grade 3

Kites

Kites are fun to play with friends.
Kites are fun to play with in Spring.
Kites can fly and fly.
Kites can fly high up in the sky!

Ma'isah Bateman
Daniel J Flood Elementary School
Wilkes Barre, PA
Grade 1

If I Was an Elven Princess

If I was an elven princess
I'd feel proud and important
I'd wear fancy clothes, a fancy
tiara, and fancy shoes.
I'd be clean and tidy
I'd have a pet dragon named Matches
My name would be Sasha
I'd make laws for my village.
I'd have servants.
I'd make rules in the castle
I wouldn't be a brat even
though I'd be filthy rich.

Bethany Roof
Eagle County Charter Academy
Wolcott, CO
Grade 3

Always Watching*

I love God.
He is King.
He makes me happy,
And helps me sing.
He gives me joy
And so much love.
He's always watching,
From up above.

Drew Thompson
Seminole County Elementary School
Donalsonville, GA
Grade 1
**Dedicated to my Grandparents.*

My Grandpa

I loved my Grandpa
he was great.
I knew him 'til
the age of eight.

I will still love him
until the day I die;
I have lots of memories
to remember him by.

He loved to golf
'til the sun went down.
He always smiled
and he never frowned.

We had lots of visits
and fun things to do
and now that you're in Heaven
Grandpa, we'll think of you.

Danielle Clarke
Fruitvale Elementary School
Fruitvale, BC
Grade 3

Snowball Rosie

I have a dog named Rosie.
She loves the snow.
She loves the winter.
If you hold snow in your hand,
she'll run and stick her nose in your hand
and grab the snow.
She tries to fetch the snow
and bring it back to you.
She loves the snow.

Rebekah Hagewood
Webster Elementary School
Livonia, MI
Grade 3

Nature

There's a breeze in the sky
As the butterflies fly.

The leaves swing
While the birds sing.

There are beautiful rocks
And there goes a fox.

Brett Curtis
Virginia A Boone Highland Oaks Elementary School
North Miami Beach, FL
Grade 2

Apples

There are many apples from every country,
There are sour apples, sweet, and juicy,
Macintosh and the Chinese apple Fuji.
If you see someone eating an apple, that's me!

You can see them in a store,
Don't put the peels on the floor.
If you eat an apple take out the core,
If you don't your mouth will be sore!

Austin Fowler
Elementary School 20
Albany, NY
Grade 3

Basketball Star

Requan is my name,
Basketball is my game.
That is my best fame.

By the way I move,
You will think I'm doing the groove.
You don't want to play against me,
'Cause you'll see the real Michael Jordan, that's me!

Requan Donovan
Elementary School 20
Albany, NY
Grade 3

Cinnamon

Cinnamon makes me think of a sweet taste,
The sweet taste makes me think of apples,
The apples make me think of fall,
Fall reminds me of pumpkins,
With pumpkins I think of Halloween,
And with Halloween I think of warm cozy nights at home
with the sweet, sweet smell of cinnamon

Taylor Gulotta
Parkside Elementary School
Coral Springs, FL
Grade 3

Butterfly in the Wind

A mother is like a butterfly soaring in the wind.
Some are more graceful than others;
But each one is as lovely as it can be.
Why compare one against the other?
Each one is graceful,
Each one is lovely,
Each one is beautiful!
But, I still love you the best!

Emma Pickens
Munford Elementary School
Munford, TN
Grade 2

Dr. Seuss

A famous writer was Dr. Seuss,
He wrote a book about a moose.
He died without finishing the book.
His wife finished it, no matter how long it took.

I have a lot of his books,
Some have animals that cook,
And some have made up things.
One book has one where a bird sings.

Alexis Cooley
Elementary School 20
Albany, NY
Grade 3

Termites in My House

Drill, drill, munch, munch.
The termites are eating my books by the bunch.
They're driving me crazy all over the house.
"Ouch," said the table,
"Ouch," said the couch.
I tried to use my Dad's exterminating kit,
But it just didn't work.
So I tried to forget those termites with a crossword puzzle,
But it didn't work either.
So I called the exterminators and they helped me.

Tobias Cruz and Ansel Johnson
Highland Elementary School
Silver Spring, MD
Grade 2

Stars

Stars
Pretty, yellow
Sparkling above me
Making some important wishes
Stars

Stephanie Harmon
Bankhead Elementary School
Kelowna, BC
Grade 3

FA-18 Hornet

Look into the sky
It is a gray FA-18 Hornet
It is zooming by.

Cameron Pospisil
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

Spring

Spring is not so hot,
In spring it is beautiful.
I love the springtime.

Marvin Williams
Elementary School 20
Albany, NY
Grade 3

The Bunny Band

The two little bunnies are nice and cute,
Oh, how much they like to play flute,
One is the brother, the other is the sister,
This band will never stop playing forever!

Dana He
Morrisville Elementary School
Morrisville, NC
Kindergarten

Baseball

Playing baseball is really fun,
up, down, and across you run.
You use a field not a court,
it's a challenging exercise,
and athletic sport.
You take a bat,
and hit the ball,
you catch the ball,
and the ref makes a call.
You're so happy,
when you win a game,
but for the other team,
it is such a shame.

Lee Glicklich
Ridgefield Academy
Ridgefield, CT
Grade 3

The Wonder of Reading

I love to read,
I read at great speed,
I read very good books,
I don't read them just because of their looks.
I like to read those wonderful things,
Because it seems like my imagination has wings.
This poem might never end,
Not when there is reading to defend
From enemies like TV
That trick almost everyone but me.
When I read a very good book it feels like it's stuck to my hands like glue,
Does that ever happen to you?
It makes it hard to put the book down,
But that doesn't make me frown.
I really, really, like to read.
In life it will help me to succeed.
Read the best books that are made
They will help you on the way to good grades
Try not to watch too much TV
TV is reading's enemy.

Caroline Hornung
Our Lady Queen of Peace School
Madison, WI
Grade 3

Ginger

Ginger makes me think of pine trees,
Pine trees make me think of the sweet smell of gingerbread cookies
that crumble in my mouth while I chew them.
Ginger bread cookies make me think of
making one of my first chocolate cakes with my Grandma
and making a huge mess in the kitchen.
The chocolate cake makes me think of the lit candles on my birthday cake
and the tiny bit of frosting my dad put on my nose.
The lit candles on my birthday cake make me think of me.

Krystyna Schlenk
Parkside Elementary School
Coral Springs, FL
Grade 3

Happiness

Happiness is brown like my mom's eyes, my shirt and my dog.
Happiness is ice cream and a banana split to share with my friends.
Happiness is like me on a summer day.
Happiness is like a black cat in the sun.
Happiness is a fat dog laying on my couch.
Happiness sounds like my cousin dancing in the wind.
Happiness is my friend flying in the sky like a bird.

Taylor Bickford
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

Glowing, Glowing Fireflies
Glowing, glowing fireflies,
Silently flying past me.
Glowing, glowing fireflies,
Bright green flashing lights, I see.
Glowing, glowing fireflies,
They have flat bodies.
Glowing, glowing fireflies,
Glowing is their hobby.
Glowing, glowing fireflies,
We love to catch them with a net.
Glowing, glowing fireflies,
We wish we could keep them as a pet.
Faubricio Lopez and Christian Moreno
Highland Elementary School
Silver Spring, MD
Grade 2

Spring
Winter is gone
Hi spring
you are the greatest
season of all
Louise Ermineskin
Sparling School
Camrose, AB
Grade 1

If I Were a Panda
If I were a panda.
I'd eat bamboo.
I'd have black and white fur.
I'd feel soft.
Cody Brown
Eagle County Charter Academy
Wolcott, CO
Grade 3

Red Is Pretty
Red is the color of a fire truck,
A red crayon, red paint,
And a book that is covered in red.
Red is the color of a tarantula.
Maia Ruiz
Mount Washington Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 1

My Favorite Subject
Science is cool
We study magnet force
We learn it in school
In science, of course.
Madeline Boreman
Smithville Elementary School
Smithville, OH
Grade 3

under the sea
under the sea
eels slide
starfish climb
fish glide
sea anemones sway
in the peaceful waves
what a beautiful sea world!

under the sea
sharks clash
their teeth
eating fish all the way
under the sea
Claire Senn
Simon Fraser Elementary School
Vancouver, BC
Grade 2

Ladybug
Way down in the grass
you will find a red ladybug
in the summer days.
Easton Dauel
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

Snowflakes
Crystalline snowflakes
shimmering, shining, twinkling,
cover
our sleepy town.
Kelsey Hall
Show Low Primary School
Show Low, AZ
Grade 3

What Do I See?
Under a cool yellow moon
A dolphin jumps in a lagoon.
The moon's light shines on his tail
Look, you can see a nightingale!
Haley Keil
Ralph M Captain Elementary School
Clayton, MO
Grade 2

Space!
Jupiter is king,
Saturn had 1,000 rings,
Mars is red,
In Earth you can sleep in a bed!
Keisha Patel
Countryside School
Champaign, IL
Kindergarten

Surprise
Surprise looks like a dancing party;
It sounds like bells ringing;
It smells like a flower;
It feels like a hug;
It tastes like chocolate cake.
Meredith-Rebecca Cooper
St Mary's School
Pompton Lakes, NJ
Grade 2

Going to School
One day I was in the pool,
When my mom told me to go to school.
I took my pencil, ruler and some tools,
On my way to school.
Daquan White
Elementary School 20
Albany, NY
Grade 3

Spring Days
I like spring.
I like the showers.
I like all of the flowers.
I like to fly a kite.
I like the worms that squirm a lot.
I like spring days.
Richard McNulty
Our Lady of Mount Virgin School
Middlesex, NJ
Grade 1

Blue Sea
I like the color blue
Because the sea is blue
And the blue sea smells like sea.
Blue is the color of the sky,
Blue paint, blue eyes,
And blue nail polish too.
Caramia "Natalie" Meza
Mount Washington Elementary School
Los Angeles, CA
Grade 1

Cats
Sneaking, peaking
Spying, lying
Pounce…attack! The mouse is dead!
Killing, willing to kill
Turn around or you'll be next!
Halle Bills
Wiley Elementary School
Raleigh, NC
Grade 3

Muddy Days

Mud fights
give muddy days
to my friends and I
on fiery, summer days.

Zachary Harris
Taylors Elementary School
Taylors, SC
Grade 3

All Mixed Up!

Egypt is in Timbuktu,
United States is in Peru,
Canada's in Australia,
England's in Tazmania,
Europe is in Mexico,
And Iceland is in Texas…Whoa!

A cactus grows under the sea,
And bluebirds grow by drinking tea,
Dogs and cats both grow on trees,
But that is wrong, as you can see.

I flunked my geography test,
Even though I did my best!

Kristen Lilley
James River Elementary School
Williamsburg, VA
Grade 3

Brooke

Brooke
short, bright,
speeding, tumbling, cheering,
Brooke makes me feel like a true friend.
Friend

Melina Boyce
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 3

Shell

Oh shell
what are you?
A sailboat
used by an evil queen?
A carriage
used by a fairy?
Or are you
a door to the ocean?
Or just a shell?

Trevon Levesy
Fairview Magnet Elementary School
Roanoke, VA
Grade 3

Glory to God in the Highest

Glory to God in the Highest
Glory to God in the lowest
Glory to God in the middle
Glory to God in the sideways
Glory to God on the left
Glory to God on the right
Glory to God on Tuesday
Glory to God in the spring
Glory to God in the sunshine
Glory to God in the rain
Glory to God in every single way.

Ian Davoren
Ponderosa Elementary School
Sunnyvale, CA
Grade 1

The Green Lands

Trees waving
Branches reaching
Evergreens waking
Water running
Rocks rolling
Cliffs standing
Earth spinning.

Zachary Marshall
Home School
Philmont, NY
Grade 1

Roses

Sits upon my sill.
Rosy red and sparkly.
A garden rose glows.

Emily Constantine
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

Buddy Boo

Black,
Soft, curly, floppy ears,
Jumping, licking, running,
Drinking water and playing.
Splashing in the bath,
Jumping in the front seat,
Running like he's tap dancing,
Jumping on the bed,
Snuggling with me,
Chewing on toys, smelling shoes,
My dog, Buddy Boo.

Tony Gamble
MacArthur Elementary School
Green Bay, WI
Grade 3

Tree of Beauty

Under the white light
There is a tree of beauty
Covered with gold leaves.

Alex Coatney
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

The Snow

The snow is white,
and is light.
It has sprinkles of little ice,
and that will be nice.

Elizabeth Darato
Central Park Elementary School
Plantation, FL
Grade 2

Centipedes

Centipedes, centipedes,
Living on the land.
Centipedes, centipedes,
Digging in the sand.
Centipedes, centipedes,
They have 100 legs.
Centipedes, centipedes,
We want to give them beds.
Centipedes, centipedes,
Cover their eggs with dirt.
Centipedes, centipedes,
So their eggs won't get hurt.
Centipedes, centipedes,
Red as the sun,
Centipedes, centipedes,
We want to see them run!

Carolina Rivas and Mireya Padilla
Highland Elementary School
Silver Spring, MD
Grade 2

A Friend

Our friendship will never end,
'Cause she is my very best friend.

What we play is all pretend,
Time I spend I have to extend.

We will be very best friends,
Until the very, very end.

Elizabeth Strauch
South Central Elementary School
Canonsburg, PA
Grade 3

The Grasshopper

Icky, icky grasshoppers,
They look so disgusting.
Some have the stripes of a bumblebee.
I hope that creature doesn't sting me.
My teacher says they won't.
But I'm still so scared.
I start walking home and up the stairs.
I see a grasshopper and it sees me.
I walk toward it.
It leaps toward me.
It is still hopping and saying whee!
It jumps on my hand.
Its leaping sound is like a stretching rubber band.
Hey you're not a bad creature.
You'll be a great pet.
But my mom will put you in a net.
I'm glad you're not a cow that goes moo moo,
Because my mom wouldn't let me have you.

Milca Mehari
Highland Elementary School
Silver Spring, MD
Grade 2

Dancing

Dancing makes my heart go wild!
It takes me to an exciting place.
When I dance, I believe in the word *move.*
It shakes my body.
It vibrates the room!
Dancing makes my heart go wild!

Ashley Graham
Spartanburg Jr Writing Project
Spartanburg, SC
Grade 3

Things I Want to Do in My Life

There are many things a human would love to do!
I have 13 things I would love to do too!

1. Be kind to others.
2. Not to get into fights with my brother.
3. To be an A student.
4. Live in a big house.
5. Own a horse.
6. To help my mom become a wonderful interior designer.
7. Be a finalist on Canadian Junior.
8. Get a great job that makes a lot of money.
9. Be a good cook.
10. To be a wonderful child author.
11. Be in a best seller movie.
12. To walk on the red carpet in Hollywood.
13. To have a non-painful death.

Riley Nordin
Ranch Park Elementary School
Coquitlam, BC
Grade 3

All Over the World

People all over the world have different cultures.
African American, Chinese, Japanese,
Native American, Jamaican, Spanish, and Puerto Rican.
Everybody speaks a different language.
Everybody is different from one another.

Chelsi Turner
Lindenwold Number 4 Elementary School
Lindenwold, NJ
Grade 3

A Daddy in Heaven*

My daddy is up in Heaven
I feel bad without him.
He is up on top of a cloud
Where I hear him say, "Morgan I love you" out loud.
He always comforted me when I needed his grace,
But I know he is in a good place.
He was there when I needed him.
But where am I?
I'm at a place down here,
With a daddy in Heaven.

Morgan Williams
Seminole County Elementary School
Donalsonville, GA
Grade 2
**In memory of my daddy, Stacey Joe Williams.*

The Need to Eat

Food! So good, so good, to eat.
So tender, so tasty, especially meat.
Soups, yogurt, and apple pie.
If I don't get food now, I think I might die!

Lemonade, water, soda,
I'll drink them all in a pagoda.

I sure am hungry…

Pearl Hanna
Panther Run Elementary School
Pembroke Pines, FL
Grade 3

To Oma

One day the sun fell down.
I looked at the stars and saw some hearts.
I saw a crown.
I looked at it.
It shined above.
I tried to smile with love, it was too good for me.
Oh, oh can't you see?
The moon was shining too bright here.
I think someone was near.

Elizabeth Betzing
Amanda Moore Elementary School
Romeo, MI
Grade 2

He Swallowed a Fly

Benny Bruin ate a fly.
He got scared because it hurt.
Sarah said that he might die.
The fly flew out when Benny burped.

Owen Kelsall
Eagle County Charter Academy
Wolcott, CO
Grade 3

Airplane

Airplane, airplane,
On the ground.
Airplane, airplane,
Taking off.
Airplane, airplane,
Going fast in the air.
But when you're on the ground
And looking up,
Airplane gets slow and small.
Good-bye airplane.

Nicholas Misleh
Curie Elementary School
San Diego, CA
Grade 2

Little Seed

Under the wet ground
A little seed sprouts now
In the warm spring sun

Jamie Zimmerman
Calvert Elementary School
Auburn, NE
Grade 2

Dragonflies

Dragonflies, dragonflies,
Whizzing past my ear.
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
Beautiful colors appear.
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
Buzzing in the air,
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
They are everywhere.
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
Eating baby frogs.
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
Flying in the fog.
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
With their large pretty wings,
Dragonflies, dragonflies,
On the field they sing.

Eilis Donohue, Michelle Eckhardt, and Rebecca Eckhardt
Highland Elementary School
Silver Spring, MD
Grade 2

Lupita

Who's quite
Who's friendly
Who's talented
Who wishes to have a happy family when she grows up
Who dreams to see an angel someday
Who wonders if someday Earth will be a happy place.
Who fears to be lonely
Who is afraid of dead
Who likes homework
Who believes in magic
Who loves to write essays
Who loves her family
Who loves nature
Who loves to heal the sick and poor
Who plans to finish school
Who plans to be ready for everything
Who plans to help animals
Who's final destination is what God commands.

Guadalupe Morales
Hawthorn Elementary School
Marengo, IL
Grade 3

Different

Some people are tiny,
some people are tall,
some people are different
and don't talk at all.

Some people can see two miles ahead,
but different people have eyes in the back of their head.

People are different
and the same,
but people who are different
have all the fame.

Nicholas Anthony Gloria
Parkside Elementary School
Coral Springs, FL
Grade 3

Monarch Butterfly

Molting, molting, crunch,
Shedding off my skin into a great big bunch.
Molting, molting, crunch,
Milkweeds and leaves, is their favorite thing to munch.
Molting, molting, crunch,
Now I'm a butterfly, watch me soar down the hill to find my lunch.

Juliette Browne and Neiman Warren
Highland Elementary School
Silver Spring, MD
Grade 2

Space!

Space! Space! Why are you here?
Space! Space! How did the planets get there?
Space! Space! Why don't you have air?
Space! Space! Why do you have so many brilliant colors?
Space! Space! What are you?
Space! Space! Why are the stars so high?

Solomon Hussein
Edmonton Islamic School
Edmonton, AB
Grade 2

Anger

Anger is hot like the summer sun.
Anger sounds like my brother yelling "sis."
Anger moves like an inchworm.
Anger tastes like sour pickles.
Anger looks like a dinosaur in the old days.
Anger feels like a round ball.
Anger is the color red.

Hanna Reed
Wilson Elementary School
Zanesville, OH
Grade 2

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